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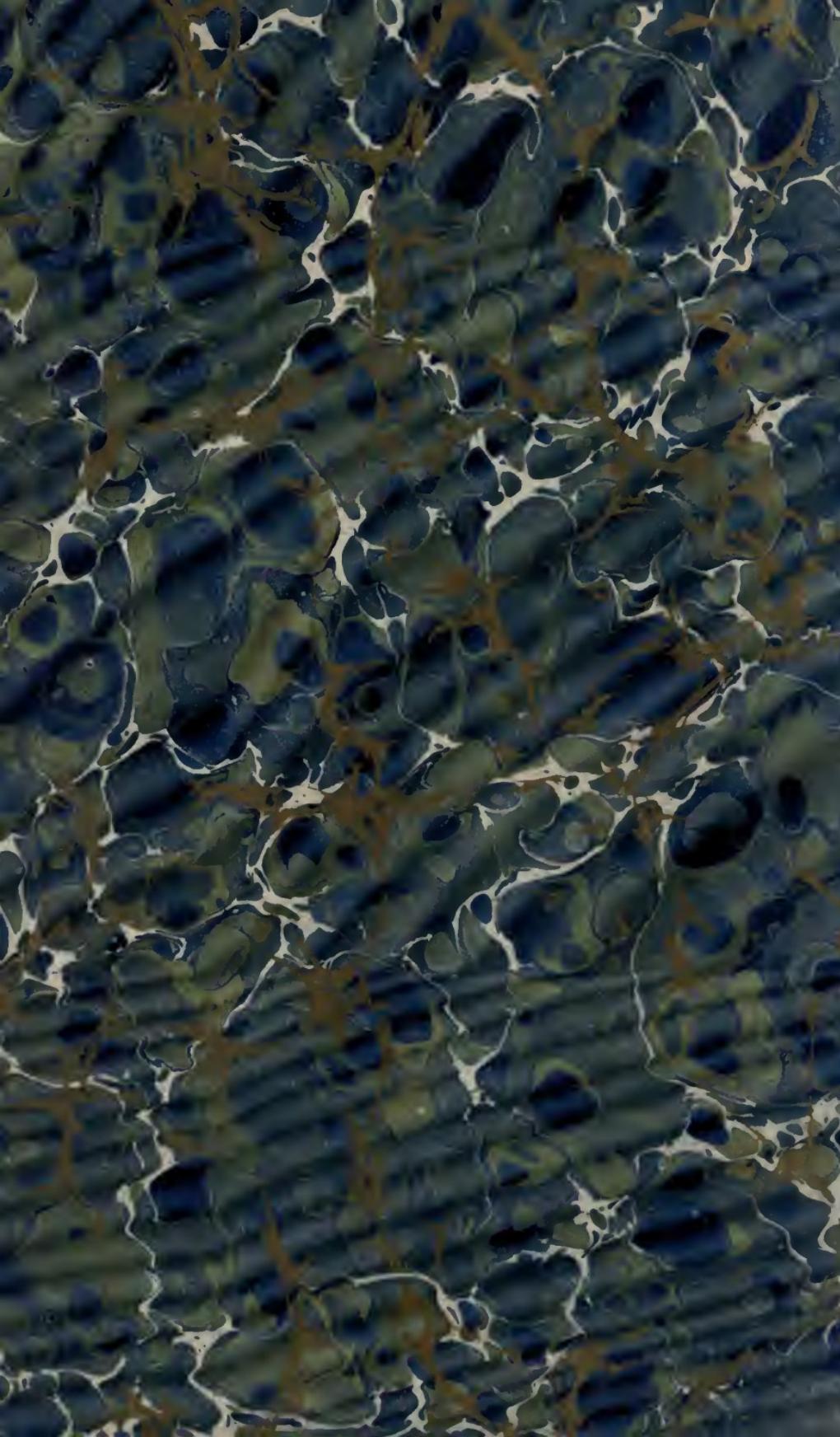


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HEYWOOD'S
DRAMATIC WORKS.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
THOMAS HEYWOOD NOW
FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
IN SIX VOLUMES

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VOLUME THE THIRD



LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1874



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THE
GOLDEN AGE:
OR

The liues of *Jupiter* and *Saturne*, with
the deifying of the Heathen Gods.

As it hath beene sundry times acted at the Red
Bull, by the Queenes Maiesties Seruants.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.



Tam robur. tam robor. in-colis Arbor Iovis. 1610.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Barrenger*, and are to be sold
at his Shop neare the great North-doore
of *Pauls* 1611.

PR
2570
1874

V.3

To the Reader.

THIS Play comming accidentally to the Presse, and at length hauing notice thereof, I was loath (finding it mine owne) to see it thrust naked into the world, to abide the fury of all weathers, without either Title for acknowledgement, or the formality of an Epistle for ornament. Therefore rather to keepe custome, then any necessity, I haue fixt these few lines in the front of my Booke; neither to approue it, as tastfull to euery palat, nor to disgrace it, as able to relish none, onely to commit it freely to the generall censure of Readers, as it hath already past the approbation of Auditors. This is the *Golden Age*, the eldest brother of three Ages, that haue aduentured the Stage, but the onely yet, that hath beene iudged to the Presse. As this is receiued, so you shall find the rest: either fearefull further to proceede, or encouraged boldly to follow.

Yours euer

T. H.

B 2

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The Names of Persons prefented *in the Play.*

Homer.

- Saturne } two brothers.
Tytan. }
Two Lords of Creet.
Vesta mother of Saturne.
Sybilla wife to Saturne.
Lycaon Sonne to Tytan.
Calisto daughter to Lycaon.
Iupiter. Iuno.
Melliseus King of Epire.
Archas sonne to Calisto and Iupiter.
Diana. Atlanta.
Egeon. } sonnes to Tytan.
Enceladus. }
Neptune } brothers to Iupiter.
Pluto.
Acrisius King of Arges.
Danae daughter to Acrisius.
King Troos.
Ganimed.
A Lord of Arges.
Two Lords of Pelagia.
Foure Beldams.
Clowne. Nurfe.
Satyrs. Nimphs.



The Golden Age,

*With the lives of Iupiter and
Saturne.*

Actus I. Scæna I.

Enter old H O M E R.

HE Gods of *Greece*, whose deities I
rais'd
Out of the earth, gaue them diuinity,
The attributes of Sacrifice and Prayer
Haue giuen old *Homer* leauue to view the world
And make his owne presentment. I am he
That by my pen gaue heauen to *Jupiter*,
Made *Neptunes* Trident calme, the curled waues,
Gauë *Æolus* Lordship ore the warring winds ;
Created blacke hair'd *Pluto* King of Ghosts,
And regent ore the Kingdomes fixt below.
By me *Mars* warres, and fluent *Mercury*
Speakes from my tongue. I plac'd diuine *Apollo*
Within the Sunnes bright Chariot. I made *Venus*
Goddesse of Loue, and to her winged sonne
Gauë feuerall arrowes, tipt with Gold and lead.
What hath not *Homer* done, to make his name
Liue to eternity ? I was the man
That flourish'd in the worlds first infancy :

When it was yong, and knew not how to speake,
 I taught it speech, and vnderstanding both
 Euen in the Cradle : Oh then suffer me,
 You that are in the worlds decrepit Age,
 When it is neere his vniuersall graue,
 To sing an old song ; and in this Iron Age
 Shew you the state of the first golden world,
 I was the Muses Patron, learnings spring,
 And you shall once more heare blinde *Homer* sing.

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord.* The old *Vranus*, sonne of the Aire & Day

Is dead, and left behinde him two braue sonnes,
Tytan and *Saturne*.

1. *Tytan* is the eldest,

And should succeed by the true right of birth.

2. *Lord.* But *Saturn* hath the hearts of al the people,

The Kingdomes high applause, his mothers loue,
 The least of these are steppes vnto a crowne.

2. *Lor.* But how wil *Tytan* beare him in these troubles,

Being by nature proud and insolent,
 To see the yonger seated in his throne,
 And he to whom the true right appertaines,
 By birth, and law of Nations quite cast off?

1. *Lord.* That either power or steele must arbitrate :

Causes best friended haue the best euent.

Here *Saturne* comes.

Enter Saturne and Vesta with other attendants.

Saturn. Behold what nature skanted me in yeares,

And time, below my brother ; your applause,
 And general loue, fully supplies me with :

And make me to his crowne inheritable.
I choose it as my right by gift of heauen,
The peoples suffrage, the dead Kings bequest,
And your election, our faire mother Queene,
Against all these what can twelue moones of time,
Preuaile with *Tytan* to dif-herite vs.

Vesta. The Cretan people, with shrill acclama-
tions

Pronounce thee soueraigne ore their lands and liues,
Let *Tytan* storme, and threaten strange reuenge,
We are resolu'd thy honour to maintaine.

i. *Lord.* *Tytan*, thy ruine shall attempt in vaine
Our hearts ad-here with *Vestae* our late Queene,
According to our soueraignes late bequest,
To kneele to *Saturne*.

Saturne. We accept your loues,
And we will strieue by merite to exceed you.
In iust requitall of these fauours done.

Vesta. Arme Lords, I heare the voyce
A noise of tumult within.
Of *Tytan* storming at this strange election.

Enter Tytan, Lycaon, and others.

Tytan. Descend proud vpstart, trickt vp in stoln
weeds
Deckt in vsurped state, and borowed honours,
Resigne them to their owner, that's to me.

Sat. *Tytan* keep off, I charge thee neere me not,
Lest I thy bold presumption seale with bloud.

Tytan. A Crown's worth tugging for, & I wil ha't
Though in pursute I dare my ominous Fate.

Lycaon. Downe with the vsurper.

Vesta. *Saturne* here shall stand,
Immoveable ; vpheld by *Vestae* hand.

Tytan. Am I not eldest ?

Vesta. Ey but yong'ſt in braine.
Saturne the crowne hath ceas'd, and he shall reigne.

Tytan. Am I a bastard, that my heritage
 Is wrested from me by a yonger birth ?
 Hath *Vesta* plaid th' adulteresse with some stranger ?
 If I be eldest from *Vranus* loynes,
 Your maiden Issue, why am I debar'd
 The law of Nations ? am I *Vestae* sonne ?
 Why doth not *Vesta* then appeare a mother ?
 Was yonger *Saturne* bedded in your wombe,
 Neerer your heart then I, that hee's affected
 And I despis'd ? If none of these, then grant me,
 What Iustice wils, my interest in the Crowne :
 Or if you make me out-cast, if my Mother
 Forget the loue she owes, I shall abandon
 The duty of a sonne. If *Saturne* prooue
 Vnnaturall, I'le be no more a brother,
 But maugre all that haue my right withheld,
 Reuenge my wrongs, & make my way through
 bloud.

Sat. *Tytan* we both acknowledge thee a brother,
 And *Vestae* sonne, which wee'le expresse in loue.
 But since for many vertues growing in me
 That haue no life in you, the Queene, the Peeres,
 And all the people, with lowd suffrages,
 Haue shrild their Auees high aboue the clouds,
 And stil'd me King, we should forget their loues
 Not to maintaine their strange election.
 Aduide you therefore, since this bold aduenture
 Is much aboue your strength, to arme your selfe,
 In search of future honours with our loue,
 For what can *Tytan* do against a people ?

Vesta. *Saturne* aduifeth well, list to his confell.

Tytan. If my owne land proue thus vnnaturall,
 I'le purchase forraine aid.

1. *Lord.* Rather compound.

Sat. Let *Tytan* make demand of any thing
 Sauing our Crowne, he shall enjoy it feely.

Vesta. *Tytan*, your brother offers royally,
 Accept this loue.

Tytan. To loose a Crowne includes
The losse of all things. What should I demand?

Lycaon. This grant him *Saturne*, since thy insinuation
Hath wrought him quite out of the Cretans hearts,
That *Tytans* warlike issue may succeed thee.

Tytan. *Lycaon* well aduis'd, he during life,
Shall reigne in peace, no interruption,
Shall passe from *Tytan* to disturbe his reigne,
So to our Gyant race thou wilt assure
The crowne as due by right inheritance.

Saturne. To cut off all hostile effusion
Of human blood, which by our difference
Must needs be spilt vpon the barren earth,
Wee'l sweare to this accord.

Tytan. Conditiond thus,
That to deprive all future enmity
In our succeeding Issue, thy male children
Thou in their Cradle strangle.

Saturne. Kill my sonnes?

Tytan. Or sweare to this, or all our warlike race,
Disperst in feuerall Kingdomes Il'e assemble,
To conquer thee, and from thy ambitious head,
Teare that vsurped Crowne.

Saturne. *Tytan*, thy friendship
Wee'l buy with our own bloud, all our male children,
(If we hereafter shall haue any borne)
Shall perish in their births, to this we sweare,
As we are King and *Saturne*.

Tytan. I the like,
As I am *Tytan*, and *Vranus* sonne :
This league confirm'd, all my Allyes Il'e gather
Search forreigne clymes, in which Il'e plant my kin,
Scorning a feate here where I am dispis'd,
To liue a subiect to a younger birth.
Nor bow to that which is my owne by due.
Saturne farewell, Il'e leaue thee to thy state,
Whil'st I in forreigne Kingdomes search my Fate.
Thinke on thy oath.

Saturne. First stay with vs and feast,
Tytan this day shall be King *Saturns* guest.

Enter the Clowne and a Nurfe.

Clown. There is no dallying, you must come with
 all speede,

For Madam *Sibilla* is growne a great woman.

Nurfe. That is without question, for she is now a
 Queene.

Clown. Nay, she is greater then many Queenes
 are : for though you may thinke she is with ancient
 folkes : yet I can assure you she is with childe, you
 may imagine, beeing now but morning shee is new
 risen, yet tis thought that ere noone she will bee
 brought a bed. I neuer heard she was committed to
 prison : yet tis lookt euery houre when she shall be
 deliuered, and therefore Nurfe I was sent to you in all
 haste.

Nurfe. Is she so neere her time ?

Clown. Yes : and yet tis thought shee will notwithstanding hold out, because she is groning.

Nurfe. Your reason ?

Clowne. Because you know the prouerbe : *A grunting horse, and a groning wife neuer deceiue their Maister :* say, will you make haste, Nurfe ?

Nurfe. What's the best news abroad ?

Clown. The best newes abrode is, that the Queene is likely to keepe at home : and is it not strange, that halfe an houres being abroad should make a woman haue a moneths minde to keepe in. But the worst newes is, that if the King haue a young Prince, hee is tide to kill it by oath : but if his maiesty went drunke to bed, and got a gyrtle, she hath leauue to liue till she dye, and dye when she can liue no longer.

Nurfe. That couenant was the most vnnaturall
 That euer father made : one louely boy
 Hath felt the rigor of that strict decree,
 And if this seconde likewife be a sonne,

There is no way but death.

Clown. I can tell you more newes: the king hath sent to the Oracle to know whether my Lady be with childe of a boy or a gyrtle, and what their fortunes shall be: the Lord that went, is look't for euery day to returne with his answere: it is so Gossipt in the Queenes chamber, I can tell you. O Nurse wee haue the brauest king, if thou knewest all.

Nurfe. Why I pray thee?

Clowne. Let his vertues speake for himselfe: he hath taught his people to sow, to plow, to reape corne, and to skorne Akehornes with their heeles, to bake and to brue: we that were wont to drinke nothing but water, haue the brauest liquor at Court as passeth. Besides, he hath devised a strange engine, called a Bow and Arrow, that a man may hold in hand, and kill a wilde beast a great way off, and neuer come in danger of his clutches. I'le tell you a strange thing Nurfe, last time the King went a hunting, he kild a beare, brought him home to be bak't and eaten: A Gentlewoman of the Court, that fed hungerly vpon this pye, had such a rumbling and roaring in her guts, that her Intrails were all in a mutiny, and could not be appeased. No phisicke would helpe her, what did the King but caused an excellent Mastiffe to be knock't in the head, and drest, gaue it to the gentlewoman, of which when she had well eaten, the flesh of the Mastiffe worried the beare in her belly, and euer since her guts haue left wambling. But come, come, I was sent in hast, the Queene must needs speake with you.

Excunt.

Enter Saturne with wedges of gold and siluer, models of ships, and buildings, bow and arrowes, &c. His Lords with him.

Saturne. You shall no more be lodg'd beneath the trees,
Nor chamber vnderneath the spreading Okes:

Behold, I haue deuis'd you formes for tooles,
 To square out timber, and performe the Art
 Of Architecture, yet vnowne till now.
 I'le draw you formes of Cities, Townes and Towers,
 For vse and strength, behold the models here.

1. *Lord.* *Saturnes* inuentions are diuine, not
 humane,

A God-like spirit hath inspir'd his reigne.

Saturne. See here a seconde Arte of Husbandry,
 To till the earth, to plow, to sow, to plant,
 Deuis'd by *Saturne*: here is gold refn'd
 From Groffer mettals, filuer, brasfe, and tinne,
 With other minerals, extract from earth.
 I likewise haue found out to make your brooks,
 Riuers and seas by practife Nauigable.
 Behold a forme to make your Craers and Barkes
 To passe huge streames in safety, dangerlesse.

2. *Lord.* *Saturne* is a God.

Saturn. The last, not least, this vse of Archery,
 The stringed bow, and nimble-fethered-shaft:
 By this you may command the flying fowle,
 And reach her from on high: this ferues for warre,
 To strike and wound thy foe-man from a farre.
 What meanes this acclamation? *A lowd shout within.*

1. *Lord.* Tis thy people,
 Deuinest *Saturne* furnisht with these vses,
 (More then the Gods haue lent them) by thy meanes.
 Proclaine to thee a lasting deity.
 And would haue *Saturne* honoured as a God.

Saturn. Wee'l study future profits for their vse,
 And in our fresh inuentions proue diuine.
 But Gods are neuer touch't with my suspires,
 Passions and throbs: their God-like Issue thriue,
 Whilst I vn-man-like must destroy my babes.
 Oh my strict oath to *Tytan*, which confounds
 All my precedent honours: one sweete babe,
 My yongest Ops hath felt the bloudy knife,
 And perisht in his swathing: And my Queene
 Swels with another Infant in her wombe,

Ready to taste like rigor. Is that Lord
Return'd from Delphos yet?

2. *Lord.* He is.

Saturn. Admit him: now what doth the Oracle
Speake by the Delphian Priest.

3. *Lord.* Thus mighty *Saturne.*

After our Ceremonious Rites perform'd,
And Sacrifice ended with reuerence,
A murmuring thunder hurried through the Temple.
When fell a pleasant shower, whose siluer drops,
Fil'd all the Altar with a roseate dew.
In this amazement, thus the Delphian God,
Spake from the Incenſt Altar: Lord of Creete,
Thus say to *Saturne*: *Sibill* his faire wife,
Is great with a yong Prince of Noble hopes,
That shall his fathers vertues much excell,
Ceaze on his Crowne, and driue him downe to Hell.

Sat. The Gods (if there be any boue our selfe)
Enuy our greatnesse, and of one that seekes
To beare himselfe boue man, makes me more wretched
Then the most flauish bruit. What shall my *Sibill*
Bring me a sonne, that shall depose me then?
He shall not; I will crosse the Deities,
I'le toombe th' usurper in his Infant bloud,
I'le keepe my oath; Prince *Tytan* shall succeed,
Maugre the eniuious Gods, the brat shall bleed.

1. *Lord.* Way for the dowager Queene.

Enter Vesta sad.

Sat. How fares our mother?
How i'ſt with faire *Sibilla*, our deere Queene?

Vesta. Your Queenes deliuered.

Sat. Of ſome female birth,
You Deities I begge: make me oh Heauens,
No more inhumane in the tragicke slaughter
Of princely Infants, fill my decreed number
With Virgins, though in them I loſe my name
And kingdoine, either make her barren euer

Or else all generatiue power and appetite
Depriue me : lest my purple finne be stil'd
Many degrees boue murder. What's her birth ?

Vesta. Shee's the sad mother of a seconde sonne.

Saturn. Be euer dumbe, let euerlasting silence
Tong-tye the world, all humane voyce henceforth,
Turne to confus'd, and vndistinguist found,
Of barking Hounds, hoarfe beares, & howling wolues,
To stop all rumour that may fil the world
With *Saturnes* tyranies against his sonnes.

Vest. Ah, did but *Saturne* see yon smilling babe,
Hee'd giue it life, and breake ten thousand oathes
Rather then suffer the sweet infant dye,
His very looke would begge a quicke reprieue
Euen of the tyrant *Tytan*, saw the vnkle
With what a gracefull looke the Infant smiles,
Hee'd giue it life, although he purchas'd it
With losse of a great Kingdome.

Saturn. Then spare the lad : I did offend too much
To kill the first, tell *Sibill* be shall liue,
I'le be no more so monstrous in my rigor,
Nor with the bloud of Princes buy my Crowne.
No more their Cradles shall be made their Tombes,
Nor their soft swathes become their winding sheetes :
How can my subiects thinke I'le spare their liues
That to my owne can be so tyranous ?
Tell *Sibill* he shall liue.

Vest. *Vesta* will be that ioyfull messenger.

Saturn. Stay, let me first reward the Oracle,
It told me *Sibill* should produce a sonne,
That should his Fathers vertues much excell,
Cease on my Crowne, and driue me downe to Hell.
Must I then giue an Infant-traitor life,
To sting me to the heart ? the brat shall bleed.

Vesta. Sweet sonne.

1. *Lord.* Deere soueraigne.

Saturn. He that next replies,
Mother or friend, by *Saturnes* fury dyes.
Away fetch me his heart, brimme me a bowle

With his warme bloud. *Tytan*, my vow Ile
keep,

Life newly wakend, shall as newly sleep.

Vest. Worse then a bruit, for bruits preserue their
own.

Worse then the worst of things is *Saturne* growne.

Saturn. Command the childe to death.

Vest. Tyrant, I will.

Tygers would faue whom *Saturn* means to kill,

Sat. It is my sonne whom I command to death,

A Prince that may succed me in my Throne,

And to posterity reuiue my name.

Call *Vesta* backe, and bid her faue the Babe.

I. Lord. I'le do't my Lord.

Sat. Yet slay : the lad to kill

I faue my oath, and keep my kingdome still.

Post after her, and charge them on their liues,

Send me the babes bloud in a cup of gold,

A present which I'le offer to the Gods.

Delay not, bee't our mother, nay our wife,

Forfeits her owne to faue the Infants life.

I. Lord. I shall informe them so.

Sat. Is this a deity,

To be more wretched then the worst on earth,

To be depriu'd, that comfort of my issue,

Which euen the basest of my land enioy :

I'l'e henceforth for my rigor hate my selfe,

Pleasures despise, and ioyes abandon quite.

The purest bloud that runnes within my veines,

I'l'e dull with thicke, and troubled melancholy,

I'l'e warre with comfort, be at oddes with folace,

And league with nothing but distemprature.

Henceforth my vnkem'd lockes shall knot in curles,

Rasor nor any edge shall kisse my cheeke,

Vntil my chin appeare a wildernesse,

And make we wild in knowledge to the world.

Perpetuall care shall cabin in my heart,

My tyranny I'l'e punish in my selfe,

And faue the Gods that labour——

Saturns disturbance to the world shall be,
That planet that infuseth melancholy.

Enter Sibilla lying in child-bed, with her child lying by her, and her Nurse, &c.

Sibilla. Is not our mother *Vesta* yet return'd,
That made her selfe th'unwilling messenger,
To bring the king newes of his new-borne sonne ?

Nurf. Madam, not yet.

Sibil. Mother, of all that euer mothers were
Most wretched : kisse thy sweet babe ere he dye,
That hath life onely lent to suffer death.
Sweet Lad, I would thy father saw thee smile,
Thy beauty and thy pretty Infancy,
Would molifie his heart wer't hew'd from flint,
Or caru'd with Iron tooles from the corsicke rocke,
Thou laughest to thinke thou must be kild in iest.
Oh if thou needs must dye, I'le be thy mardresse,
And kill thee with my kisles (pretty knaue)
And canst thou laugh to see thy mother weepe ?
Or art thou in thy cheerefull smiles so free
In scorne of thy rude fathers tyranny ?

Nurf. Madam, the King hath flaine his first borne
son,
Whom had hee feene aliue, hee'd not haue giuen
For ten such Kingdomes as he now enioyes,
The death of such a faire and hopefull child,
Is full as much as *Tytan* can demand.

Sib. He shall spare this sweet babe, I'le ransome
thee
With my owne life, the knife that pierceth thee,
Will wound thy mothers side, and I shall feele
The least sharpe stroke from his offensie steele.

Nurf. The mother Queen's return'd.

Enter Vesta.

Sib. How lookes she Nurse ?
Let her not speake, but yet a little longer

My hopes hold in suspence : oh me most wretched,
I reade my Lords harsh answere in her eye,
Her very looks tell me the boy must dye.
Say, must he ? must he ? kill me with that word,
Which will wound deeper then King *Saturnes*
fword.

Vesta. The boy must dye.

Sib. Oh !

Nurf. Looke to the Queene, she faints.

Vest. Oh let's not loose the mother with her
infant,

The losse of one's too much.

Sibill. Oh wher's my childe ?

Ile hide thee in my bed, my bosome, brest,
The murderer shall not finde my little sonne,
Thou shalt not dye, be not afraid my boy.
Go tell the King hees mine as well as his,
And I'le not kill my part : one he hath flaine,
In which I had like interest : this I'le faue,
And euery second sonne keepe from the graue.

Enter the first Lord.

Vesta. Forbeare sir, for this place is priuiledg'd,
And onely for free women.

1. Lord. Yet is the Kings command boue your
decree,
And I must play th'intruder gainst my will.
The King vpon your liues hath charged you,
To see that infant Lad immediately
Receiue his death, he stayes for his warme bloud
To offer to the Gods. To thinke him flaine,
Sad partner of your sorrowes I remaine.

Nurf. Madam you heare the king doth threat our
liues

Let's kill him then.

Sib. Is he inexorable ?
Why should not I proue as feuere a mother
As he a cruell father : since the King

Hath doom'd him, I the Queene will doo't my
selfe,
Giue me the fatall Engine of his wrath,
I'lle play the horrid murdresse for this once.
I'lle kisse thee ere I kill thee : for my life,
The Lad so smiles, I cannot hold the knife.

Vesta. Then giue him me, I am his Grand-
mother,
And I will kill him gently : this sad office
Belongs to me, as to the next of kin.

Sib. For heauens sake when you kil him, hurt
him not.

Vesta. Come little knaue, prepare your naked
throat,
I haue not heart to giue thee many wounds,
My kindnesse is to take thy life at orfe. (Now.)
Alacke my pretty Grand-child, smil'st thou still ?
I haue lust to kisse, but haue no heart to kill.

Nurf. You may be carelesse of the kings com-
mand,
But it concernes me, and I loue my life
More then I do a fucklings, giue him me,
I'lle make him sure, a sharpe weapon lend,
I'lle quickly bring the yongster to his end.
Alacke my pretty knaue, 'twere more then sin,
With a sharpe knife to touch thy tender skin.
Oh Madame, hee's so full of Angell grace
I cannot strike, he smiles so in my face.

Sib. I'lle wink & strike, come once more reach
him hither :
For dye he must, so *Saturne* hath decreed,
'Las for a world I would not see him bleed.

Vesta. Ne shall he do, but sware me fecrefie,
The babe shall liue, and we be dangerlesse.

Sib. O blesle me with such happinesse.

Vesta. Attend me.
The king of Epires daughters, two bright maids,
Owe me for many fauours the like loue,
These I dare trust, to them I'lle send this babe

To be brought vp, but not as *Saturnis* sonne.
Do but prouide some truely messenger,
My honour for his safety.

Sib. But by what meanes shall we delude the
king.

Vest. A yong Kids heart, swimming in reeking
blood

Wee'l send the King, and with such forged griefe,
And counterfet sorrow shadow it,
That this imposture neuer shall be found.

Sib. O twice my mother you bestow vpon me,
A double life thus to preserue my boy.

Nurfe. Giue me the child, I'le finde a messenger,
Shall beare him safe to *Melliseus* Court.

Vesta. The bloud and heart I'le presently prouide,
T'appease the rage of *Saturne*.

Sib. First lets sweare,
To keepe this secret from King *Saturnes* eare.

Vesta. We will, and if this plot passe vndis-
couer'd
By like deuise we will saue all your sonnes.
About our taskes ; you some choyce friend to
finde,
I with my feigned teares the King to blinde.

Actus secundi, Scœna prima.

Enter HOMER.

Homer. What cannot womens wits ? they won-
ders can
When they intend to blinde the eyes of man.
Oh lend me what old *Homer* wants, your eyes,
To see th'euent of what these Queenes deuise.

The doombe shew, found.

Enter the Nurse and Clowne, shee sweares him to secreſie, and to him deliuers the child and a letter to the daughters of King Mellifeus : they part. Enter at one doore Saturne melancholy, with his Lords : at the other Vesta, & the Nurse, who with counterfeit paſſion present the King a bleeding heart vpon a kniues point, and a bowle of bloud. The King departs one way in great sorrow, the Ladies the other way in great ioy.

This past fo currant, that the third fonne borne, Cal'd *Neptune*, was by like deuise preſeru'd, And ſent to Athens, where he liu'd vnknowne, And had in time command vpon the feas. *Pluto* the yongeft was ſent to Tartary, Where he in proceſſe a ſtrange City builte And cald it *Hell*, his ſubiects for their rapine, Their ſpoils and theft, are Diuels tearm'd abrode. Thus melancholy *Saturne* hath furuiuing Three Noblefonnes in feuerall confines plac'd And yet himſelfe thinks fonne-leſſe : one faire daughter Hight *Juno* is his ſole delight on earth. Thinke kinde ſpectators feuenteene ſommers paſt, Till theſe be growne to yeareſ, and *Jupiter* Found in a caue by the great Epyre King, (Where by his daughters he before was hid.) Of him and of his fortunes we proceed, My iournie's long, and I my eye-fight want. Courteous ſpectators, leſt blind *Homer* stray, Lend me your hands to guide me on your way.

Enter Lycaon with his Lords, Iupiter with other Lords of Epyre.

Lycaon. After long warre, and tedious diſferences, Betwixt King *Mellifeus* and our ſelue, What craue the Epyre Lords ?

Iupiter. This King *Lycaon*, Since truce and hostage hath tane vp theſe broiles,

And ended them in peacefull amity,
Since all the damadge by the Epyrians done,
Is on our part abundantly made good :
We come *Lycaon* to demand the like
Of thee and of thy Kingdome, and for proofe,
That all our malice is extinct and dead,
We bring thy hostage backe, demanding ours.

Lycaon. Receiue him Lords, a Banquet instantly,
You shall this day braue Epyre feast with vs,
And to your boord your hostage shall be brought,
There to receiue him freely, meane time fit,
And taste the royall welcomes of our Court.

Iup. *Lycaon's* iust in keeping these conditions
So strictly with a reconciled foe.

Lyc. But faire prince, tell me whence you are
deriu'd,
I neuer heard King *Melliseus* had
A Prince of your perfections ?

Jupiter. This demand
Startles my bloud, being borne I know not where,
Yet that I am of gentry at the leaſt,
My Spirit prompts me, and my noble thoughts
Giue me approued warrant, being an infant
Two beauteous Ladys found me in a caue,
Where from their voluntary charity,
Bees fed me with their hony, for that cause
The two bright Ladies cal'd me *Jupiter*,
And to their Father *Melliseus* brought me,
My Foster-father, who hath train'd my youth,
In feats of Armes, and military prowelſſe,
And as an instance of his deereſt loue,
Hath honor'd me with this late Embaſſy.

*A banquet brought in, with the limbes of a Man
in the ſeruice.*

Lyca. We are ſatiſti'd : Princes ſit round and
feast,
You are this day *Lycaons* welcom'ſt guest.

Iup. This meat distasts me, doth *Lycaon* feast vs
Like Caniballes ? feed vs with humane flesh ?
Whence is this portent ?

Lycan. Feede Epyrians, eate,
Lycaon feasts you with no common meate.

Iup. But wher's the Epyre Lord we left as host-
age ?

Lyca. Behold him here, hee's at the table with
you,

This is the Epyres head, and these his limbes,

Thinkes *Melliseus* that *Lycaon* can
(Discended of the valiant *Tytanoys*)

Bury his hatred, and intoombe his spleene

Without reuenge ? bloud in these warres was shed,

And for that bloud your hostage lost his head.

Iup. Beare wrong that list, & those can brooke it
best,

I was not borne to suffrance : thoughts mount hye,
A King hath wrong'd me, and a King shall dye.

Lycaon. Treason, treason.

Iup. Downe with the tyrant, and that hatefull
cruel,

And in their murdrous breasts your blades imbrue.

Lycaon. Our guard.

*A confused fray, an alarme. Iupiter and the Epyriens
beat off Lycaon and his followers.*

Iup. *Lycaon's* fled, make good the pallace gates,
And to th'amazed Citie beare these limbs,
So basely by the tyrant massacred.

Happily his subiects by our words prepar'd
May shake their bondage off, and make this warre,
The happy meanes to rid a tyrant thence.

Beare in your left hands these dif-membred limbes,
And in your right your swords, with which make
way,

Courage braue Epyres, and a glorious day. *Exeunt.*

*Alarm, Lycaon makes head againe, and is beat off
by Iupiter and the Epirians, Iupiter ceazeth the
roome of Lycaon.*

Iup. *Lycaon's* once more fled, we by the helpe
Of these his people, haue confin'd him hence,
To whom belongs this Crowne ?

1. *Lor.* To *Iupiter.*

2. *Lor.* None shall protect our liues, but *Iupiter.*

All. A *Iupiter, A Iupiter.*

Iup. Nay we are farre from such ambition, Lords,
Nor will we entertaine such royalty.

1. *Lor.* Faire Prince, whom heauen hath sent by
miracle,

To saue vs from the bloudyest tyrannies,
That ere were practis'd by a mortall prince,
We tender thee our fortunes : oh vouchsafe
To be our Lord, our Gouernour, and King,
Since all thy people ioyntly haue agreed,
None of that tyrants issue shall fucced.

All. A *Iupiter, A Iupiter.*

Iup. We not refuse the bounty of the Heauens
Exprest in these your voyces ; we accept
Your patronage, and 'gainst *Lycaons* tyrannyes
Henceforth protect you : but our conquest yet
Is all vncertaine, seconde vs deere subiects,
To assure our conquests : first we must prouide
Our fafty, ere attempt the helme to guide. *Exeunt.*

Alarne. Enter Calisto.

Cal. What meane these horrid and these shrill
alarmes
That fright the peacefull Court with hostile cryes ?
Fear and amazement hurry through each chamber ;
Th'affrighted Ladies light the darkest roomes
With their bright beauties : whence (ô whence ye:
Gods)

Are all yon grones, cryes, and inhumane sownds
 Of bloud and death : *Licaon*, where is he ?
 Why in this dire and sad astonishment
 Appeares not he to comfort my sad feares,
 And cheere me in this dull distemprature ?

*Enter in a hurrie with weapons drawne, Iupiter and his
 souldiers.*

Iup. The Iron bar'd dores, & the suspected vaults,
 The Barricadoed gates, and euery roome,
 That boasted of his strength, is forc'd to obey
 To our free entrance : nothing can withstand
 Our opposite fury. Come, let's ransacke further,
 But stay, what strange deiected beauty's this
 That on the sodaine hath surpris'd my heart,
 And made me sicke with passion ?

Calisto. Hence away.
 When we command, who dares presume to stay ?

Iup. Bright Lady.

Cal. You afright me with your steele.

Iup. These weapons Lady come to grace your
 beautie

And these my armes shall be your sanctuary
 From all offendious danger : cheere your sorrow,
 Let your bright beauty shoothe out of this cloud,
 To search my heart, as it hath daz'd my eyes.
 Are you a Queene enthron'd aboue the Elements,
 Made of diuine composure, or of earth,
 Which I can scarce beleue ?

Calift. I am my selfe.

Vnciuill stranger, you are much to rude,
 Into my priuate chamber to intrude :
 Go call the King my father.

Iup. Are you then

Lycaons daughter ? (wonder without end,
 That from a Fiend an Angell should descend.)
 Oh *Loue*, till now I neuer felt thy dart :
 But now her painted eye hath pierc'd my heart.

Faire, can you loue ?

Calisto. To be alone I can.

Iup. Women, faire Queene, are nothing without men :

You are but cyphers, empty roomes to fill,
And till mens figures come, vncounted still.
Shall I sweet Lady, adde vnto your grace,
And but for number-sake supply that place.

Cal. You're one too many, and of all the rest,
That beare mens figure, we can spare you best.

What are you sir ?

Iup. We are Pelasge's King,
And these our subiects.

Calisto. These did of late belong
To King *Lycaon* (Oh iniurious wrong)

Iup. Oh fute your pitty with your Angell-beauty,
And liue Pelasge's Queene.

Calisto. Giue me a funerall garland to lament,
That best becomes my wretched discontent.

Iup. The sun-shine of my smiles and iocund loue,
Shall from your browes bright azure Elements,
Disperse all clouds : behold my crowne is yours,
My sword, my conquest, I am of my selfe,
Nothing without your soft compassionate loue :
For prooef, aske what the heauen, earth, aire, or sea
Can yeeld to men by power or orison,
And it is yours.

Cal. Sir, I shall proue your love.

Iup. Pray vse me Lady.

Cal. You'll grant it me my Lord.

Iup. By all my honours, and by all the sweets.
I hope for in your loues fruition,
Your wil's your owne.

Cal. You'll not reuoke your word ?

Iup. Bee't to inuest whom I did late degrade,
I'le doo't for you, bright and diuinest maid.

Cal. This onely freedome to your captiue giue
That I a Nunne and profest maid may liue.

Iup. More cruell then the tyrant that begat thee,
 Hadst thou ask't loue, gold, seruice, Empiry,
 This fword had purchaſt for *Calisto* all.
 Oh moſt vnkinde, in all this vniuerſe,
 Ther's but one iewell that I value hye,
 And that (vnkinde) you will not let me buy :
 To liue a maid, what iſt ? 'tis to liue nothing :
 'Tis like a couetous man to hoord vp treasure,
 Bar'd from your owne vſe, and from others pleaſure.
 Oh thinke faire creature, that you had a mother,
 One that bore you, that you might beare another :
 Be you as ſhe was, of an Infant glad,
 Since you from her, haue all things that ſhe had.
 Should all affect the ſtrict life you deſire,
 The world it ſelfe ſhould end when we expire.
 Poſterity is all, heauens number fill,
 Which by your helpe may be increased ſtill,
 What is it when you looſe your mayden-head,
 But make your beauty liue when you be dead
 In your faire iſſue ?

Cal. Tufh, 'tis all in vaine,
Dian I am now a feruant of thy traine.

Iup. Her order is meere heresie, her ſect
 A ſchifme, 'mongſt maids not worthy your reſpect.
 Men were got to get ; you borne others to beare.
 Wrong not the world ſo muſh : (nay ſweet your
 eare)

This flower will wither, not being cropt in time,
 Age is too late, then do not looſe your prime,
 Sport whilſt you may, before your youth be paſt.
 Looſe not this mowld that may ſuch faire ones caſt,
 Leauē to the world your like for face and ſtature,
 That the next age may praife your giſts of naſture.

Calisto if you ſtill grow thus preſcife,
 In your ſtrict vow, ſucceeding beautie diſes.

Cal. I claime your oath, all loue with men adue,
Diana's Cloyſter I will next purſue. *Exit Caliſto.*

Iup. And there all beauty ſhall be kept in iaile,

Which with my sword : Ey with my life I'd baile :
What's that *Diana* ?

2. *Lor.* She is the daughter of an ancient King,
That swaid the Atticke scepter, who being tempted
By many suiters, first began this vow :
And leauing Court betooke her to the forrests.
Her beauteous traine are virgins of best ranke,
Daughters of Kings, and Princes, all deuoted
To abandon men, and chuse virginity.
All these being first to her strict orders sworne,
Acknowlede her their Queene and Empresse.

Iup. By all my hopes *Califlo*'s loue to gaine,
I'd wish my selfe one of *Diana*'s traine.

1. *Lord.* Concerning your state businesse.

Iupiter. Well remembred.

Posts of these newes shall be to Epyre sent,
Of vs, and of our new establishment.
Next for *Califlo*, (but of that no more.)
We must take firme possession of this state,
Our sword hath wonne, *Licaon* lost so late. *Exeunt.*

Enter with musickē (before Diana) sixe Satires,
after them all their Nymphs, garlands on their
heads, and iuelings in their hands, their Bowes
and Quiuers : the Satyrs sing.

Haile beauteous Dian, Queene of shades,
That dwels beneath these shadowie glades,
Mistresse of all those beauteous maids,
That are by her allowed.

Virginitie we all professe,
Abiure the worldlie vaine excesse,
And will to Dyan yeeld no lesse
Then we to her haue vowed.

The Shepheards, Satirs, Nymphs, and Fawnes,
For thee will trippe it ore the lawnēs.

Come to the Forrest let vs goe,
And trip it like the barren Doe,

*The Fawnes and Satirs still do so,
And frellie thus they may do.
The Fairies daunce, and Satirs sing,
And on the graffe tread manie a ring,
And to their caues their ven'son bring,
And we will do as they do.*

The Shepheards, &c.

*Our food is honie from the Bees,
And mellow fruits that drop from trees,
In chace we clime the high degrees
Of euerie steepie mountaine,
And when the wearie day is past,
We at the euening hie vs fast,
And after this our field repast,
We drinke the pleasant fountaine.*

The Shepheards, &c.

Diana. These sports, our Fawnes, our Satyrs and our felues,
Make (faire *Calisto*) for your entertaine :
Pan the great God of Shepheards, and the Nymphes
Of Meades and Fountaines, that inhabite here,
All glie you welcome, with their Rurall sports,
Glad to behold a Princeffe of your birth
A happy Citizen of these Meades and Groues.
These Satyrs are our neighbours, and liue here,
With whom we haue confirm'd a friendly league
And dwell in peace. Here is no City-craft.
Here's no Court-flattery : simpleneffe and sooth
The harmleffe Chace, and strict Virginity
Is all our practise. You have read our orders,
And you haue sworne to keepe them, faire *Calisto*.
Speake, how esteeme you them ?

Calisto. With reurence.
Great Queene, I am sequestred from the world,
Euen in my foule hate mans society,
And all their lusts, suggestions, all Court-pleasures,

And City-curiosities are vaine,
And with my finer temper ill agree,
That now haue vow'd sacred verginity.

Dian. We will not of your forrowes make recitall

So lately suffred by the hand of chance.

We are from the world, and the blind Goddesse *Fortune*

We dare to do her worst, as liuing here
Out of her reach : Vs, she of force must spare,
They can loose nothing, that for nothing care.

Cal. Madam, deuotion drew me to your seruice,
And I am now your hand-maid.

Dian. Wher's *Atlanta* ?

Atlanta. Madame.

Dian. Is there no princesse in our traine,
As yet vnmatch'd to be her Cabin-fellow,
And sleepe by her ?

Atlanta. Madam, we all are cuppled
And twin'd in loue, and hardly is there any
That will be wonne to change her bed-fellow.

Dian. You must be single till the next arriue,
She that is next admitted of our traine,
Must be her bed-companion, so tis lotted.
Come Fawns, and Nymphs, and Satyres, girt vs
rownd
Whilst we ascend our state, and here proclaime
A generall hunting in *Dianaes* name.

Enter Iupiter like a Nymph, or a Virago.

Iupiter. There I strid too wide. That step was too
large for one that professeth the straight order : what
a pittifull coyle shall I haue to counterfeit this woman,
to lispe (*forsooth*) to simper and set my face like a
sweet Gentlewoman made out of ginger-bread ? shall
I venter or no ? My face I feare not : for my beard
being in the nonage durst neuer yet looke a Barber in

the face. And for my complexion, I haue knowne as browne Lasses as my selfe haue gone for currant. And for my stature, I am not yet of that Giant size, but I may passe for a *bona Roba*, a *Rounceual*, a *Virago*, or a good manly Lasse. If they should put me to spinne, or to sow, or any such Gentlewomanlike exercise, how should I excuse my bringing vp? Tush, the hazzard is nothing, compared with the value of the gaine. Could I manadge this businesse with Art, I should come to a hundred pretty fights in a yeare, as in the Sommer when we come to flea our smocks, &c. I hope *Diana* doth not vse to search her maides before she entertaines them. But howsoeuer
 Be my losse certaine, and my profit none,
 Tis for *Calisto's* loue, and I will on.

Diana. Wee'l chasse the Stagge, and with our
 Bugles shrill,
 The neighbouring Forrests with lowd eccho's fill.

Iup. Is this a heauen terrestriall that containes
 So many earthly Angells? (O amazement)
Diana with these beauties circled round,
 Pal'd in with these bright faces, beares more state,
 Then Gods haue lent them by the power of fate.
 I am descrid.

Diana. Soft, what intruder's that?
 Command her hither.

Iup. Haile diuinest Queene,
 I come to do thee seruice.

Diana. A manly Lasse, a stout Virago,
 Were all our traine proportion'd to thy size,
 We need not feare mens subtill trecheries.
 Thy birth and fortunes?

Iup. Madam, I deriuie
 My birth from noble and high parentage:
 Report of your rare beauty with my loue
 And zeale I still beare to a virgins life,
 Haue drawne me to your seruice.

Diana. Welcome Lady.
 Her largenesse pleafeth mee, if shee haue courage

Proportion'd with her limbs, shee shall be Champion
To all our wronged Ladies. You *Atlanta*,
Present her oath.

Her oath is given on Dianaes bow.

Atlan. Madam you must be true
To bright *Diana* and her Virgin crew.

Iup. To bright *Diana* and her traine I'l stand.

Diana. What can you do? (aside.)

Iup. More then the best here can.

Atlan. You shall vow chasfity:

Iup. That's more then I can promise (*well proceed*)

Atlan. You neuer shall with hated men attone,
But ly with woman or else lodge alone.

Iup. Make my oath strong, my protestation deep,
For this I vowe by all the Gods to keepe.

Atlan. With Ladies you shall onely sport and
play,

And in their fellowship spend night and day.

Iup. I shall.

Atlan. Confort with them at boord and bed,
And sfeare no man shall haue your maiden-head.

Iup. By all the powers both earthly and diuine,
If ere I loof't, a woman shall haue mine.

Diana. Now you're ours, you'r welcome, kiffe our
hand,

You promise well, wee like you, and will grace you,
And if with our election your's agree.

Calisto here your bed-fellow shall be.

Iup. You Gods you will eternize me your choice
Madam I seale, both with my soule and voyce.

Dian. Then hand each other and acquaint your
felues,

And now let vs proceed in the pursuite,
Of our determin'd pastimes, dedicate
To the entertainement of these beuteous maides.
Satyres and fawnes ring out your pleasing quire,
This done, our Bugles shall to heauen aspire. *Exeunt.*

Hornes winded, a great noise of hunting, Enter Diana, all her Nymphes in the chase, Iupiter pulling Calisto back.

Diana. Follow, pursue, the Stag hath tooke the Mountaine,
Come let vs climbe the steepe clifts after him,
Let through the aire your nimble iuelinges sing.
And our free spoyles home with the euening bring.
All. Follow, follow, follow.

Winde hornes, enter the Satyrs as in the chase.

Sat. The nimble Ladies haue out-stript vs quite,
Vnlesse we speede we shall not see him fall.
Wee are too slow in pursuite of our game ;
Let's after tho ; since they out-strip our eyes,
Runne by their noates, that from their Bugles rise.

Winde hornes. Enter Iupiter, and Calisto.

Cal. Haft gentle Lady, we shall loose our traine,
And misse *Diana's* pastime in the chase,
Hie then to staine our Iuelings guilded points
In bloud of yon swift Stag, so hot pursu'de.
Will you keepe pace with mee ?

Iup. I am tir'd already.
Nor haue I yet bene to these pastimes breath'd,
Sweet shall wee here repose our felues a little ?

Cal. And loose the honour to be first at fall ?

Iup. Feare not, you shall come time enough to fall.

Either you must be so vnkind to mee,
As leaue me to these deserts solitary,
Or stay till I haue rest, for I am breathles
And cannot hold it out, behold a place
Remote, an Arbor seated naturally,
Trim'd by the hand of nature for a bower,

Skreen'd by the shadowy leaues from the Suns
eye.

Sweet will you sit, or on the verdure lye ?

Cal. Rather then leaue you, I will loose the
sport.

Iup. I'le finde you pastime, feare not, Oh my
Angell,

Whether wilt thou transport me, grant me measure.

Of ioy before, I surfeit on this pleasure.

Cal. Come shal's lye downe a little ?

Iup. Sooth I will.

I thirst in feas and cannot quaffe my fill,
Behold before mee a rich Table spread,
And yet poore I am forc'd to starue for bread :
We be alone, the Ladyes farre in chace,
And may I dye an Eunuch by my vowe,
If bright *Calisto* you escape me now.

Sweet bed-fellow your hand, what haue I felt,
Vnlesse blancht snow, of substance not to melt ?

Cal. You gripe too hard.

Iup. Good sooth I shall not rest
Vntill my head be pillow'd on thy breast.

Cal. Leane on me then.

Iup. So shall I wrong mine eyes,
To leaue your face to looke vpon the skyes.
Oh how I loue thee, come let's kisse and play.

Cal. How ?

Iup. So a woman with a woman may.

Cal. I do not like this kissing.

Iup. Sweet fit still,
Lend me thy lippes, that I may taste my fill.

Cal. You kisse too wantonly.

Iup. Thy bosom lend,
And by thy soft paps let my hand descend.

Cal. Nay fye what meane you ?

Iup. Pre'thee let me toy,
I would the Gods would shape thee to a boy,
Or me into a man.

Cal. A man, how then ?

Iup. Nay sweet lye still, for we are farre from men,
Lye downe againe. Your foot I oft haue prais'd,
Ey and your legge : (nay let your skirt be rais'd)
I'le measure for the wager of a fall,
Who hath the greatest great, or smallest small.

Cal. You are too wanton, and your hand to free.

Iup. You need not blush to let a woman fee.

Cal. My barenesse I haue hid from sight of skyes,
Therefore may barre it any Ladys eyes.

Iup. Me thinks you should be fat, pray let me feele.

Cal. Oh God you tickle me.

Iup. Lend me your hand,
And freely taste me, note how I will stand,
I am not ticklish.

Cal. Lord how well you wooe.

Iup. We maids may wish much, but can nothing do.

Cal. I am weary of this toying.

Iup. Oh but I
In this *Elisium* could both liue and dye.
I can forbeare no longer, though my rape
Be puniſht with my head, ſhe shall not ſcape.
Say sweet I were a man.

Cal. Thus would I rife,
And fill the Dales and mountaines with my cryes.
A man ! (Oh heauen) to gaine *Elisiums* bliſſe,
I'le not be fayd that I a man ſhould kiffe.
Come, lets go wourd the Stagge.

Iup. Stay ere you goe,
Here stands one ready that muſt ſtrike a doe.
And thou art ſhee, I am *Pelagias* King,
That thus haue ſingled thee, mine thou ſhalt be.

Cal. Gods, Angels, men, help all a maid to free.

Iup. Maugre them all th'art mine.

Cap. To do me right,
Helpe fingers, feet, nailes, teeth, and all to fight.
Iup. Not they, nor all *Diana's* Angell-traine,
Were they in sight, this prize away should gaine. *Exit.*
He carries her away in his armes.

Act. 3. Scène 1.

Enter Homer.

Hom. Yong *Jupiter* doth force this beauteous maid,
And after would haue made her his bright Queene.
But discontent she in the Forrest staid,
Loath of *Diana's* virgins to be feene.
Oft did he write, oft send, but all in vain,
She neuer will returne to Court againe.
Eight moones are fild & wain'd when she grows great
And yong *Ioues* issue in her wombe doth spring.
This day *Diana* doth her Nymphs intreat,
Vnto a solemne bathing, where they bring
Deflowr'd *Calisto*, note how she would hide
That which tyme found, and great *Diana* spide.

A dumbe show. Enter Diana and all her Nymphs to bathe them : shee makes them furuey the place. They vnlace themselves, and vnloose their buskins : only Calisto refuseth to make her ready. Diana sends Atlanta to her, who perforce unlacing her, finds her great belly, and shewes it to Diana, who turnes her out of her society, and leaues her. Calisto likewise in great sorrow forsakes the place.

Her crime thus found, shee's banisht from their crew,
And in a caue she childs a valiant sonne,

Cal'd *Archas*, who doth noble deeds pursue,
 And by *Ioues* gift *Pelagia's* feate hath wonne,
 Which after by his worth, and glorious fame,
 He hath transf-stil'd *Archadia* by his name.
 But we returne to *Tytan*, who by spyes
 Hath learn'd, that *Saturne* hath kept fonnnes aliuē.
 He now assembles all his strange allyes,
 And for the crowne of Creet intends to strie.
 Of their succeſſe, and fortunes we proceede,
 Where *Tytans* fonnnes by youthfull *Ioue* must bleed.

Enter Tytan, Lycaon, Enceladus, Ægeon in Armes, drum, colours, and attendants.

Tytan. Now are we ſtrong, our giant Iſſue growne,
 Our fonnnes in feuerall kingdomes we haue planted,
 From whence they haue deriu'd vs braue ſupplyes,
 From *Sicily*, and from th' *Ægean* ſea,
 That of our fonne *Ægeon* beares the name.
 We haue assembled infinites of men,
 To auenge vs on proud *Saturnes* periury.

Lycaon. What I haue ſaid to *Tytan*, I'le make good,
 Tis rumour'd *Mellifeus* Foster-child
 He that expulſt me from *Pelagia's* Crowne,
 And in my high tribunall ſits enthron'd,
 Is *Saturnes* fonne, and ſtiled *Iupiter*,
 (Besides my daughter by his luſt deflowred)
 On vs the poore diſtrefſed *Tytanoyes*
 He hath committed many out-rages.

Æge. All which wee'l puniſh on K. *Saturnes* head,
 I that haue made th' *Ægean* conſines ſhake,
 And with my powerfull voyce affrighted Heauen.
 From whose enraged eyes the darkned ſkies
 Haue borrowed luſtre, and Promethian fire,
 Will fright from Creet the proud *Saturnian* troope,
 And thouſand hack't and mangled ſouldiers bring
 To intombe the glories of the Cretan King.

Encel. That muſt be left to great *Enceladus*,

The pride and glory of the *Tytans* hoast.
I that haue curl'd the billowes with a frowne,
And with a smile haue made the Ocean calme,
Spurn'd downe huge mountains with my armed foot,
And with my shoulders lift the vallies high,
Wil in the wrinkles of my stormy brow,
Bury the glories of the Cretan King,
And on his slaughtered bulke braine all his sonnes.

Ægeon. And what shall I do then ?

Encel. Do thou stand still,
Whil'st I the foes of *Tytan* pash and kill.
Am I not eldest from great *Tytans* loynes,
The Saturnists hereditarie scurdge ?
Leave all these deeds of horror to my hand,
I like a Trophy ore their spoyles will stand.

Lica. Why breath we then ?

Encel. Come arme your finowy limbes,
With rage and fury fright pale pitty hence,
And drowne him in the sweate your bodies still.
With hostile industry, tosse flaming brands
About your fleecy lockes, to threat their Cities
With death and desolation, let your steele
Glistring against the funne, daze their bright eyes,
That with the dread of our astonishment
They may be funke in Lethe, and their graue
May be the darke vawlt, cal'd obliuions Cau.

Titan. Are our Embassadours to *Saturne* gone,
To let him know whence this our warre proceedes ?

Lica. Your message hath by this startled th'vsfurper.

Encel. Set on them, waste their confines as we
march,
And let them tast the rage of sword and fire,
Th'Alarm's giuen, and hath by this arriu'd
Euen at the wals of *Creet*, the cittadell
Where the Cathedral'd *Saturne* is enthron'd.

Tytan. Warlicke *Ægeon* and *Enceladus*,
Noble *Lycaon* lend vs your assistance

To forrage as we march, plant desolation
 Through all this fertile soile, be this your cry ;
 Reuendge on *Saturne* for his periury.

Exit.

*Enter Saturne with haire and beard ouergrownne,
 Sibilla, Iuno, his Lords, drum, colours and soul-
 diers.*

Sat. None speake, let no harsh voyce presume to
 iari

In our distressed eare, I am all sadnesse,
 All horrour and afrightment, fince the slaughter
 And tragick murder of my first borne *Ops*,
 Continued in the vnnaturall maffacre
 Of three yong Princes : not a day hath past me
 Without distast, no night but double darkned
 With terroure and confused melancholy :
 No houre but hath had care and discontent
 Proportion'd to his minutes : not an instant
 Without remorse and anguish. Oh you crownes,
 Why are you made, and mettald out of cares ?
 I am ouergrownne with sorrow, circumuolu'd
 With multiplicity of distempratures,
 And *Saturne* is a King of nothing else,
 But woes, vexations, forrowes, and laments.
 To adde to these the threatnings of red war,
 As if the murther of my Princely babes
 Were not enough to plague an vsurpation,
 But they must adde the rage of fword and fire,
 To affright my people : these are miseries,
 Able to be compiised in no dimension.

Iuno. My father shall not macerate himselfe,
 Ile dare to interrupt his passions,
 Although I buy it deereley with his hate.
 My Lord you are a King of a great people,
 Your power sufficient to repulse a foe
 Greater then *Tytan*. Though my brothers birthes
 Be crown'd in bloud, yet am I still referu'd

To be the hopefull comfort of your age.

Sat. My dearest *Juno*, beautifull remainder
Of *Saturnes* royall issue, but for thee
I had ere this with these my fingers torne
A graue out of the rockes, to haue entomb'd
The wretched carkasse of a caitife King :
And I will liue, be't but to make thee Queene
Of all the triumphes and the spoyles I winne.
Speake, what's the project of their inuasion ?

1. Lord. That the King of Creet,
Hath not (according to his vowes and oathes)
Slaine his male issue.

Sat. Haue I not their blouds
Already quast to angry *Nemesis* ?
Haue not these ruthlesse and remorllesse eyes,
(Vn-father-like) beheld their panting hearts
Swimming in bowles of bloud ? Am I not sonne-
lesse ?

Nay child-lesse too, faue *Juno* whom I loue :
And dare they then ? Come, our continued sorrow
Shall into scarlet indignation turne,
And my sonnes bloud shall crowne their guilty heads
With purple vengeance. Valiant Lords, set on,
And meet them to their last destruction.

1. Lord. March forward.

Sat. Stay, because wee'l ground our warres
On iustice : Fair *Sibilla*, on thy life,
I charge thee tell me, and dissemble not,
By all the hopes in *Saturne* thou hast stor'd,
Our nuptiall pleasures, and affaires of loue,
As thou esteem'st our grace, or vengeance fear'st,
Resolute me truly. Hast thou sonnes aliuie ?

Sibilla kneeleſ.

These teares, and that deiection on thy knee,
Accompanied with dumbnesse, argue guilt.
Arise and speake.

Sib. Let *Saturne* know, I am a Woman then,
And more, I am a Mother : would you haue me
A monster, to exceed in cruelty

The sauadgeſt of Sauadges ? Beares, Tygers, Wolues,
 All feed their yong : would *Saturne* haue his Queenc
 More fierce then these ? Thinkē you *Sibilla* dare
 Murder her yong, whom cruell beasts would ſpare ?
 Let me be held a mother, not a murdrefſe :
 For *Saturne*, thou haſt liuing three brauefonnes.
 But where ? rather then to reueale to thee,
 That thou mayſt ſend, their guiltleſſe bloud to ſpill,
 Here eaſe my life, for them thou ſhalt not kill.

Sat. Amazement, warre, the threatening Oracle,
 All muſter ſtrange perplexions 'bout my braine,
 And robbe me of the true ability
 Of my direct conceiuements. Doubt, and warre,
Tytans inuaſion, and my ielouſie,
 Make me vnfit for anſweare.

1. *Lord.* Royall *Saturne*,
 'Twas pitty in the Queene fo to preferue them.
 Your ſtrictneſſe flew them, they are dead in you,
 And in the pitty of your Queene furuiue.

Sat. Diuine aſſiſtance plunge me from theſe trou-
 bles,
 Mortali ty here failes me, I am wrapt
 In millions of conſuſions.

Enter a Lord.

2. *Lord.* Arme, great *Saturne*,
 Thy Cities burne : a generall maſſacre
 Threatens thy people. The bigge *Tytanoys*
 Plow vp thy Land with their inuaſive ſteele.
 A huge vn-numbred army is at hand,
 To ſet vpon thy Campe.

Sat. All my diſturbances
 Conuert to rage, and make my ſpleene as high
 As is their topleſſe fury, to encounter
 With equall force and vengeance. Go *Sibilla*,
 Conuey my beauteous *Iuno* to the place
 Of our beſt strength, whilſt we contend in Armes
 For this rich Cretan wreath : the battel done,

And they confin'd, wee'l treat of these affaires.
Perhaps our loue may with this breach dispence,
But first to Armes, to beate th'intruders hence.

Exeunt.

Alarme. Enter Tytan, Lycaon, Enceladus, Egeon.

Tyt. *Saturne* giues backe, and 'gins to leauue the field.

Lica. Pursue him then vnto that place of strength,
Which the proud Cretans hold impregnable.

Encel. This Gigomantichia be eternis'd
For our affright and terror: If they flye,
Tosse rockkes, and topes of Mountaines after them

To stumble them, or else entombe them quicke.

Egeon. They haue already got into the towne,
And barricadoed 'gainst vs their Iron gates.
What meanes then shall we finde to startle them?

Ence. What, but to spurn down their offendie
mures?
To shake in two their Adamantine gates,
Their marble columnes by the ground sylls teare,
And kicke their ruin'd walles as high as heauen?

Tyt. Pursue them to their gates, and 'bout their
Citiie
Plant a strong siege. Now *Saturne* all my suffrances
Shall on thy head fall heauy, wee'l not spare
Old man or babe. The Tytans all things dare.

Exeunt.

Alarme. Enter *Saturne*, *Sibilla*, *Iuno*, with other
Lords of Creet.

Sat. The heauens haue for our barbarous cruelty
Done in the murther of our first borne *Ops*,
Powr'd on our head this vengeance. Where, of
where
Shall we finde rescue?

Sib. Patience royall *Saturne*.

Sat. Bid Woolues be milde, and Tygers pittifull,
Command the Libian Lions abstinenſe,
Teach me to mollifie the Corsicke rocke,
Or make the Mount Chymera paſſable.
What Monarch wrapt in my confusions,
Can tell what patience meanes ?

Iuno. Oh royall Father !

Sat. Oh either teach me rescue from these
troubles,
Or bid me euerlastingly, ey euer
Sinke in despaire and horror.

Syb. Oh my Lord,

You haue from your owne loines iſſue referued,
That may redeeme all these calamities.

Saturne. Iſſue from vs ?

Syb. From *Saturne* and *Sybilla*.
That royall Prince King of *Pelagia*,
And famous *Mellifeus* foster-child,
Whom all the world stiles by the noble name
Of *Jupiter*, hee is King *Saturnes* sonne.

Sat. Thou haſt *Sybilla* kept that ſonne aliue
That onely can redeeme me from this thralldome,
Oh how ſhall we acquaint yong *Jupiter*,
With this his fathers hard ſuccesse in Armes.

Syb. My care did euer theſe euents foreſee.
And I haue ſent to your furuiving ſonne,
To come vnto your rescue ; Then great *Saturne*
In your wiues pitty feeme to applaude the heauens,
That make me their relentfull minister,
In the repairing of your downe-caſt ſtate.

Sat. If royall *Jupiter* be *Saturnes* ſonne,
We ſhall be either refcued or reueng'd,
And now I ſhall not dread thoſe *Tytanois*,
That threaten fire and Steele.

Syb. Trust your *Sybilla*.

Sat. Thou art my anchor, and the onely co-
lumne

That supports *Saturnes* glory, Oh my *Jupiter*,
On thee the basis of my hopes I erect,
And in thy life King *Saturnes* fame suruiues.
Are messengers dispatch'd to signifie
My sonne of our distresse.

Sib. As farre as *Epire*.

Where as we vnderstand, *Ioue* now remaines.

Satu. Then *Tytan*, and the proud *Enceladus*,
Hyperion and *Aegeon* with the rest,
Of all the earth-bread race we wey you not,
Threaten your worst, let all your eyes sparke
fire,

Your flaming nostrils like *Auernus* smoake,
Your tongues speak thunder, & your armed hands
Fling Trisulke lightning : Be you Gods aboue,
Or come you with infernall hatred arm'd,
We dread you not : we haue a sonne furuiues,
Shall calme your tempests : beautious *Iuno* com-

fort,
And cheare *Sybilla*, if he vndertake
Our rescue, we from danger are seure,
Wee in his valour all our liues assure.

Exeunt.

A flourish. Enter *Jupiter* and *Melliseus* with
attendants.

Mell. Faire Prince, for lesse by your deserties and
honour,
You cannot be : your fortunes and your birth
Are both vnknowne to me : my two faire daughters
As a swath'd infant brought you to my Court,
But whence, or of what parents you proceed
I am merely ignorant.

Jup. Then am I nothing,
And till I know whence my descent hath bene,
Or from what house deriu'd, I am but aire,
And no essentiall substance of a man.

Enter Calisto purfu'd by her yong sonne Archas.

Cal. Help, help, for heauen sake help, I am
purfu'd,
And by my sonne, that feemes to threate my life.

Iup. Stay that bold lad.

Cal. What's he? falfe *Iupiter*?

Iup. *Calisto*, or I much deceiue my selfe.

Cal. Oh thou most false, most treacherous, and
vnkind,
Behold *Calisto* by her sonne purfu'd,
Indeed thy sonne: this little fauadge youth
Hath liued 'mongst Tygers, Lyons, Wolues, and
Bears,

And since his birth partakes their cruelty.

Archas his name: since I *Diana* left,
And from her chaste traine was diuorc't, this youth
I childed in a caue remote and silent.

His nurture was amongst the fauadges.

This day I by misfortune mou'd his spleene,
And he purfu'd me with reuenge and fury,
And had I not forsooke the shades and forrests,
And fled for rescue to these walled Townes,
He had slaine me in his fury: faue me then,
Let not the sonne the mother sacrifice
Before the fathers eye.

Iup. *Archas* my sonne,
My yong son *Archas*, *Iupiters* first borne
Oh let me hugge thee, and a thousand times
Embrace thee in myne armes. *Lycaons* grand-
child

Calisto's sonne; Oh will you beauteous Lady
Forfase the forrests and yet liue with vs?

Cal. No thou false man, for thy periurious lusts
I haue abandoned humaine subtelties:
There take thy sonne, and vse him like a Prince,
Being sonne vnto a Princesse. Teach him Arts,
And honoured armes. For me: I haue abiur'd

All peopled Citties, and betooke my selfe
To solitary deserts. *Ioue adue.*

Thou prouing false, no mortall can be true. *Exit.*

Arc. Since she will needs be gone, be pleased
then,

Wearid with beasts, I long to liue 'mongst men.

Iup. Yet stay *Calisto*, why wilt thou out-runne
Thy *Iupiter*? Shee gone, welcome my sonne.

My deere sonne *Archas*, whom if fortune smile,
I will create Lord of a greater stile.

Enter the Clowne with letters.

Clowne. Saue you sir, is your name K. *Mellifcus*?

Melli. We are *Mellifcus*, and the *Epire King*.

Clowne. Then this letter is to you, but is there not
one in your Court, cal'd (let me see) haue you here
neuer a gibbit-maker?

Iup. Sirra, here's one cal'd *Iupiter*.

Clowne. Ey *Iupiter*, that's he that I would speake
with. Here's another letter to you, but ere you reade
it, pray let me aske you one question.

Iup. What's that?

Clowne. Whether you be a wife child or no?

Iup. Your reason?

Clowne. Because I would know whether you know
your own father but if you do not, hoping you are in
good health, as your father scarce was, at the making
hereof, These are to certify you.

Iup. Newes of a father! neuer could such tydings
Haue glutted me with gladnesse. *They reade.*

Clowne. For mine owne part, though I know not
what belongs to the getting of children, yet I know
how to father a child, & because I would be loath to
haue this Parish troubled with you, I bring you newes
where you were borne. I was the man that laid you
at this mans dore, & if you will not go home quietly,
you shall be fent from Constable to Constable, till you

come to the place where you were begot. Reade further and tell me more.

Melli. Is *Jupiter* then mighty *Saturns* sonne?

Iup. Am I the sonne of *Saturne*, King of *Creet*? My father baffled by the *Tytanoys*?

May all my toward hopes die in my birth,
Nor let me euer worthily inherite
The name of royalty, if by my valour
I proue me not discended royally.

Clowne. I was the man that tooke paines with you,
'twas I that brought you in the hand-basket.

Iup. Should I haue wisht a father through the world,
It had bene *Saturne*, or a royall mother,
It had bene faire *Sybilla*, Queene of *Creet*.
Great *Epires* King, peruse these tragicke lines,
And in thy wonted bounty grant supplies
To free my noble father.

Mel. *Iupiter*,
As I am *Melliseus* Epyres King,
Thou shalt haue free affistance.

Iup. Come then, Arme,
Assemble all the powers that we can leauy.
Archas, we make thee of *Pelagia* King,
As King *Lycaons* Gran-childe, and the sonne
Of faire *Calisto*. Let that Clime henceforth
Be cal'd *Arcadia*, and vsurpe thy name.
Go then and presse th' Arcadians to the rescue
Of royall *Saturne*, this great King and I
Will lead th' Epyrians. Faile me not to meet,
To redeeme *Saturne*, and to rescue *Creet*.

Exeunt. Manet Clowne.

Clowne. I haue no mind to this buffeting : Ile walke after faire and softly, in hope that all the buffeting may be done before I come. Whether had I better go home by land, or by sea ? If I go by land, and mis-carry, then I go the way of all flesh. If I go by sea and mis-carry, then I go the way of all fish : I am not yet resolu'd. But howsoeuer, I haue done my mesage

so cleanly, that they cannot say, the messenger is beau'd of any thing that belongs to his message.

Alarme. Enter *Tytan, Lycaon, Enceladus, with Saturne, Iuno, and Sibilla prisoners.*

Tyt. Downe trecherous Lord, and be our foot-pace
now

To ascend our high tribunall. Wher's that God-head

With which the people Auee'd thee to heauen ?

Encel. 'Tis funke into the deep Abysme of hell.

Teare from his head the golden wreath of Creet.

Tread on his captiue bulke, and with thy weight

Great *Tytan*, sinke him to the infernall shades,

So low, that with his trunke, his memory

May be extinct in Lethe.

Sat. More then tyrannous

To triumph or'e the weake, and to oppresse

The low deiected. Let your cruelty

Be the sad period of my wretchednesse :

Onely preferue my louely *Iuno*'s life,

And giue *Sibilla* freedome.

Encel. By these Gods,

We neither feare nor value, but contend

To equall in our actions : both shall dye.

There shall no proud Saturnian liue, to braue

The meanest of the high-borne *Tytanoyes*.

Lyca. Raze from the earth their hatefull memory,

And let the bloud of *Tytan* sway the earth.

Speake, are the ports and confines strongly arm'd

'Gainst all inuasions ?

Tytan. Who dares damadge vs ?

Let all the passages be open left,

Vnguarded let our ports and hauens lye.

All danger we despise, mischance or dread

We hold in base contempt.

Encel. Conquest is ours,

Maugre diuine, or base terrestrial powers.

Alarme.

Enter Ægeon.

Æge. Arme royll Titan, Arme *Enceladus*,
A pale of brandisht steele hath girt thy land.
From the earths Cauernes breake infernall fires,
To make thy villages and hamlets burne.
Tempestuous ruin in the shape of warre
Clowds all thy populous kingdome, At my heeles
Confusion dogges me, and the voyce of death
Still thunders in mine eares.

Tyt. Ift possible ? Beare *Saturne* firſt to prifon
Wee'l after party them.

Ence. Come Angels arm'd, or Diuels clad in
flames,
Our fury ſhall repel them. Come they girt
With power celeſtiall, or infernall rage,
Wee'l ſtand their fierce oppofure. Royall *Titan*,
Ægeon and *Hyperion*, d'on your armes,
Brauely aduance your ſtrong orbicular shields,
And in your right hands brandiſh your bright Steele.
Drowne your affrightments in th' amazed ſounds
Of martiaſt thunder (Diapafon'd deep)
Wee'l ſtand them, be they Gods ; (if men,) expell
Their strengthles force, and ſtownd them low as hell.

A Florish. Enter marching *K. Mellifeus, Jupiter, Archas, Drumme and ſouldiers.*

Tit. Whence are you that intrude vpon our con-
fines ?
Or what portend you in these hostile ſounds
Of clamorous warre ?

Jup. Tytans deſtruсtion,
With all the ruin of his giant race.

Tit. By what pretence or claime ?

Jup. In right of *Saturne* :
Whom againſt law the Tytans haue depoſ'd.

Tit. What art thou ſpeak'ſt it ?

Iup. I am *Jupiter*,
King *Saturnes* sonne, immediate heire to Creet.

Encel. There pause, that word disables all thy
claime,
And proues that *Tytan* seates him in his owne.

Tyt. If *Saturne* (as thou say'st) hath sonnes aliuie,
His oath is broken, and we are iusly feiz'd
Of Creta's Crowne by his late forfeiture.

Aege. Thy tongue hath spoke thy owne destruction,
Since whom K. *Saturne* spar'd, our fwords must kill,
And he is come to offer vp that life
Which hath so long beene forfeit.

Iup. Tyrants no :
The heauens preferu'd me for a further vse,
To plague your Off-spring that afflict the earth,
And with your threatnings spurne against the Gods.

Lyca. Now shalt thou pay me for *Calisto*'s wrong,
Exiling me, and for dishonouring her.

Iup. Are you there Caniball ? Man-eating woolfe ?
Lycaon, thou art much beholding to me,
I woman'd first *Calisto*, and made thee
A grand-father. Dost not thanke me for't ?
See heer's the Boy, this is Archadia's King.
No more Pelagia now, since thy exile.

Tyt. To thee that stil'st thy selfe K. *Saturnes*
sonne :
Know thou wast doom'd before thy birth to dye,
Thy claime disabled, and in fauing thee
Thy father hath made forfeit of his Crowne.

Iup. Know *Tytan* I was borne free, as my father,
Nor had he power to take that life away
That the Gods freely gaue me. Tyrants see,
Here is that life you by Indenture claime,
Seize it, and take it : but before I fall,
Death and destruction shall confound you all.

Encel. Destruction is our vassaille, and attends
Vpon the threatning of our stormy browes.
We trifle howers. Arme all your fronts with horror,
Your hearts with fury, and your hands with death.

Thunder meet thunder, tempests stormes defie,
Saturne and all his issue this day dye.

Alarne. *The battels ioine, Tytan is flaine, and his party repulst.* Enter *Ægeon*.

Æge. Wher's now the high and proud *Enceladus*,
 To stop the fury of the Aduerse foe,
 Or stay the base flight of our dastard troupes ?
Tytan is flaine, *Hyperion* strowes the earth,
 And thoufands by the hand of *Jupiter*
 Are sent into blacke darknesse. All that stand
 Sink in the weight of his high Iouiall hand.
 To shun whose rage, *Ægeon* thou must flye.
 Creet with our hoped conquests all adiew.
 We must propose new quests, since *Saturnes* sonne
 Hath by his puissance all our campe ore-runne. *Exit.*

Alarne. *Enter Enceladus leading his Army, Iupiter leading his.* They make a stand.

Enc. None stir, be all your armes cramp't &
 diseas'd
 Your swords vn-vsefull, may your steely glaues
 Command your hands, and not your finewes them,
 Till I by fingle valor haue subdu'd
 This murderer of my father.

Iup. Here he stands,
 That must for death haue honour at thy hands.
 None interrupt vs, singly wee'l contend,
 And 'twixt vs two giue these rude factions end.

Encel. Two royll armies then on both sides stand,
 To view this strange and dreadfull Monomachy.
 Thy fall, *Saturnian*, addes to my renowne :
 For by thy death I gaine the Cretan Crowne.

Iup. Death is thy due, I finde it in thy starres,
 Whil'st our high name giues period to these warres.

Alarm. They combat with iauelings first, after with
swards and targets. Iupiter kil's Enceladus, and
enters with victory. Iupiter, Saturne, Sibilla, Juno,
Melliseus, Archas, with the Lords of Creet.

Sat. Neuer was *Saturne* deifi'd till now,
Nor found that perfectnesse the Gods enjoy.
Heauen can assure no greater happinesse
Then I attaine in sight of *Iupiter*.

Sib. Oh my deare son, borne with my painful
throws,
And with the hazard of my life preferu'd,
How well hast thou acquitted all my trauels,
In this thy last and famous victory?

Iup. This tels me, that yon royll King of *Creet*
My father is: and that renowned Queene
My mother: all which proues by circumstance,
That 'tis but duty, that by me's atchieu'd.
Onely yon beauteous Lady stands apart,
I know not how to stile.

Satu. 'Tis *Juno*, and thy sister.

Iup. Oh my stars!
You seeke to make immortall, *Iupiter*.

Iuno. *Juno* is onely happy in the fortunes,
Of her renowned brother.

Iup. Royall *Saturne*,
If euer I deseru'd well as a victor,
Or if my warlike deedes, yet bleeding new,
And perfect both in eyes and memory
May pleade for me: Oh if I may obtaine,
As one that merits, or intreate of you,
As one that owes: being titled now your sonne,
Let me espouse faire *Juno*: and bright Lady
Let me exchange the name of sister with you
And stile you by a neerer name of wife.
Oh be my spouse faire *Juno*.

Iuno. 'Tis a name,

I prife 'boue sifter, if theſe grace the fame.

Satv. What is it I'l deny my *Jupiter*?
Shee is thy owne. I'l royalife thy nuptials
With all the ſolemne triumphes *Creet* can yeeld.

Melli. *Epyre* ſhall adde to theſe ſolemnities,
And with a bounteous hand ſupport theſe triumphs.

Archas. So all *Archadia* ſhall.

Satv. Then to our Pallace
Paffe on in ſtate, let all raryeties
Showre downe from heauen a lardges, that theſe bridals
May excede mortall pompe. March, March, and
leauē mee
To contemplate theſe ioyes, and to deuife,
How with beſt ſtate this night to ſolemnize.

They all march of and leauē Saturne alone.

Satv. *Saturne* at length is happy by his fonne,
Whose matchleſſe and vniuial'd dignities
Are without peere on earth, O ioy, ioy ! corsiue
Worſe then the throwes of child-birth, or the tor-
tures

Of blacke *Cimmerian* darkenesſe. *Saturne*, now
Bethinke thee of the Delphian Oracle :
He ſhall his fathers vertue firſt excell,
Seife *Creet*, and after drieue him downe to hell.
The firſt is paſt : my vertues are exceeded :
The laſt I will preuent, by force or treason.
I'l worke his ruine 'ere he grow too hygh.
His starres haue caſt it, and the boy ſhall dy.
More fonnes I haue, more crownes I cannot winne,
The Gods ſay he muſt dy, and tis no finne.

Actus. 4. Scœna 1.

Enter Homer.

Homer. O blind ambition and deſire of raine,

What horri'd mischiefe wilt not thou deuise ?
The appetite of rule, and thirst of raigne
Besots the foolish, and corrupts the wife.
Behold a King suspiciois of his sonne,
Pursues his innocent life, and without cause.
Oh blind ambition what hast thou not done
Against religion, zeale and natures lawes ?

But men are borne their owne fates to purfue,
Gods will be Gods, and *Saturne* finds it true.

A dumbe shew. Enter Iupiter, Iuno, Mellifeus, Archas, as to reuels. To them Saturne drawes his sword to kill Iupiter, who onely defends himselfe, but beeing hotly purfu'd, drawes his sword, beates away Saturne, seifeth his crowne, and fweares all the Lords of Creet to his obeyfance, so Exit.

Saturne against his sonne his force extended,
And would haue slaine him by his tyrannous hand,
Whilst *Iupiter* alone his life defended.
But when no prayers his fury could withstand,
Hee vf'd his force, his father droue from *Creet*,
And as the Oracle before had told
Vsurpt the Crowne, the Lords kneele at his feete,
And *Saturnes* fortunes are to exile fold.
But leauing him, of *Danae* that bright lasse,
How amorous *Ioue* first wrought her to his power,
How shee was closed in a fort of brasse,
And how he skal'd it in a golden showre,
Of these we next must speake, curtious and wise,
Help with your hands, for *Homer* wants his eyes.

A flourish. Enter Iupiter, Iuno, the Lords of Creet, Mellifeus, Archas, Neptune, and Pluto.

Iup. Our vnkind father double tyrannous,
To prosecute the vertues of his sonne,
Hath fought his owne Fate, and by his ingratitude
Left to our head th'Imperiall wreath of *Creet*:

Which gladly we receiue. *Neptune* from *Athens*,
 And *Pluto* from the lower *Tartarie*
 Both welcome to the *Cretan Iupiter*.
 Those Starres that gouern'd our natiuity,
 And stript our fortunes from the hand of death,
 Shall guard vs and maintaine vs.

Nept. Noble *Saturne*,
 Famous in all things, and degenerate onely,
 In that inhumaine practise 'gaints his sonnes,
 Is fled vs, whom we came to vistre freely,
 And filiall duties to expresse. Great *Athens*
 The nurse and fostresse of my infancy,
 I haue instructed in the sea-mans craft.
 And taught them truely how to faile by starres
 Besides the vnruyl Iennet I haue tam'd
 And train'd him to the faddle, for which practise
 The horse to mee is foly consecrate.

Pluto. I from the bounds of lower *Tartarie*
 Haue trauel'd to the fertile plaines of *Creet*.
 Nor am I lesse in lustre of my fame,
 Then *Neptune*, or renowned *Iupiter*.
 Those barren Kingdomes I haue richt with spoiles,
 And not a people trafficks in those worlds,
 For wealth or treasure, but we custome them,
 And they inrich our coffers : our arm'd guards
 Prey on their Camels, and their laden Mules,
 And *Pluto's* through the world renown'd & fear'd.
 And since we haue mist of *Saturne* lately fled,
 It glads me yet, I freely may furuey
 The honours of my brother *Iupiter*.

Nep. And beauteous *Juno*, Empresse of all hearts
 Whom *Neptune* thus embraceth.

Pluto. So doth *Pluto*.

Iun. All diuine honours crowne the royll temples
 Of my two famous brothers.

Iup. King *Mellifeu* welcome them to *Creet*.
Archas do you the like.

Melli. Princes your hands.

Archas. You are my royll vncckles.

Iup. Nay hand him Lords, he is your kinsman too.

Archas my sonne, of faire *Calisto* borne,
I hope faire *Iuno* it offendes not you,
It was before your time.

Iuno. Shee was a strumpet.

Iup. Shee shall be a Starre.

And all the Queenes and beautious maides on earth
That are renown'd for high perfections,
We'l woe and winne, wee were borne to fway and
rule.

Nor shall the name of wife be curbe to vs,
Or snaffle in our pleasures. Beauteous *Io*,
And faire *Europa*, haue by our transhapes,
And guiles of loue already bene deflour'd,
Nor liues shee that is worthy our desires,
But we can charme with court-ship. Royal brothers
What newes of note is rumor'd in those Realmes,
Through which you made your trauels ?

Nep. Haue you heard
Of great *Acrisius*, the braue *Arges* King,
And of his daughter *Danae*.

Iup. His renowne,
And her faire beauty oft hath peirc't our eares.
Nor can we be at peace, till we behold
That face fame hath so blazond. What of her ?

Nep. Of her inclosure in the Darreine Tower,
Guit with a triple Mure of shining brasse.
Haue you not heard ?

Iup. But we desire it highly.
What marble wall, or Adamantine gate,
What Fort of steele, or Castle forg'd from brasse,
Loue cannot scale ? or beauty cannot breake through?
Discourse the nouell *Neptune*.

Nep. Thus it was.
The Queen of Arges going great, the King
Sends (as the custome is) to th'Oracle,
To know what fortunes shall betide the babe.

Anfwer's return'd by *Phœbus* and his Priests :
 The Queene shall childe a daughter beautifull,
 Who when she growes to yeares, shall then bring
 forth

A valiant Princely boy, yet such a one
 That shall the King his grandſire turne to ſtonc.
Danae is borne, and as ſhe growes to ripenesſe,
 So grew her fathers feare : and to preuent
 His ominous fate pronounc'd by th'Oracle,
 He mowlds this brazen Tower, impregnable
 Both for the ſeat and guard : yet beautifull
 As is the gorgeouſe palace of the Sunne.

Iup. Ill doth *Acrisius* to contend and warre
 Againſt th'unchanging Fates, I'le ſcale that Tower :
 Or raine downe millions in a golden shower.
 I long to be the father of that babe,
 Begot on *Danae*, that ſhall proue fo braue,
 And turne the dotard to his marble graue.
 Tis caſt already : Fate be thou my guide,
 Whilſt for this amorous iourney I prouide.

Mel. But is the Lady there immur'd, and clos'd
 From all ſociety and fight of man ?

Nept. So full of iealous feares is King *Acrisius*,
 That, faue himſelfe, no man muſt neere the Fort.
 Only a guard of Beldams paſt their luſts,
 Vnſenſible of loue, or amorous pitty,
 Partly by bribeſ hir'd, partly curb'd with threats,
 Are guard vnto this bright imprifoned dame.

Plut. Too pittieſſe, and too obdur's the King,
 To cloyſter beauty from the fight of man.
 But this concerneſ not vs.

Iup. That fort I'le ſcale,
 Though in attempting it be death to faile.
 Brothers and Princes, all our Courts rarities
 Lye open to your royalſt entertainment
 Yet pardon me, ſince vrgence cals me hence
 To an inforced abſence. Nay Queene *Juno*
 You muſt be pleas'd, the cauſe imports vs highly.
 Feaſt with theſe Princes till our free returne.

Attendance Lords, we must descend in gold,
Or yon imprisioned beauty ne'r behold.

Exit.

Enter foure old Beldams, with other women.

1. *Beld.* Heer's a coyle to keep fire and tow
a funder. I wonder the King should shut his daughter
vp so close: for any thing I see, she hath no minde to
a man.

2. *Beld.* Content your selfe, you speake according
to your age and appetite. We that are full fed may
praise fast. We that in our heate of youth haue drunke
our bellyfuls, may deride those that in the heate of
their blouds are athirst. I measure her by what I was,
not by what I am. Appetite to loue neuer failes an
old woman, till cracking of nuts leavues her. When
Danae hath no more teeth in her head then you and
I, Il'e trust a man in her company, and scarce then:
for if we examine our selues, wee haue euen at
these yeares, qualmes, and rhumes, and deuises
comes ouer our stomakes, when we but look on a
proper man.

1. *Beld.* That's no question, I know it by my selfe,
and whil'st I stand centinell, I'le watch her for that I
warrant her.

2. *Bel.* And haue we not reason, considering the
penalty?

1. *Bel.* If any stand centinel in her quarters,
we shall keep quarter here no longer. If the
Princesse miscarry we shall make gun-powder, and
they say an old woman is better for that then
Saltpeter.

The 'larme bell rings.

3. *Beld.* The larame bell rings,
It should be K. *Acrisius* by the sound of the
clapper.

4. *Beld.* Then clap close to the gate and let
him in.

Enter Acrifius.

Acri. Ladies well done : I like this prouidence
 And carefull watch ore *Danae*: let me finde you
 Faithleffe, you dye, be faithfull and you liue
 Eterniz'd in our loue. Go call her hither,
 Be that your charge : the rest keep watchfull eye
 On your percullist entrance, which forbids
 All men, faue vs, free passage to this place.
 See ! *Danae* is descended. Faire daughter

Enter Danae.

How do you brook this palace ?

Dan. Like a prifon :
 What is it elfe ? you giue me golden fetters,
 As if their value could my bondage lessen.

Acri. The architectur's sumptuous, and the building
 Of cost inualuable, fo rich a struture
 For beauty, or for state, the world affords not.
 Is not thy attendance princely, like a Queenes ?
 Are not all these thy vassails to attend ?
 Are not thy chambers faire, and richly hung ?
 The walkes within this barricadoed mure
 Full of delight and pleasure for thy taste
 And curious palate, all the chiefeſt cates
 Are from the furtheſt verges of the earth
 Fetch't to content thee. What distastes thee then ?

Dan. That which alone is better then all theſe,
 My liberty. Why am I cloyſter'd thus,
 And kept a prisoner from the fight of man ?
 What hath my innocence and infancy
 Deſeru'd to be immur'd in brazen walls ?
 Can you accufe my faith, or modeſty ?
 Hath any loofe demeanour in my carriage
 Bred this diſtruct ? hath my eye plaid the rioter ?
 Or hath my tongue beene lauifh ? haue my fauours
 Vn-virginlike, to any been profuse,
 That it ſhould breed in you ſuch ielouſie,
 Or bring me to this durance ?

Acri. None of these.

I loue my *Danae*. But when I record
The Oracle, it breeds such feare in me,
That makes this thy reteinement.

Danae. The Oracle ?

Wherein vnto the least of all the Gods
Hath *Danae* beene vnthankfull, or profanc,
To bondage me that am a princesse free,
And votaresse to euerie deity ?

Acri. I 'e tell thee Lady. The vnchanging mouth
Of *Phœbus*, hath this Oracle pronoun't,
That *Danae* shall in time childe such a sonne
That shall *Acrisius* change into a stome.

Danae. See your vaine feares. What lesse could

Phœbus say ?

Or what hath *Danae's* fate deseru'd in this ?
To turne you into stome ; that's to prepare
Your monument, and marble sepulcher.
The meaning is, that I a sonne shall haue,
That when you dye shall beare you to your graue.
Are you not mortall ? would you euer liue ?
Your father dy'd, and to his Monument
You like a mourner did attend his herfe.
What you did to your father, let my sonne
Performe to you, prepare your sepulcher.
Or shall a stranger beare you to your tombe,
When from your owne bloud you may store a
Prince

To do those sacred rights : or shall vaine feares
Cloister my beauty, and consume my yeares ?

Acri. Our feares are certaine, and our doome as
fix't

As the decrees of Gods. Thy durance here
Is without limit endlesse. Go attend her *Exit Danae*.
Vnto her chamber, there to liue an Ankresse
And changeleffe virgin, to the period
Of her last hower. And you, to whom this charge
Solely belongs, banish all womanish pitty :
Be deafe vnto her prayers, blinde to her teares,

Obdure to her relenting passions.

Should she (as heauen and th'Oracle forbid)
By your corrupting loose that precious Gemme
We haue such care to keepe and locke safe vp :
Your liues are doom'd. Be faithfull we desire,
And keepe your bodies from the threatned fire. *Exit.*

1. *Beld.* Heauen be as chary of your Highnesse
life,

As we of *Danae's* honour. Now if shhee bee a right
woman, shhee will haue a mind onely to loose that,
which her father hath such care to keepe. There is a
thing that commonly stickes vnder a womans stomacke.

2. *Beld.* What do we talking of things ? there must
be no meddling with things in this place, come let vs
set our watch, and take our lodgings before the Princesse
chamber. *Exit.*

*Enter Iupiter like a Pedler, the Clowne his man, with
packs at their backes.*

Iup. Sirrah, now I haue sworne you to secrecy attend
your charge.

Clow. Charge me to the mouth, and till you giue
fire I'l not of.

Iup. Thou know'st I haue stuft my packe with rich
iewels, to purchase one iewell worth all these.

Clowne. If your pretious stones were set in that
Iewell it would be braue wearing.

Iup. If we get entrance, stooch me vp in all things :
& if I haue recourse to the Princesse, if at any time
thou feest me whisper to her, find some tricke or other
to blinde the Beldams eyes.

Clow. Shee that hath the best eyes of them all, I
haue a trick to make her nose stand in her light.

Iup. No more K. *Iupiter* but goodman Pedler,
remember that.

Clow. I haue my memorandums about mee. As
I can beare a packe, so I can beare a braine, & now I

talke of a packe, though I know not of the death of any of your freinds, I am sorry for your heauinessse.

Iup. Loue and my hopes doe make my loade
seeme light,

This wealth I will vnburthen in the purchase
Of yon rich beauty. Prethee ring the bell.

Clow. Nay do you take the rope in your hand for lucke sake. The morall is, because you shall ring all-in.

He rings the bell, Enter the 4 Beldams.

Iup. I care not if I take thy counsell.

1. *Beld.* To the gate, to the gate, and know who
'tis ere you open.

2. *Beld.* I learn't that in my youth, still to know
who knockt before I would open.

Iup. Saeu you gentle Matrons: may a man be so bold as aske what he may call this rich and stately Tower?

3. *Beld.* Thou seem'st a stranger to aske such a question,

For where is not the tower of *Darreine* knowne?

Clow. It may be cal'd the tower of Barren for ought I see, for heere is none but are past children.

4. *Beld.* This is the rich and famous *Darreine* Tower,

Where King *Acrisius* hath inclo'd his daughter,
The beautious *Danae*, famous through the world
For all perfections.

Iup. Oh then 'tis heere; I here I must vnload.

Comming through *Creet*, the great King *Jupiter*
Intreated me to call here at this Tower,
And to deliuer you some speciall Iewels,
Of high pris'd worth, for he would haue his bounty
Renown'd through all the earth. Downe with your
packe,

For here must wee vnload.

1. *Beld.* Iewels to vs?

2. *Beld.* And from *Jupiter* ?

Iup. Now gold proue thy true vertue. Thou canst all things and therefore this.

3. *Beld.* Comes he with presents, and shall he vnpacke at the gate ? nay come into the Porters lodge good Pedlers.

Clowne. That Lady hath some manners, shee hath bene well brought vp I warrant her.

4. *Beld.* And I can tell thee pedler, thou hast that curtesy that neuer any man found but the King *Acrisius*.

Iup. You shall be well paid for your curtesy, Here's first for you, for you, for, for you, for you.

1. *Beld.* Rare !

2. *Beld.* Admirable !

3. *Beld.* The best that ere I saw !

4. *Beld.* I'l run and shew mine to my Lady.

1. *Beld.* Shut the gate for feare the King come, and if he ring clap the Pedlers into some of yon old rotten corners. And hath K. *Jupiter* bene at all this cost ? hee's a courteous Prince, & bountifull. Keepe you the pedler company, my Lady shall see mine too.

Iup. Meane you the Princesse *Danae* ? I haue tokens from *Jupiter* to her too.

1. *Bel.* Runne, runne, you that haue the best legges, and tell my Lady. But haue you any more of the same ?

Clowne. Haue we quoth he ? We haue things about vs, wee haue not shewed yet, and that euery one must not see, would make those few teeth in your head to water, I would haue you thinke, I haue ware too as well as my Mayster.

Enter in state Danae with the Beldams, looking upon three feuerall iewels.

1. *Bel.* Yonder's my Lady. Nay neuer bee abasht Pedler, There's a face will become thy iewels,

as well as any face in *Creet* or *Arges* either. Now your token.

Iup. I haue lost it. Tis my heart, beauty of Angels,

Thou art o're matcht, earth may contend with heauen,

Nature thou hast to make one compleate creature

Cheated euen all mortality. This face

Hath rob'd the morning of her blush, the lilly

Of her blanch't whitnes, and like theft committed

Vpon my soule : shee is all admiration.

But in her eyes I ne're saw perfect lustre.

There is no treasure upon earth but yonder.

Shee is ! (oh I shall loose my selfe)

Clowne. Nay Sir, take heed you be not smelt out.

Iupi. I am my selfe againe.

Dan. Did hee bestow these freely ? *Danae's* guard Are much indebted to King *Jupiter*.

If he haue store wee'l buy some for our vse,

And wearing. They are wondrous beautifull,

Where's the man that brought them ?

1. *Beld.* Here forsooth Lady, hold vp your head and blush not, my Lady will not hurt thee, I warrant thee.

Iup. This iewell Madam did King *Jupiter*

Command me to leaue heere for *Danae*.

Are you so sti'ld ?

Danae. If sent to *Danae*,

'Tis due to me. And would the King of *Creet*,

Knew with what gratitude we take his gift.

Iup. Madame he shall. Sirrah set ope your pack,

And what the Ladies like let them take freely.

Dan. Much haue I heard of his renowne in armes,

His generousnesse, his vertues, and his fulnesse

Of all that Nature can bequeath to man.

His bounty I now tast, and I could wish,

Your eare were his, that I might let him know

What interest he hath in me to command.

Iup. His eare is myne, let me command you then.

Behold I am the *Cretan, Iupiter,*
That rate your beauty aboue all these gems,
What cannot loue, what dares not loue attempt ?
Despight *Acrisius* and his armed guards,
Hether my loue hath brought me to receiue
Or life or death from you, onely from you.

Dan. We are amaz'd, and the large difference
Betwixt your name and habite, breeds in vs
Feare and distrust. Yet if I censure freely
I needes must thinke that face and personage
Was ne're deriu'd from basenesse. And the spirit
To venture and to dare to court a Queene
I cannot stile lesse then to be a Kings.
Say that we grant you to be *Iupiter,*
What thence inferre you ?

Iup. To loue *Iupiter.*

Dan. So far as *Iupiter* loues *Danae's* honour,
So farre will *Danae* loue *Iupiter.*

2. Beld. We waight well vpon my Lady.

Iup. Madam you haue not seene a cleere stome,
For colour or for quicknesse. (*sweete your eare.*)

Dan. Beware your ruine, if yon Beldams heare.

Iup. Sirra shew all your wares, and let thosse Ladies
best please themselues.

Clowne. Not all at these yeares. I spy his
knauery. Now would he haue mee keepe them
busied, whilst he courts the Lady.

3. Beld. Doth my Lady want nothing ?

Shee lookes backe.

Clown. As for example, heer's a filuer bodkin,
this is to remoue dandriffe, and digge about the roots
of your filuer-hair'd furre. This is a tooth-picker, but
you hauing no teeth, heere is for you a corall to rub
your gums. This is cal'd a Maske.

1. Beld. Gramarcy for this, this is good to hide
my wrinckles, I neuer see of these afore.

Clown. Then you haue one wrinkle more behinde.

You that are dim ey'd put this pittifull spectacle vpon your nose.

Iup. As I am sonne of *Saturne*, you haue wrong To be coop't vp within a prison strong. Your father like a miser cloysters you, But to faue cost: hee's loth to pay your dower, And therefore keepes you in this brazen Tower. What are you better to be beautifull, When no mans eye can come to censure it? What are sweet cates vntasted? gorgeous clothes Vnworne? or beauty not beheld? yon Beldams With all the furrowes in their wrinkled fronts May claime with you like worth; ey and compare. For eye to censure you none can, none dare.

Dan. All this is true.

Iup. Oh thinke you I would lye
(With any faue *Danae*.) Let me buy This iewell, your bright loue, though rated higher Then Gods can giue, or men in prayers desire.

Dan. You couet that, which faue the Prince of Creet

None dares.

Iup. That shewes how much I loue you (sweet) I come this beauty, this rare face to faue, And to redeeme it from this brazen graue. Oh do not from mans eye this beauty skreene, These rare perfections, which no earthly Queene Enioyes faue you: 'twas made to be admir'd. The Gods, the Fates, and all things haue conspir'd With *Jupiter*, this prison to inuade, And bring it forth to that for which 'twas made. Loue *Jupiter*, whose loue with yours shall meet, And hauing borne you hence, make at your feet Kings lay their crownes, & mighty Emperours kneele: Oh had you but a touch of what I feele, You would both love and pitty.

Dan. Both I do. But all things hinder, yet were *Danae* free, She could affe~~t~~ the *Cretan*.

Iup. Now by thee
 (For what I most affect, by that I sweare)
 I from this prisfon will bright *Danae* beare,
 And in thy chamber will this night fast feale
 This couenant made.

Dan. Which *Danae* must repeale.

Iup. You shall not, by this kisse.

1. *Beld.* Tis good to haue an eye.

(*She lookest backe.*)

Clown. Your nose hath not had these spe&ctacles on
 yet.

Dan. Oh *Jupiter.*

Iup. Oh *Danae.*

Dan. I must hence :
 For if I stay, I yeeld : Il'e hence, no more.

Iup. Expe&t me for I come.

Dan. Yon is my doore,
 Dare not to enter there. I will to rest.
 Attendance.

Iup. Come I will.

Dan. You had not best. *Exit Danae.*

2. *Beld.* My Lady calls. Wee haue trifled the
 night till bed-time. Some attend the Princesse :
 others see the Pedlers pack't out of the gate.

Clown. Will you thrust vs out to seeke our lodging
 at Midnight. We haue paid for our lodging, a man
 would thinke, we might haue laine cheaper in any
 Inne in *Arges* ?

Iup. This castle stands remote, no lodging neere,
 Spare vs but any corner here below,
 Bee't but the Inner porch, or the least staire-cafe,
 And we'l begone as early as you please.

2. *Beld.* Consider all things, we haue no reason to
 deny that. What need we feare ? alas they are but
 Pedlars, and the greatest Prince that breathes would
 be aduis'd ere he durst presume to court the princesse
Danae.

1. *Beld.* He court a princesse ? hee lookest not with
 the face. Well pedlers, for this night take a nap vpon

some bench or other, and in the morning be ready to take thy yard in thy hand to measure me some stiffe, and so to be gone before day. Well, good-night, we must attend our princesse.

Iup. Gold and reward, thou art mighty, and hast power

O're aged, yong, the foolish, and the wife,
The chaste, and wanton, fowle, and beautifull :
Thou art a God on earth, and canst all things.

Clown. Not all things, by your leaue. All the gold in Creete cannot get one of yon old Crones with childe. But shall we go sleepe ?

Iup. Sleep thou, for I must wake for *Danae*. Hence cloud of basenesse, thou hast done inough To bleare yon Beldams. When I next appeare

Hee puts off his disguise.

To yon bright Goddesse, I will shine in gold,
Deck't in the high Imperiall robes of Creet,
And on my head the wreath of Maiesty :
For Ornament is a preuailing thing,
And you bright Queene I'le now court like a King.

Exit.

Enter the foure old Beldams, drawing out Danae's bed : She in it. They place foure tapers at the foure corners.

Dan. Command our Eunuch's with their pleasing'ſt tunes
To charme our eyes to rest. Leauē vs all, leauē vs.
The God of dreames hath with his downy fanne
Swept or'e our eye-lids, and fits heauy on them.

i. Bel. Hey-ho, Sleepe may enter in at my mouth, if he be no bigger then a two-peny-loafe.

Dan. Then to your chambers, & let wakelesse slumbers

Charme you in depth of silence and repose.

All. Good night to thee faire *Danae*.

Dan. Let musick through this brazen fortresse found

Till all our hearts in depth of sleepe be drown'd.

Enter Iupiter crown'd with his Imperiall Robes.

Iup. Silence that now hath empire through the world
 Expresse thy power and Prinedome. Charming sleepe
 Deaths yonger brother, shew thy selfe as still-leffe
 As death himselfe. None feeme this night to liue,
 Saue *Loue* and *Danae*. But that Goddeffe wonne
 Giue them new life breath'd with the morning funne,
 Yon is the doore, that in forbidding me
 She bad me enter. Womens tongues and hearts
 Haue different tunes : for where they most desire,
 Their hearts cry on, when their tongues bid retire.
 Al's whist, I heare the snorting Beldams breathe
 Soundnesse of sleepe, none wakes faue Loue and we
 Yon bright imprisioned beauty to set free.
 Oh thou more beauteous in thy nakednesse
 Then ornament can adde to—
 How sweetly doth she breath ? how well become
 Imaginary deadnesse ? But I'l'e wake her
 Vnto new life. This purchase I must win,
 Heauens gates stand ope, and *Iupiter* will in.

Danae? *He lyes upon her bed.*

Dan. Who's that ?

Iup. 'Tis I, K. *Iupiter*.

Dan. What meane you Prince ? how dare you
 enter here ?

Knowing if I but call, your life is doom'd,
 And all Creetes treasure cannot guard your person.

Iup. You tell me now how much I rate your
 beauty,
 Which to attaine, I cast my life behinde me,
 As lou'd much leffe then you.

Dan. I'l'e loue you too,
 Would you but leauue me.

Iup. Repentance I'd not buy
 At that high rate, ten thousand times to dye.
 You are mine owne, so all the Fates haue fed.

And by their guidance come I to your bed.
The night, the time, the place, and all conspire
To make me happy in my long desire.
Acrisius eyes are charm'd in golden sleepe,
Those Beldams that were plac't your bed to keepe,
All drown'd in Lethe (faue your downy bed,
White shetes, and pillow where you rest your head)
None heares or fees ; and what can they deuise,
When they (heauen knowes) haue neither earcs nor
eyes.

Dan. Befrow you sir, that for your amorous
pleasure
Could thus sort all things, person, place, and leasure.
Exclaime I could, and a loud vproare keepe,
But that you say the Crones are all a sleepe :
And to what purpose should I raise such feare,
My voyce being soft, they fast, and cannot heare ?

Iup. They are deafe in rest, then gentle sweet ly
further,
If you should call, I thus your voyce would murther,
And strangle with my kisses.

Dan. Kisses, tush.
I'le sinke into my sheetes, for I shall blussh.

I'le diue into my bed.

Iup. And I behind ?
No : wer't the Ocean, such a gemme to find,
I would diue after.

Jupiter puts out the lights and makes vnready.

Dan. Good my Lord forbear
What do you meane ? (oh heauen) is no man neere,
If you will needs, for modesties chaste law,
Before you come to bed, the curtaines draw,
But do not come, you shall not by this light,
If you but offer't, I shall cry out right.
Oh God, how hoarfe am I, and cannot ? fie
Danae thus naked and a man so nye.
Pray leauue me fir : he makes vnready still,
Well I'le euen winke, and then do what you will.

The bed is drawne in, and enter the Clowne new wak't.

Clowne. I would I were out of this tower of Brasle, & from all these brazen fac't Beldams : if we should fall asleepe, and the King come and take vs napping, where were we ? My Lord staines long, & the night growes short, the thing you wot of hath cost him a simple fort of Iewels. But if after all this cost, the thing you wot of would not do : If the pedler should shew himselfe a pidler, he hath brought his hogs to a faire market. Fye vpon it, what a snorting forward and backeward these Beldams keep ? But let them sleepe on, some in the house I am sure are awake, and stirring too, or I misse my aime. Well, here must I sit and waite the good howre, till the gate be open, and suffer my eyes to do that, which I am sure my cloake neuer will, that is, to take nap. *Exit.*

Enter Iupiter and Danae in her night-gowne.

Danae. Alasse my Lord I neuer lou'd till now,
And will you leave me ?

Iup. Beauteous Queene I must,
But thus condition'd ; to returne againe,
With a strong army to redeeme you hence,
In spight of *Arges*, and *Acrisius*,
That doom's you to this bondage.

Danae. Then fare-well.
No sooner meete but part ? Remember me :
For you great Prince I neuer shall forget !
I feare you haue left too sure a token with me
Of your remembrance.

Iup. *Danae*, be't a sonne,
It shall be ours when we haue *Arges* wonne.

Danae. But should you faile ?

Iup. I sooner should forget
My name, my state, then faile to pay this debt,
The day-starre 'gins t' appeare, the Beldams stir,
Ready t' vnlocke the gate, faire Queene adue.

Dan. All men proue false, if *Ioue* be found vntrue.

Exit.

Iup. My man ?

Clown. My Lord.

Iup. Some cloud to couer mee, throw or'e my shoulders

Some shadow for this state, the Crones are vp,
And waite t' vnprison vs, nay quickly fellow.

Clow. Here My Lord, cast your old cloake about you.

Enter the foure Beldams in hast.

1. *Beld.* Where be these Pedlers ? nay quickly, for heauen sake : the gate is open, nay when I fare-well my honest friends, and do our humble duties to the great King *Jupiter*.

Iup. King *Jupiter* shall know your gratitude, Farewell.

2. *Beld.* Nay, when I say fare-well, fare-well.

Clow. Farewell good Miniuers.

Exeunt diuers waies.

ACTUS. 5. Scæn. 1.

Enter Homer.

Hom. Faire *Danae* doth his richest Iewell weare.
That sonne of whom the Oracle foretold
Which cost both mother and the grand-fire deare
Whose fortunes further leasure shall vnfold :
Thinke *Jupiter* return'd to *Creet* in hast,
To leuy armes for *Danaes* free release,
(But hindred) till the time be fully past,
For *Saturne* once more will disturbe his peace.

A dumbe shew. Enter King Troos and Ganimed with attendents, To him, Saturne makes suite for aide, shewes the King his models, his inuentions, his seuerall mettals, at the strangneſſe of which King Troos is moued, calls for drum, and collors, and marches with Saturne.

The exil'd *Saturne* by King *Troos* is aided,
Troos that gaue *Troy* her name, and there raigned
 King,
Creet by the helpe of *Ganimed*'s inuaded,
 Euen at that time when *Iule* should succors bring
 To rescue *Danae*, and that warlike power,
 Must now his natvie Territories guard,
 Which should haue brought her from the brazen
 tower,
 (For to that end his forces were prepar'd)
 We grow now towards our port and wished bay,
 Gentles your loue, and *Homer* cannot stray.

Enter Neptune and Pluto.

Nep. Whence are theſe warlike preparations,
 Made by the King our brother.

Plu. 'Tis giuen out,
 To conquer *Arges*. But my ſister *Iuno*
 Suspects ſome amorous purpoſe in the King ?

Nep. And blame her not, the faire *Europaes* rape,
 Brought from *Ægenor*, and the *Cadmian* rape,
Io the daughter of old *Inachus*,
 Deflour'd by him ; the louely *Semele*,
 Faire *Leda* daughter to King *Tyndarus*
 With many more, may breed a iuft ſuspect,
 Nor hath hee ſpar'd faire *Ceres* Queene of Graine,
 Who bare to him the bright *Proſerpina*.
 Such ſcapes may breed iuft feares, & what knowes
 flēe
 But theſe are to ſurprise faire *Danae*.

Sound. Enter Iupiter, Archas, with drum and fouldiers.

Iup. Arme royll brothers, *Creet's* too small an Ile,
To comprehend our greatnesse, we must adde
Arges and *Greece* to our Dominions.
And all the petty Kingdomes of the earth,
Shall pay their homage vnto *Saturnes* sonne,
This day wee'l take a muster of our forces,
And forward make for *Arges*.

Archas. All *Archadia*
Assemble to this purpose.

Iup. Then set on.
The Eagle in our ensigne wee'l display,
Ioue and his fortunes guide vs in our way.

Enter King Melliseus.

Melli. Whether intends the King this warlike
march?

Iup. For *Arges* and *Acrisius*.

Melli. Rather guard,
Your native confines, see vpon your Coast,
Saturne with thirty thousand Troians landed
And in his aid King *Troos* and *Ganimed*.

Iup. In neuer worse time could the Tyrant come
Then now, to breake my faith with *Danae*.
Oh beauteous loue, I feare *Acrisius* ire
Will with feuerest censure chastice thee,
And thou wilt deeme me faithlesse and vnkinde
For promise-breach, (but what we must we must)
Come valiant Lords, wee'l first our owne defend
Ere against forreine climes our arme extend.

*Sownd. Enter with drum and colours, King *Troos*,
Saturne, *Ganimed*, with other *Lords* and attendants.*

Sat. Degenerate boyes, base bastards, not my
sonnes,

Behold the death we threatned in your Cradles
 We come to giue you now. See here King *Troos*
 In pitty of depoſed *Saturnes* wrongs,
 Is come in person to chaſtice your pride,
 And be the heauens relentleſſe Iuſticer.

Iup. Not againſt *Saturne* as a Father, we,
 But as a murderer, lift our opposite hands.
 Nature and heauen giues vs this priuiledge,
 To guard our liues againſt tyrants and inuaders,
 That claime we, as we're men, we would but liue :
 Then take not from vs, what you cannot giue.

Tro. Where hath not *Saturns* fame abrode bene
 ſpred
 For many vſes he hath giuen to man ;
 As Nauigation, Tillage, Archery,
 Weapons and gold ? yet you for all these vſes
 Depriue him of his kingdome.

Plut. We but faue
 Our Innocent bodies from th' abortiuē graue.
Nep. We are his fonnes, let *Saturne* be content
 To let vs keepe what Heauen and Nature lent.

Gani. Thoſe filiall duties you ſo much forget
 We come to teach you. Royall Kings to armes,
 Giue *Ganimed* the onſet of this battell,
 That being afonne knowes how to lecture them,
 And chaſtice their transgreſſions.

Sat. *Ganimed,*
 It ſhall be ſo, powre out your ſpleene and rage
 On our proud Iſſue. Let the thirſty foyle
 Of barren *Creet* quaffe their degenerate blouds,
 And ſurfeit in their finnes. All *Saturnes* hopes
 And fortunes are ingag'd vpon this day.
 It is our laſt, and all, bee't our endeouour
 To win't for ay, or elſe to looſe it euer.

Alarめ. *The battels ioyne, the Troians are repulſt.*
Enter Troos and Saturne.

Tro. Our Troians are repulſt, wher's *Ganimed* ?

Sat. Amid'st the throng of weapons, acting wonders.

Twice did I call alowd to haue him flye,
And twice he fwore he had vow'd this day to dye.

Troos. Let's make vp to his rescue.

Sat. Tush, tis vaine.

To seeke to faue him we shall loose our felues.

The day is lost, and *Ganimed* lost too

Without diuine assistance. Hye my Lord

Vnto your shippes, no safety liues a land,

Euen to the Oceans margent we are purfu'd,

Then faue your selfe by sea.

Troos. Creet thou hast wonne

My thirty thousand Souldiers, and my Sonne,

Come, let's to sea.

Exit.

Sat. To sea must *Saturne* too,

To whom all good starres are still opposite.

My Crowne I first bought with my infants bloud,

Not long enioy'd, till *Tytan* wrested it;

Re-purchast, and re-lost by *Jupiter*.

These horrid mischifes that haue crown'd our brows,

Haue bred in vs such strange distemprature,

That we are growne deiected and forlorne.

Our bloud is chang'd to Inke, our haires to quils,

Our eyes halfe buried in our quechy plots.

Consumptions and cold agues haue deuour'd

And eate vp all our flesh, leauing behinde

Nought faue the Image of despaire and death :

And *Saturne* shall to after ages be

That starre, that shall infuse dull melancholy.

To Italy I'le flye, and there abide,

Till diuine powers my place aboue prouide.

Exit.

Alarme. Enter *Ganimed* compast in with soldiers, to them *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, *Pluto*, *Archas*, *Melliseus*.

Jup. Yeeld noble Trojan, ther's not in the field

One of thy Nation lifts a hand faue thee.

Gani. Why that's my honour, when alone I stand

Gaint thee and all the forces of thy land.

Iup. I loue thy valour, and would woo thy friend-ship,

Go freely where thou wilt, and ransomlesse.

Gan. Why that's no gift : I am no prisoner,
And therefore owe no ransome, hauing breath,
Know I haue vow'd to yeeld to none faue death.

Iup. I wish thee nobly Trojan, and since fauour
Cannot attaine thy love, I'le try conculusions,
And see if I can purchase it with blowes.

Gan. Now speak'st thou like the noblest of my foes.

Iup. Stand all a-part, and Princes girt vs round.

Gan. I loue him best, whose strokes can lowdest sound.

Alarme, they fight, and loosing their weapons embrace.

Iup. I haue thee, and will keep thee.

Gan. Not as prisoner.

Iup. A prisoner to my loue, else thou art free,
My bosome friend, for so I honour thee.

Gan. I am conquer'd both by Armes and Courtesie.

Nept. The day is ours, *Troos* and *K. Saturn's* fled,
And *Jupiter* remaines sole conquerour.

Plu. Peace with her golden wings houers ore
Creet,

Frighting hence discord and remorslesse warre :
Will *Jupiter* make up for *Arges* now ?

Mell. Winter drawes on, the sea's vn-nauigable,
To transporth an Army. There attends without
A Lord of *Arges*.

Iup. Bring him to our prefence.

Enter Arges.

How stands it with the beauteous *Danae* ?

Arg. L. As one distrest by Fate, and miserable.

Of K. *Acrisius*, and his Fort of braffe,
Danaes inclosure, and her Beldam guard,
Who but hath heard ? yet through these brafen walles
Loue hath broke in, and made the maide a mother
Of a faire sonne, which when *Acrisius* heard,
Her female guard vnto the fier hee doomes,
His daughter, and the infant prince her sonne,
He puts into a mastles boat to sea,
To proue the rigor of the stormy waues.

Iup. *Acrisius, Arges*, and the world shall know
Ioue hath beene wrong'd in this : her further fortunes
Canst thou relate ?

Arges L. I can. As farre as Naples
The friendly winds her mastlesse boat transports,
There succourd by a curteous Fisher-man
Shee's first releeu'd, and after that presented
To King *Pelonnus*, who at this time reigneas :
Who rauisht with her beauty, crownes her Queene,
And deckes her with th' Imperiall robes of state.

Iup. What we haue scanted is supply'd by fate.
Here then cease Armes, and now court amorous
peace

With solemne triumphes, and deere *Ganimed*,
Be henceforth cal'd The friend of *Iupiter*.
And if the Fates hereafter crowne our browes
With diuine honours, as we hope they shall,
Wee'l style thee by the name of *Cup-bearer*,
To fill vs heauenly Nectar, as faire *Hebe*
Shall do the like to *Iuno* our bright Queene.
Here end the pride of our mortality.
Opinion, that makes Gods, must style vs higher.
The next you see vs, we in state must shine,
Eternized with honours more diuine. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Homer.

Homer. Of *Danae Perseus* was that night begot,
Perseus that fought with the *Gorgonian* shield,
Whose fortunes to pursue Time fuffers not.

For that, we haue prepar'd an ampler field.
 Likewife how *Ioue* with faire *Alcmena* lay :
 Of *Hercules*, and of his famous deeds :
 How *Pluto* did faire *Proserpine* betray :
 Of these my Muse (now trauel'd) next proceedes.
 Yet to keepe promise, ere we further wade,
 The ground of ancient Poems you shall see :
 And how these (first borne mortall) Gods were made,
 By vertue of diuinest Poesie.
 The Fates, to whom the Heathen yeeld all power,
 Whose doomes are writ in marble, to endure,
 Haue summon'd *Saturnes* three sonnes to their Tower,
 To them the three Dominions to assiure
 Of Heauen, of Sea, of Hell. How these are scand,
 Let none decide but such as vnderstand.

Sound a dumbe shew. Enter the three fatall sisters,
with a rocke, a threed, and a paire of sheeres ;
bringing in a Gloabe, in which they put three lots.
Iupiter drawes heauen : at which Iris descends
and presents him with his Eagle, Crowne and
Scepter, and his thunder-bolt. Iupiter first ascends
vpon the Eagle, and after him Ganimed.

To *Iupiter* doth high *Olimpus* fall,
 Who thunder and the trifulke lightning beares.
 Dreaded of all the rest in generall :
 He on a Princely Eagle mounts the Spheares.

Sound. Neptune drawes the Sea, is mounted vpon a
sea-horfe, a Roabe and Trident, with a crowne are
given him by the Fates.

Neptune is made the Lord of all the Seas,
 His Mace a Trident, and his habite blew.
 Hee can make Tempests, or the waues appease,
 And vnto him the Sea-men are still true.

Sound, Thunder and Tempest. Enter at 4 feuerall cor-
ners the 4 winds : Neptune riseth disturb'd : the

Fates bring the 4 winds in a chaine, & present them to Æolus, as their King.

And for the winds, these brothers that still warre,
Should not disturb his Empire, the three Fates
Bring them to *Æolus*, chain'd as they are,
To be inclo'sd in caues with brazen gates.

Sound. Pluto drawes hell: the Fates put vpon him a burning Roabe, and present him with a Mace, and burning crowne.

Pluto's made Emperour of the Ghosts below.
Where with his black guard he in darknes raignes,
Commanding hell, where Styx and Lethe flow,
And murderer's are hang'd vp in burning chaines.
But leauing these: to your iudicall spirits
I must appeale, and to your wonted grace,
To know from you what ey-leſſe *Homer* merits,
Whom you haue power to banish from this place,
But if you send me hence vncheckt with feare,
Once more I'l dare vpon this Stage t'appeare.

FINIS.



THE
SILVER AGE,

INCLVDING

The loue of *Jupiter* to *Alcmena* :
The birth of *Hercules*.

AND

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

CONCLVDING,

With the Arraignement of the Moone.

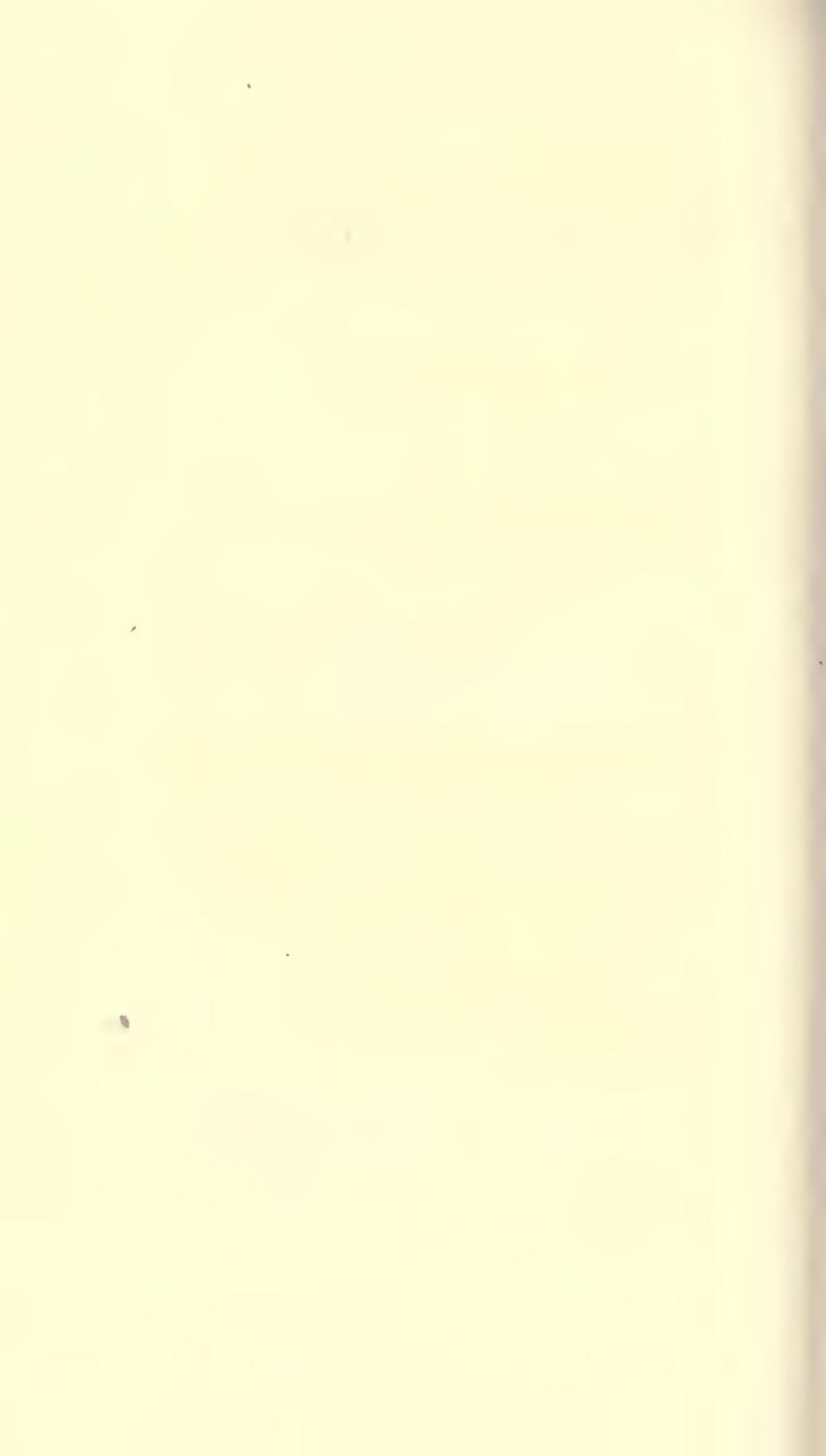
Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodeffe solent aut delectare.

LONDON,

Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, and are to be folde by
Beniamin Lightfoote at his Shop at the vpper
end of *Graies Inne-lane* in *Holborne*.

1613.





To the Reader.

LET not the Title of this booke I entreatee bee any weakening of his worth, in the generall opinion. Though wee begunne with *Gold*, follow with *Siluer*, proceede with *Braffe*, and purpose by Gods grace, to end with *Iron*. I hope the declining Titles shall no whit blemish the reputation of the Workes: but I rather trust that as thofe Mettals decrease in valew, so *& contrario*, their books shall encrease in substance, weight, and estimation. In this we haue giuen *Hercules* birth and life: In the next wee shall lend him honour and death. Courteous Reader, it hath bene my serious labour, it now onely attends thy charitable censure.

Thine,

T. H.



Dramatis Personæ.

H O M E R.

Acriſius.
Pretus.
Bellerophon.
Perſeus.
Danaus.
Iupiter.
Ganimed.
Amphitrio.
Socia.
Eurijſteus.
Hercules.
Theſeus.
Perithous.
Philoctetes.
Mercury.
Triton.
Pluto.
Cerberus.
Rhadamantus.
Asculaphus.

Q. Aurea.
Andromeda.
Alcmena.
Iuno.
Iris.
Galantis.
Hypodamia.
Ceres.
Proſerpine.
Semele.
Tellus.
Arethusa.
A Guard.
2. *Captaines.*
6. *Centaures.*
Seruingmen.
Swaines.
Theban Ladies.
The feuen Planets.
Furies.



The Siluer Age.

Actus I. Scœna I.

Enter HOMER.

SInce moderne Authors, moderne things
haue trac't,
Serching our Chronicles from end to end,
And all knowne Histories haue long bene
grac't,
Bootleffe it were in them our time to spend
To iterate tales oftentimes told ore,
Or subiects handled by each common pen ;
In which euen they that can but read (no more)
Can poynt before we speake, how, where, and when
We haue no purpose : *Homer* old and blinde,
Of eld, by the best iudgements tearm'd diuine,
That in his former labours found you kinde,
Is come the ruder censures to refine :
And to vnlocke the Casket long time shut,
Of which none but the learned keepe the key,
Where the rich Iewell (*Poëſie*) was put.
She that first search't the Heauens, Earth, Ayre, and
Sea.
We therefore begge, that since fo many eyes,
And feuerall iudging wits must taste our ſtyle,
The learn'd will grace, the ruder not despife :

Since what we do, we for their vfe compile.
 Why should not *Homer*, he that taught in *Greece*,
 Vnto this iudging Nation lend like skill.
 And into *England* bring that golden Fleece,
 For which his country is renowned still.
 The *Golden* past, *The Siluer age* begins
 In *Jupiter*, whose sonne of *Danae* borne,
 We first present, and how *Acrisius* finnes
 Were punish't for his cruelty and scorne.

We enter where we left, and so proceed,
 (Your fauour still, for that must helpe at need)

Alarme. *Enter with victory, K. Pretus, Bellerophon, bringing in K. Acrisius prisoner, drum and colours.*

Pretus. Now you that trusted to your *Darreine* strength,
 The brazen tower that earst inclos'd thy childe,
 Stand'st at our grace, a captiue, and we now
 Are *Arges* King, where thou usurp'st so late.

Acrisius. Tis not thy power King *Pretus*, but our rigor
 Against my daughter, and the Prince her sonne,
 (Thus punish't by the heauens) haue made thee victor.

Pretus. Twas by thy valor, braue *Bellerophon*,
 That took'st *Acrisius* prisoner hand to hand.

Beller. The duty of a seruice and a seruant
 I haue exprest to *Pretus*.

Pretus. By thy valor.
 We reigne sole King of *Arges*, where our brother
 Hath tyrannis'd, and now these brazen walles,
 Built to immure a faire and innocent maide,
 Shall be thine owne Layle. Gyue his legges in Irons,
 Till we determine further of his death.

Acrisius. Oh *Danae*, when I rude and pittileffe
 Threw thee with thy yong infant, to the mercy
 Of the rough billowes, in a mastleffe boat,

I then incur'd this vengeance. *Jupiter,*
Whose father in those blest and happy dayes
I scorn'd to be, or ranke him in my line,
Hath chastis'd me for my harsh cruelty.

Pretus. We are *Iones* rod, and we will execute
The doome of heauen with all feuerity :
Such mercy as thy guardian Beldams had,
(Who for the loue of *Danae* felt the fire)
Thou shalt receiuē from vs. Away with him.

Acrifius is led bound, and enters Q. Aurea.

Aur. Why doth K. *Pretus* lead his brother bound,
And keepe a greater foe in liberty ?
This, this, thou most vnchaſt *Bellerophon*,
And canſt thou bluſleſſe gaze me in the face ?
Whom thou ſo lately didſt attempt to force,
Or front the Prince thy maister with fuch impu-
dence,
Whose reuerent bed thou haſt practis'd to defile.

Beller. Madame, my Lord.

Aurea. Heare not th'adulterers tongue,
Who though he had not power to charme mine
eares,
Yet may inchaunt thine.

Pretus. Beauteous *Aurea*,
If I can proue by witneſſe that rude practife,
His life and tortures Il'e commit to thee.

Aurea. What greater witneſſe then Q. *Aurea's*
teares ?

Or why ſhould I hate you *Bellerophon*,
That (faue this practife) neuer did me wrong ?

Beller. Oh woman, when thou art giuen vp to ſin
And shameleſſe luſts, what brazen impudence,
Hardens thy brow ?

Aurea. Shall I haue right of him ?

Pret. Thou ſhalt : yet let me tell my *Aurea* :
This knight hath feru'd me from his infancy,

Beene partner of my breast and secret thoughts :
 His fword hath beene the guardian of my state,
 And by the vertue of his strong right hand,
 I am possest of *Arges*. I could reade thee
 A Chronicle of his great seruices
 Fresh in my thoughts, then giue me leauie to pause,
 Ere I pronounce sad sentence of his death.

Aurea. Grant me my L. but a few priuate words
 With this dissembling hypocrite : Il'e tell him
 Such instance of his heynous enterprise,
 Shall make him blush, and with efeminate teares,
 Publish his riotous wrongs against your bed.

Pretus. We grant your priuacy.

Aurea. Neare vs *Bellerophon*.

Beller. Oh woman, woman.

Aurea. We are alone, yet wilt thou grant me
 loue,
 Put me in hope, and say the time may come,
 And my excuse to *Pretus* shall vnsay,
 Thefe loud exclaimes, and blanch this *Aethiop* scandall,
 As white as is thy natvie innocence :
 Loue mee, oh loue mee, my *Bellerophon*
 I sigh for thee, "I mourne, I die for thee,
 Giue me an answere swift and peremptory ;
 Gaine by thy grant, life ; thy deniall, death.
 Wilt thou take time and limite mee some hope
 By pointing me an hour ?

Belleroph. Neuer, oh neuer.

First shall the Sun-god in the Ocean quench,
 The daies bright fire, and o're the face of heauen
 Spread euerlasting darknesse.

Aurea. Say no more.

Dogge, deuill, euen before my husbands face
 Darft court me, *Pretus* canst thou suffer this ?
 Iniurious Traytor, think'ſt thou my chast innocence,
 Is to bee mou'd with praises, or brib'd by promisēs ?
 Hath the King hir'd thee to corrupt his bed ?

Or is he of that flauish sufferance,
Before his face to see mee strumpeted ?
Pretus, by heauen, and all the Gods I vow,
To abiure thy presence, and confine my selfe
To lasting widdow-hood, vnlesse with rigor
Thou chaste this false groome.

Pretus. Bellerophon

Thou hast presum'd too much vpon our loue,
And made too flight account of our high power
In which thy life or death is circumscrib'd.

*Beller. My Lord, I should transgresse a Subiects
duty,*

To lay the least grosse imputation
Vpon the Queene, my beauteous Soueraintesse,
And rather then to question her chaste vertues
I laie my selfe ope to the strictest doome,
My seruice hath bene yours, so shall my life,
I yeeld it to you freely.

Pretus. Aureas teares,

Contend with thy supposed innocence
And haue the vpper hand : to see thee die
My fetled loue will not endure : but worse
Then death can bee, we doome thy insolence ;
Go hence an exile, and returne no more
Vpon thy Knight-hood, but expose thy selfe
Vnto to that monstrous beast of *Cicily*,
Cal'd the *Chimera*, t'hath a Lyons head,
Goats belly, and a poysonous Dragons traine.
Fight with that beast, whom Hoasts cannot with-
stand,
And feede, what Armies cannot satisfie.
My doom's irreuocable.

Beller. For all my seruice
A faire reward, but by my innocence,
Vertues, and all my honours attributes,
That sauadge Monster I will feede, or foile,
Die by his iawes, or bring home honoured spoile.

Aurea. Yet, yet, thy body meedes a better graue,
And kill not mee too, whom thy grant may faue.

Beller. A thousand fierce *Chimerae's* first Ile
feede,

Ere staine mine honour with that damned deed.

Aurea. Againe to tempt me, hence base traytor
fie,

And as thy guilt's meede, by that monster die.

Pretus. Away with him, 'tis our milde sufferance
Begets this impudence, come beauteous *Aurea*
Thou shalt bee full reuenged, I know him honourable
In this, and will performe that enterprize
Which in one death brings many ; let vs now
Injoy our conquests, hee shall soone bee dead,
That with base sleights sought to corrupt our bed.

Enter Perseus, Andromeda, and Danaus.

Perseus. There stay our swift and winged Pegasus,
And on the flowers of this faire Medow grafe,
Thou that first flewst out of the *Gorgons* blood,
Whose head wee by *Mineruaes* aide pard off,
And since haue fixt it on our Christall sheild.
This head that had the power to change to stome,
All that durst gaze vpon't ; and being plac't here
Retaines that power to whom it is vncac'd :
Hath changed great *Atlas* to a Mount so high,
That with his shoulders hee supports the skie.

Dana. *Perseus*, great sonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*,
Famous for your atchieuements through the world
Mineruaes fauorite, Goddesse of Wisedome,
And husband of the sweete *Andromeda*.
Whom you so late from the Sea-monster freed,
After so many deeds of Fame and Honour,
Shall we returne to see our mother *Danae* ?

Perseus. Deere brother *Danaus*, the renowned
issue
Of King *Pellonus* that in *Naples* raignes,
Where beauteous *Danae* is created Queene,
Thither I'le beare the faire *Andromeda*
To see our Princely mother.

Andro. Royall *Perseus*,
Truely descended from the line of Gods,
Since by the slaughter of that monstrous Whale,
You freed me from that rocke where I was fixt,
To be deuoured and made the Monsters prey,
And after wonne me from a thousand hands
By *Phineus* arme, that was my first betroathed,
Ingrate were I your fellowship to shunne
Whom by the force of Armes you twice haue won.

Enter Bellerophon.

Perseus. Towards *Naples* then, but soft, what
Knight's that
So passionately deiect ? Let vs salute him,
Whence are you gentle Knight ?

Beller. I am of *Arges*.
Perseus. But your aduenture ?
Beller. The infernall Monster,
Cal'd the *Chimera* bred in *Cicily*.

Perseus. Thou canst not stake thy life against such
oddes,
And not be generously deriu'd, I *Perseus*
The sonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*, offer thee
Affistance to this noble enterprize.

Beller. Are you the noble *Perseus* whom the
world
Crownes with such praise and royall hardinesse ?
Fam'd for your winged steed, and your *Gorgons*
sheild,
And for release of faire *Andromeda* ?

Perf. Wee *Perseus* are, and this *Andromeda*,
King *Cepheus* daughter, rescued by our sword,
The keene-edged harpe.

Beller. Let me do you honours
Worthy your State, and tell such newes withall
As shall disturbe the quiet of your thoughts,
I am of *Arges* where *Acrisius* raigned.

Perf. Our Grand-fire, and raignes still.

Beller. His brother *Pretus*
 Hath cast him both of stile and kingdome too,
 Nor let *Bellerophon* himselfe belie,
 It was by vertue of this strong right arme
 Which he hath thus requited, to exposse me
 Vnto this strange aduenture, the full circumstance
 I shall relate at leasure.

Perf. Dares King *Pretus*
 Depose *Acrisius*, knowing *Perseus* liues ?
 Guide me faire Knight vnto my place of birth,
 Where the great King of *Arges* liues captiu'd,
 That I may glaze my harpe in the bloud
 Of Tyrant *Pretus*.

Beller. I am sworne by oath
 To dare the rude *Cycilian* Monster first,
 Whom hauing flaine, I'le guide you to the rescue
 Of K. *Acrisius*.

Perseus. Thou hast fir'd our bloud,
 And startled all our spirits *Bellerophon*,
 We'1l mount our *Pegasus*, and through the ayre
 Beare thee, vnto that fell *Chimeraes* den :
 And in the slaughter of that monstrous beast
 Assit thy valour. Thence to *Arges* flye,
 Where by our sword th'vsurper next must dye.

Beller. We are proud of your affistance, and
 withall
 Assur'd of Conquest.

Perseus. Faire *Andromeda*,
Danaus shall be your guardian towards *Arges*,
 Where after this atchieuement we will meet,
 To giue our grand-fire freedome. Come, lets part,
 We through the ayre, you towards *Darreine* towre,
 Where Tragicke ruine *Pretus* shall deuoure. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Pretus, and Q. Aurea.

Pretus. *Aurea*, we were too hasty in our doome,
 To loose that knight, whose arme protected vs,
 Whose fame kept all our neighbour Kings in awe :

Nor was our state confirm'd, but in his life.

Aurea. Let Traitors perish, and their plots decay,

And we still by diuine assistance sway.

Pretus. But say some Prince should plot *Acrisius* rescue,

Inuade great *Arges*, or siege *Darreine* tower,

Then should we wish *Bellerophon* againe,

To expose their fury, and their pride restraine.

Aurea. To cut off all these feares, cut off *Acri-*
sius,

Appeare to him a brother full as mercilesse

As he a cruell father to his childe,

The beauteous *Danae* and her infant sonne.

Pretus. Onely his ruine must secure our state,

And he shall dye to cut off future claime

Vnto this populous kingdome we enioy.

Our guard, command our captiue brother hither,

Whom we this day must sentence. Oh *Bellerophon* !

Thy wrongs I halfe suspe&t thy doome : Repent,

Since all thy acts proclaime thee innocent.

Acrisius brought in by the guard.

Guar. Behold the King your brother.

Pretus. We thus sentence

Thy life *Acrisius*, thou that hadst the heart

To thrust thy childe into a mastlesse boate ;

With a faire hopefull Prince, vnto the fury

And rage of the remorslesse windes and waues :

To doome these innocent Ladies to the fire,

That were her faultlesse guardians, the like sentence

Receiue from vs : We doome thee imminent death

Without delay or paufe. Beare to the blocke

The tyrant, he that could not vse his raigne

With clemency, we thus his rage restraine.

Acri. Thou shew'st thy selfe in rigor pittifull,

And full of mercy in thy cruelty,

To take away that life, which to enjoy

Were many deaths, hauing my *Danac* lost

With her sonne *Perseus* : hauing lost my kingdome,
 All through the vaine feares of Prophetike spelles :
 Why shoulde I wish a wretched life to faue,
 That may rest happy in a peacefull graue ?

A flourish and a shout. Enter a gentleman.

Pre. What shout is that ? the proiect ?

Gentl. Strange and admirable.

Bellerophon and a braue stranger knight,
 Both crownd in bloud in the *Chimeraes* spoyle,
 Haue cleft the ayre on a swift winged steede,
 And in your Court alighted ; both their fwords
 Bath'd in the Serpents bloud, they brandish still,
 As if they yet some monster had to kill.

Pretus. *Bellerophon* return'd ? Thou hast amaz'd
 vs.

Enter Perseus, Danaus, and Bellerophon, with Andromeda. Kill Pretus and Aurea, beat away the rest of the guard.

Perseus. One monster (then the rude *Chimere* more fell)

That's *Pretus, Danae* sonne must send to hell.

Pretus. Treason. Our guard.

Perseus. Liues there a man, the tyrant *Pretus* dead,

Saith that the Crowne shal not inuest his head ?

All. We all stand for the King *Acrisius*.

Perf. Then by this generall suffrage once more raigne,

Since by our hand th'vsurper here lyes flaine.

Acrisius. Our hopeleffe life, and new inuested state,

Strikes not so deepe into *Acrisius* ioyes,
 As when he heares the name of *Danae* sonne.
 Liues *Danae* ?

Perfus. Grand-fire, thy faire daughter liues
A potent Queene : we *Perseus* are her sonne,
This *Danaus* your hopefull grand-childe too :
Nor let me quite forget *Andromeda*,
By *Perseus* fword freed from the huge Sea-whale,
And now ingraft into your royll line.

Acrif. Diuide my soule amongst you, and impart
My life, my state, my kingdome, and my heart.
Oh had I *Danae* here, my ioyes to fill,
I truely then should be immortalis'd.
Renowned *Perseus*, *Danaus* inly deere,
And you bright Lady, faire *Andromeda*,
You are to me a stronger sort of ioy
Then *Darreines* braffe, which no siege can destroy.

Dana. My gran-fires fight doth promise as much
blisse,
As can *Elisium*, or those pleasant fields,
Where the blest soules inhabite.

Andro. You are to me
As life on earth, in death eternity.

Acrifius. Let none presume our purpose to con-
trowle :
For our decree is like the doome of Gods
Fixt and vnchanging : *Perseus* we create
Great *Arges* King, crown'd with this wreath of state.

Perseus. With like applause, and suffrage shall be
seen,
The faire *Andromeda* crown'd *Arges* Queene.

Acrifius. Onely the *Darreine* tower I still referue
In that to pennance me a life retir'd,
And I in that shall proue the Oracle.
Faire *Danaes* sonne instated in my thron,
Shall thus confine me to an Arch of ston.
There will I liue, attended by my guard,
And leauue to thee the manadge of my Realme.
Our will is law, which none that beares vs well,
Will striue by word or action to refell.

Perf. The Gods behest with your resolute agree
To increase in vs this growing maiesty.

Bellerophon, we make thee next our selfe
Of state in *Arges* : *Danaus* you shall hence,
To cheere our mother in these glad reports,
And to succeed *Pelonnus* : but first stay,
Rights due to vs ere we the state can sway.

Actus 2. Scœna. I.

H O M E R.

Alacke ! earths joyes are but short-liu'd, and last
But like a puffe of breath which (thus) is past.
Acrifius in his fortresse liues retir'd,
Kept with a strong guard : Perseus reignes sole King,
Who in himselfe one sad night long desir'd
To see his grand-fire some glad newes to bring,
Whom the stearne warders (in the night) unknowne
Seeke to keepe backe, whence all his grieve is growne.

A dumbe shew.

Enter 6 warders, to them Perseus, Danaus, Bellerophon and Andromeda. Perseus takes his leaue of them to go towards the tower : the warders repulse him, he drawes his fword. In the tumult enter Acrifius to pacifie them, and in the hurly-burly is slaine by Perseus, who laments his death. To them Bellerophon and the rest : Perseus makes Bellerophon King of *Arges*, and with Danaus and Andromeda departs.

H O M E R.

Perseus repulſt, the sturdy Warder ſtrikes,
This breeds a tumult, out their weapons flye,
Acrifius heares their clamours and their shrikes,

And downe descends this broyle to pacifie ;
Not knowing whence it growes ; and in this brall,
Acrisius by his grand-childe hand doth fall.
The Oracle's fulfil'd, hee's turn'd to stome,
That's to his marble graue, by Danaes sonne ;
Which in the Prince breeds such lament and mone,
That longer there to reigne heel not be wonne :
But first Bellerophon he will inuest,
And after makes his trauels towards the East.
Of Iupiter now deifi'd and made
Supreme of all the Gods, we next proceed :
Your suppositions now must lend vs ayd,
That he can all things (as a God indeed.)
Our seeane is Thebes : here faire Alcmena dwels,
Her husband in his warfare thriues abroad,
And by his chiualry his foes expels.
He absent, now descends th' Olimpicke God,
Innamored of Alcmena, and transf-shapes
Himselfe into her husband : Ganimed
He makes assistant in his amorous rapes,
Whil'st he preferres the earth 'fore Iunoes bed.
Lend vs your wanted patience without scorne,
To finde how Hercules was got and borne.

Enter Amphitrio with two Captaines and Socia with drum and colours : hee brings in the head of a crowned King, sweares the Lords to the obeyfance of Thebes. They present him with a standing bowle, which hee lockes in a Casket, and sending his man with a letter before to his wife, with news of his victory. He with his followers, and Blepharo the maister of the ship, marcheth after.

H O M E R.

Creon that now reignes here, the Theban King,
Alcmenaes husband great Amphitrio made
His Generall, who to his Lord doth bring

*His enimies head that did his land inuade.
Thinke him returning home, but fends before
By letters to acquaint his beauteous wife
Of his successe, himselfe in sight of shore
Must land this night : where many a doubtfull strife
Amongst them growes, but Ioue himselfe discends,
Cuts off my speech, and heere my Chorus ends.*

Thunder and lightning. Iupiter discends in a cloude.

Iup. Earth before heauen, we once more haue
preferd :

Beauty that workes into the hearts of Gods :
As it hath power to mad the thoughts of men,
So euen in vs it hath attraction.

The faire *Alcmena* like the Sea-mans Starre
Shooting her glistering beauty vp to heauen,
Hath puld from thence the olimpick *Iupiter*
By vertue of thy raies, let *Juno* skold,
And with her clamours fill the eares of heauen,
Let her bee like a Bachinall in rage,
And through our christall pallace breath exclaines,
With her quicke feete the galaxia weare,
And with inquisitiue voice search through the
Spheares.

Shee shall not finde vs here, or should shee see vs,
Can shee distinguishe vs being thus transhaft ?
Where's *Ganimed* ? we sent him to suruey
Amphitrioes Pallace, where we meane to lodge

Enter Ganimed shapt like Socia.

In happy time return'd : now *Socia*.

Gani. Indeed that's my name, as sure
As your's is *Amphitrio*.

Iup. Three nights I haue put in one to take
our fill
Of daliance with this beauteous *Theban* dame.
A powerfull charme is cast or'e Phœbus eies :
Who sleepes this night within the euxine sea,

And till the third day shall forget his charge
To mount the golden chariot of the Sunne,
The Antipodes to vs, shall haue a day
Of three daies length. Now at this houre is fought
By *Iofua* Duke vnto the Hebrew Nation,
(Who are indeede the Antipodes to vs)
His famous battle 'gainst the *Cananites*,
And at his orison the Sunne stands still,
That he may haue there slaughter, *Ganimed*
Go knocke and get vs entrance. *Exit Iupiter.*

Gani. Before I knocke, let mee a little determine
with my selfe, If I be acceſſary to *Iupiter* in his amorous
purpose, I am little better then a parcell guilt baud,
but must excuse my selfe thus, *Ganimed* is now not
Ganimed, And if this imputation be put vpon mee, let
it light vpon *Socia*, whom I am now to personate ; but
I am too long in the Prologue of this merry play we
are to act, I will knocke, and the Seruingmen shall
enter.

1. *Seruing.* Who knocks so late ?

Gani. Hee that must in, open for *Socia*,
Who brings you newes home of the *Theban* warres.

2. *Ser.* *Socia* returned.

Enter 3. Seruingmen.

3. *Ser.* Vnhurt, vnflaine ?

Gani. Euen as you see, and how, and how ?

1. *Ser.* *Socia* ? let me haue an armefull of thee.

Gani. Armeſuls, and handfuls too, my boyes.

2. *Ser.* The news, the news, how doth my Lord
Amphitrio ?

Gani. Nay, how doth my Lady *Alcmena*, ſome of
you cary her word my Lord will be heere preſently.

1. *Ser.* I'le be the messenger of theſe glad
newes.

2. *Ser.* I'le haue a hand in't too.

3. *Ser.* I'le not be laſt. *Exeunt Seruingmen.*

Gani. They are gone to informe their Lady, who
will bee ready to intertwine a counterfeite Lord, *Iupiter*

is preparing himselfe to meet *Alcmena*, *Alcmena*, she to encounter *Jupiter*, her beauty hath enchanted him, his metamorphosis must beguile her: al's put to proose, I'le in to furnish my Lord whilst my fellow seruants attend their Lady: they come.

Enter at one dore Alcmena, Theffala, 4. Seruingmen; at the other Jupiter shapt like Amphitrio to Ganimed.

Alcm. But are you sure you spake with *Socia*? And did he tell you of *Amphitrioe* health?

1. Ser. Madam, I assure you, wee spake with *Socia*, and my L. *Amphitrio* will be here instantly.

Alcm. Vsher me in a costly banquet straight To entertaine my Lord, let all the windowes Glister with lights like starres, cast sweete perfumes To breath to heauen their odoriferous aires, And tell the Gods my husband's safe return'd, If you be sure 'twas *Socia*.

2. Ser. Madam take my life, if it be not true.

Alcm. Then praise be to the highest *Jupiter*, Whose powerfull arme gaue strength vnto my Lord To worste his safety through these dangerous warres, Hang with our richest workes our chambers round, And let the roome wherein we rest to night, Flow with no lesse delight, then *Iuno*'s bed When in her armes she clasbeth *Jupiter*.

Jup. I'le fill thy bed with more delightfull sweetes, Then when with *Mars* the *Ciprian Venus* meetes.

Alcm. See how you stir for odours, lights, choise cates, Spices, and wines, is not *Amphitrio* comming With honour from the warres? where's your attendance?

Sweete waters, costly ointments, pretious bathes, Let me haue all, for tast, touch, smell, and sight, All his ffeu senses wee will feast this night.

Jup. 'Tis time to appeare, *Alcmena*:

Alcm. My deere Lord.

Gani. It workes, it workes, now for *Juno* to set a Skold betweene them.

A banquet brought in.

Alcm. O may these armes that guarded *Thebes* and vs,

Be euer thus my girdle, that in them I may liue euer safe, welcome *Amphitrio*
A banquet, lights, attendance ; good my Lord
Tell mee your warres discourse.

Iup. Sit faire *Alcmena*.

Alcm. Proceede my dearest loue.

Iup. I as great Generall to the *Theban King*,
March't gainst the *Teleboans* : who make head
And offer vs encounter : both our Armies
Are cast in forme, well fronted, fleeu'd and wing'd
Wee throw our vowes to heauen, the Trumpets
found,

The battels signall, now beginnes the incursions,
The earth beneath our armed burdens groanes,
Shoothes from each side reuerberat gainst heauen,
With Arrowes and with Darts the aire growes
darke

And now confusion ruffles, Heere the shoutes
Of Victors found, there groanes of death are
heard,

Slaughter on all sides ; still our eminent hand
Towers in the aire a victor, whilst the enemy
Haue their despoyled helmets crown'd in dust.
Wee stand, they fall, yet still King *Ptelera*
Striues to make head, and with a fresh supply
Takes vp the mid-field : him *Amphitrio* fronts
With equall armes, wee the two Generals
Fight hand to hand, but *Ioue* omnipotent
Gae me his life and head, which we to morrow
Must giue to King *Creon*.

Alcm. All my orifons

Fought on your side, and with their powerfull weight,

Added vnto the ponder of your sword,
To make it heauy on the Burgonet
Of slaughtered *Ptelera*.

Iup. I for my reward,
Had by the Subiects of that conquered King
A golden cup presented, the choice boule
In which the slaughtered Tyrant vs'd to quaffe.
Socia.

Gan. My Lord.

Iup. The cup, see faire *Alcmena*.

Gani. This cup *Mercury* stole out of *Amphitrioes*
casket, but al's one as long as it is truely deliuere.

Alcm. In this rich boule I'le onely quaffe your
health,
Or vse, when to the Gods I sacrifice.
Is our chamber ready?

Iup. Gladly I'de to bed,
Where I will mix with kisses my discourse,
And tell the whole project.

Alcm. Mirth abound,
Through all these golden roofes let musicke found,
To charme my Lord to soft and downy rest.

Iup. Come light vs to our sheetes.

Alcm. *Amphitrioes* head
Shall heere be pillowled, light's then and to bed.

Exeunt with Torches.

Gani. Alas poore *Amphitrio* I pitty thee that art
to be made cuckold against thy wiues will, she is
honest in her worst dishonesty and chast in the super-
latiue degree of inchastity: but I am set heere to
keepe the gate: now to my office.

Enter Socia with a letter.

Socia. Heere's a night of nights, I thinke the
Moone stands stil and all the Stars are a sleepe, he
that drijves *Charles wayne* is taking a nap in his cart,
for they are all at a stand, this night hath bene as
long as two nights already, and I thinke 'tis now

entring on the third ; I am glad yet that out of this vtter darkenes I am come to see lights in my Ladies Pallace : there will be simple newes for her when I shall tell her my Lord is comming home.

Gani. 'Tis *Socia* and *Amphitrioes* man, sent before to tell his Lady of her husband, I must preuent him.

Socia. This night will neuer haue an end, he that hath hired a wench to lie with him all this night, hath time enough I thinke to take his peny worths, but I'le knocke.

Gan. I charge thee not to knock here least thou be knocked.

Socia. What not at my Maisters gate.

Gani. I charge thee once more, tell mee whose thou art ? whether thou goest, and wherefore thou commest ?

Socia. Hither I go, I serue my Maister, and come to speake with my Lady, what art thou the wiser ? nay, if thou beest a good fellow let me passe by thee.

Gani. Whom dost thou serue ?

Socia. I serue my Lord *Amphitrio*, and am sent in hast to my Lady *Alcmena*.

Gani. Thy name ?

Socia. *Socia.*

Gani. Base counterfeit take that, can you not be content to come sneaking to one's house in the night, to rob it, but you must likewise rob me of my name ?

Socia. Thy name, why, what's thy name ?

Gani. *Socia.*

Socia. *Socia*, and whom dost thou serue ?

Gani. My Lord *Amphitrio* chiefe of the *Theban* Legions, and my Lady *Alcmena*, but what's that to thee ?

Socia. Ha, ha, That's a good iest, but do you heare, If you be *Socia* my Lord *Amphitrioes* man, and my Lady *Alcmenae*, Where dost thou lie.

Gani. Where do I lie ? why in the Porters Lodge.

Socia. You are deceiu'd, you lie in your throate, there's but one *Socia* belongs to this house, and that am I.

Gani. Lie flauue, and wilt out-face mee from my name ?

I'le vse you like a your selfe a counterfeit, *Beats him.*
What art thou ? speake ?

Socia. I cannot tell.

Gani. Whom dost thou serue ?

Socia. The time.

Gani. Thy name ?

Socia. Nothing.

Gani. Thy businesse ?

Socia. To bee beaten.

Gani. And what am I ?

Socia. What you will.

Gani. Am not I *Socia* ?

Socia. If you be not, I would you were so, to be beaten in my place.

Gani. I knew my L. had no seruant of that name but me.

Socia. Shall I speake a few coole words, and bar buffeting.

Gani. Speake freely.

Socia. You will not strike.

Gani. Say on.

Socia. I am the party you wot off, I am *Socia*, you may strike if you will, but in beating me (if you be *Socia*) I assure you, you shall but beate your selfe.

Gani. The fellowes mad.

Socia. Mad, am I not newly landed ? sent hither by my Maister ? Is not this our house ? Do I not speake ? Am I not awake ? Am I not newly beaten ? Do I not feele it still ? And shall I doubt I am not my selfe ? come, come, I'le in and doe my message.

Gani. Sirrah, I haue indured you with much impatience,

Wilt thou make me beleue I am not *Socia*?
Was not our ships laucht out of the Persicke hauen ?
Did I not land this night ?
Haue we not won the Towne where K. *Ptelera*
raign'd ?
Haue we not orethrowne the *Teleboans* ?
Did not my Lord *Amphitrio* kill the King hand to
hand ?
And did hee not send mee this night with a letter to
certify my Lady *Alcmena* of all these newes.

Socia. I beginne to mistrust my selfe, all this is as
true as if I had told it my selfe ; but Il'e try him
further : What did the *Teleboans* present my Lord with
after the vi^ctory.

Gani. With a golden cuppe in which the King
himselfe vs'd to quaffe.

Socia. Where did I put it.

Gani. That I know not, but I put it into a casket,
sign'd by my Lords Signet.

Socia. And what's the Signet ?

Gani. The Sun rising from the East in his Chariot,
But do you come to vndermine me you flau^e ?

Socia. I must go seeke some other name, I am
halfe hang'd already, for my good name is lost ; once
more resolute me, if thou canst tell me what I did
alone I will resigne thee my name : if thou bee'st
Socia, when the battles began to ioyne, as foone as
they beganne to skirmish, what didst thou ?

Gani. As soone as they began to fight I began to
runne.

Socia. Whither ?

Gani. Into my Lords tent, and there hid mee
vnder a bed.

Socia. I am gone, I am gone, somebody for
charity sake either lend mee or giue me a name, for
this I haue lost by the way, and now I looke better
on he, me ; or I, hee ; as he hath got my name, hee
hath got my shape, countenance, stature, and euery
thing so right, that he can bee no other then I my

owne selfe ; but when I thinke that I am I, the same
I euer was, know my Maister, his house, haue fence,
feeling, and vnderstanding, know my message, my
businesse, why should I not in to deliuier my letter to
my Lady.

Gani. That letter is deliuiered by my hand.
My Lady knowes all, and expects her Lord,
And I her seruant *Socia* am set heere
To keepe such idle raskals from the gate,
Then leauue mee, and by faire meanes, or I'le fend thee
leglesse, or armelesse hence.

Socia. Nay, thou hast rob'd me of enough already.
I would bee loath to loose my name and limbes both
in one night : where haue I miscaried ? where bene
chang'd ? Did I not leauue my selfe behind in the
ship when I came away, I'le euen backe to my
Maister and see if hee know mee, if hee know mee, if
he call me *Socia*, and will beare me out in't, I'le come
backe and do my message, spight of him faies nay,
Farewell selfe.

Exit.

Gani. This obſtacle, the father of more troubles
I haue put off, and kept him from disturbance
In their adulterate pastimes, faire *Alcmena*
Is great already by *Amphitrio*
And neere her time, and if ſhee proue by *Iupiter*
He by his power and God-hood will contract
Both births in one, to make her throwes the leſſe :
And at one instant ſhee ſhall child two iſſues,
Begot by *Ioue* and by *Amphitrio*.
The house by this long charm'd by Hermes rod
Are stirring and *Ioue* glutted with delights,
Ready to take his leauue, through fatiate
With amourous dalliance : parting's not ſo ſweet
Betweene our louers, as when firſt they meet.

Enter Iupiter, Alcmena, and the ſeruants.

Iupiter. My deereſt loue fare-well, we Generals
Cannot be abſent from our charges long :

I stole from th' Army to repose with thee,
And must before the Sunne mount to his Chariot,
Be there againe.

Alcm. My Lord, you come at midnight,
And you make haste too, to be gone ere morne,
You rise before your bed be throughly warme.

Iup. Fairest of our *Theban Dames*, accuse me not,
I left the charge of Souldiers to report
The fortune of our battailes first to thee :
Which should the camp know, they would lay on me
A grieuous imputation, that the beauty
Of my faire wife, can with *Amphitrio* more
Then can the charge of legions. As my comming
Was secret and conceal'd, so my returne,
Which shall be short and fudden.

Alc. That I feare,
Better I had to keepe you beeing here.

Iup. Nay part we must sweet Lady, dry your
teares.

Alc. You'l make my minuts months, & daies
seeme yeares.

Iup. Your busineffe ere we part ?

Alc. Onely to pray
You will make haste, not be too long away.
Farewell.

Iup. Fare-well. Come *Ganimed*, 'tis done,
And faire *Alcmena* sped with a yong sonne. *Exit.*

Enter Amphitrio, Socia, two Captaines with attendants.

Amph. Oh Gentlemen, was euer man thus crost ?
So strangely flowted by an abie&t groome ?
That either dreames, or's mad : one that speakes
nothing
Sauing impossibilities, and meerely
False and absurd. Thus thou art here, and there,
With me, at home, and at one instant both,
In vaine are these delirements, and to me
Most deeply incredible.

Socia. I am your owne, you may vse me as you please : One would thinke I had lost inough already, to loose my name, and shape, and now to loose your fauour too. Oh !

1. *Capt.* Eye *Socia*, you too much forget your selfe,
And 'tis beyond all sufferance in your Lord,
To vse no violent hand.

Socia. You may say what you will, but a truth is a truth.

2. *Capt.* But this is neither true nor probable,
That this one body can deuide it selfe,
And be in two set places. Fie, *Socia*. fie.

Socia. I tell you as it is.

Amph. Slaue of all flaues the basest : vrge me not,
Persist in these absurdities, and I vow
To cut thy tongue out, haue thee scourg'd and beaten,
Il'e haue thee flay'd.

Socia. You may so, you may as well take my skin
as another take my name and phisnomy : all goes one way.

Amph. Tell ore thy tale againe, make it more plaine.

Pray gentlemen your eares.

Socia. Then as I sayd before, so I say still : I am at home ; do you heare ? I am heare : do you see ? I spake with my Lady at home ; yet could not come in at the gate to see her : I deliuered her your letter, and yet haue it still in my hand. Is not this plaine ? do you vnderstand me ? I am neither mad nor drunke, but what I speake is in sober sadnesse.

1. *Cap.* Fie *Socia*, fie, thou art much, too much too blame.

2. *Cap.* How dare you tempt your maisters patience thus ?

Amph. Thinke not to scape thus : yet once more resolute me
And faithfully : Do'st thou thinke it possible

Thou canst be here and there? Be fencible,
And tell me *Socia*.

Socia. 'Tis possible; nor blame I you to wonder:
for it maruels me as much as any heere: Nor did I
beleeue that Hee, my owne selfe, that is at home, till
hee did conuince me with arguments, told me euery
thing I did at the siege, remembred my arrand better
than my selfe: Nor is water more like to water, nor
milke to milke, then that He and I are to me and
him: For when you sent me home about mid-
night—

Amph. What then?

Socia. I stood there to keepe the gate a great while
before I came at it.

Capt. The fellow's mad.

Socia. I am as you see.

Amph. He hath been strooke by some malevolent
hand.

Socia. Nay that's certaine: for I haue been soundly
beaten.

Amph. Who beat thee.

Socia. I my owne selfe that am at home, how oft
shall I tell you?

Amph. Sirrah, wee'l owe you this. Now gentle-
men

You that haue beene co-partners in our warres,
Shall now co-part our welcome: we will visite
Our beauteous wife; with whom (our businesse ended)
We haue leasure to conferre.

Enter Alcmena with her seruants and Mayd.

Alc. Haue you took down those hangings that
were plac'd
To entertaine my Lord?

i. Seru. Madame they are.

Alc. And is our priuate bed-chamber dis-roab'd
Of all her beauty? to looke ruinous,
Till my Lords presence shall repair't againe.

2. *Seru.* 'Tis done as you directed.

Alc. Euery chamber,

Office and roome, shall in his absence looke,
As if they mist their maister, and beare part
With mee in my resembled widow-hood.

3. *Seru.* That needs not madame : See my Lord's
return'd.

Alc. And made such haste to leau me : I mis-
doubt

Some tricke in this : Is it distrust or feare
Of my prou'd vertue : value it at best,
'T can be no lesse then idle iealousie.

Amph. See bright *Alcmena*, with my fudden greet-
ing,

Il'e rap her soule to heauen, and make her surfet
With ioyes abundance. Beauteous Lady see

Amphitrio return'd a Conquerour,
Glad to vnfold in his victorious armes

Thy nine-moneth absent body, whose ripe birth
Swels with such beauty in thy constant wombe.
How cheeres my Lady ?

Alc. So, so, wee'l do to her your kinde commends,
You may make bold to play vpon your friends.

Amph. Ha, what language call you this, that
feemes to me

Past vnderstanding ? I conceiue it not,
I reioyce to see you wife.

Alc. Yet shals haue more ?

You do but now, as you haue done before.
Pray flowt me still, and do your selfe that right,
To tell that ore you told me yester-night.

Amph. What yesternight ? *Alcmena* this your
greeting

Distastes me. I but now, now, with these gentlemen,
Landed at *Thebes*, and came to do my loue
To thee, before my duty to my King.
This strangenesse much amazeth me.

Socia. We haue found one *Socia*, but we are like
to loose an *Amphitrio*.

Alc. Shall I be plaine my Lord ? I take it ill,
That you, whom I receiu'd late yester-night,
Gaued you my freest welcome, feasted you,
Lodg'd you, and but this morning, two houres since
Tooke leaue of you with teares, that your returne
So sudden, should be furnisht with such scorne.

Amph. Gentlemen, I feare the madnesse of my
man
Is fled into her braine, be these my witnesse,
I am but newly landed : witnesse these
With whom I haue not parted.

1. *Capt.* In this we needs must take our Generals
part,
And witnesse of his side.

Alc. And bring you witnesse to suggest your
wrongs,
Against you two I can oppose all these.
Receu'd I not *Amphitrio* yester-night ?

1. *Serv.* I assure you my Lord remember your
selfe, you were here yester-night.

All. 'Tis most certaine.
Amph. These villaines all are by my wife suborn'd,
To seeke to mad me. Gentlemen pray list,
Wee'l give this error scope : Pray at what time
Gaued you me entertainement the last night ?

Alc. As though you know not ? Well, I'll fit your
humor,
And tell you what you better know then I.
At mid-night.

Amph. At mid-night : Pray obserue that Gentle-
men,
At mid-night we were in discourse a boord
Of my Commission.

2. *Capt.* I remember't well.

Amph. What did we then at mid-night ?

Alc. Sate to banquet.

1. *Serv.* Where I waited.

2. *Serv.* So did we all.

Amph. And I was there at banquet.

3. Seru. Your Lordship's merry : do you make a question of that ?

Alc. At banquet you discouſt the Inter-view
Betweene the *Theleboans* and your hoaſt.

Amph. Belike then you can tell vs our ſucceſſe,
Ere we that are the firſt to bring theſe newes
Can vtter it.

Alc. Your Lordship's pleasant ſtill.
The battailes ioyn'd, cryes paſt on either ſide,
Long was the ſkirmiſh doubtfull, till the *Thebans*
Oppreſt the *Theleboans* : but the battaile
Was by the King renewed : who face to face
And hand to hand, met with *Amphitrio* :
You fought, and arme to arme in ſingle combat,
Troad on his head a Victor.

Amph. How came you by this ?

Alc. As though you told it not.

Amph. Well then, after banquet ?

Alc. We kift, embrac'd, our chamber was made
ready.

Amph. And then ?

Alc. To bed we went.

Amph. And there ?

Alc. You ſlept in theſe my armes.

Amph. Strumpet, no more.

Madneſſe and impudence contend in thee,
Which ſhall affliſt me moſt.

Alc. Your iealousie

And this imposterous wrong, heapes on me iniuries
More then my ſex can beare : you had beſt deny
The gift you gaue me too.

Amph. Oh heauen ! what gift ?

Alc. The golden Cup the *Theleboans* King
Vs'd ſtill to quaffe in.

Amph. Indeed I had ſuch purpose,
But that I keepe ſafe lock't. Shew me the bowle.

Alc. *Theſſala* the ſtanding cup *Amphitrio* gaue
me
Last night at banquet, ther's the key.

Theffal. I shall.

1. Capt. My Lord, ther's much amazement in the opening of these strange doubts, the more you seek to vnfold them, the more they puzzle vs.

2. Capt. How came she by the notice
And true recitall of the battailes fortune ?

Amph. That hath this villaine told her, on my life.

Soc. Not I, I disclaime it, vnlesse it were my tother selfe, I haue no hand in it.

Enter Theffala with the cup.

Theffal. Madame, the bowle.

Alc. Restor't *Amphitrio*,
I am not worthy to be trusted with it.

Amph. The forme, the mettall, and the grauing too.

'Tis somwhat strange, *Socia*, the casket staight.

Socia. Here fir.

Amph. What, is my signet safe ?

Soc. Vntouch't.

Amph. Then will I shew her staight that bowle
The *Theleboans* gaue me. Wher's my key ?

Soc. Here fir. This is the strangest that ere I heard, I *Socia* haue begot another *Socia*, my Lord *Amphitrio* hath begot another *Amphitrio*. Now, if this golden bowle haue begot another golden bowle, we shall be all twin'd and doubled.

Amph. Behold an empty casket.

Alc. This notwithstanding you deny your gift,
Our meeting, banquet and our sportfull night,
Your mornings parting.

Amph. All these I deny
As falce, and past all nature, yet this goblet
Breeds in me wonder, with the true report
Of our warres proiect : But I am my selfe
New landed with these Captaines, and my men,

Deny all banquets and affaires of bed,
Which thou shalt deerely answere.

Alc. Aske your seruants
If I mis-say in ought.

i. Seru. My Lord, there is nothing said by my Lady, but we are eye-witnesses of, and will iustifie on our oathes.

Amph. And will you tempt me still ?
Socia, run to the ship, bring me the maister,
And he shall with these Captaines iustifie
On my behalfe, whilst I reuenge my selfe
On these falce seruants, that support their Lady
In her adulterous practise. Villaines, dogges.

i. Capt. Patience my Lord.

Amphilario beats in his men. Exit.

Alc. Nay let him still proceed,
That hauing kild them, I may likewise bleed.
His frensie is my death, life I despise.
These are the fruits of idle iealousies.

Enter Iupiter.

Yonder he comes againe, so soone appeas'd,
And from his fury : I shall nere forget
This iniury, till I haue paid his debt.

Iupiter. What sad *Alcmena* ? Pre'thee pardon me,
'Twas but my humour, and I now am sorry.
Nay whither turn'st thou ?

Alc. All the wit I haue,
I must expresse : borne to be made a flauie ;
I wonder you can hold your hands, not strike,
If I a strumpet be, and wrong your bed,
Why doth not your rude hand assault this head ?

Iup. Oh my sweet wife, of what I did in sport,
Condemne me not : If needs, then chide me for't.

Alc. Was it because I was last night to free
Of courteous dalliance, that you iniure me ?
Was I too lauish of my loue ? Next night

Feare not, Il'e keepe you short of your delight :
Il'e learne to keepe you off, and seeme more coy,
You shall no more swim in excesfe of ioy,
Looke for't hereafter.

Iup. Punish me I pray.

Alc. Giue me my dower and Il'e be gone away :
Leave you to your harsh humors, and base strife,
Onely the honour of a vertuous wife
Il'e beare along ; my other substance keepe :
For in a widowed bed Il'e henceforth sleepe.

Iup. By this right hand, which you *Amphitrio* owe,
My wrongs henceforth shall nere afflic^t you so.
Speake, are we friends ? By this soft kisse I sweare,
No Lady liuing is to me like deare.
These nuptiall brawles oft-times more loue beget :
The rauishing pleasures, when last night we met
We will redouble. These hands shall not part
Till we be reconcil'd.

Alc. You haue my heart ;
Nor can my anger last.

Iup. Faire loue then smile,

Enter Blepharo and Socia.

And let our lips our hearts thus reconcile.

Bleph. Thou tel'st me wonders.

Socia. I assure you there are two *Socia*'s, and for ought I can heare, there are two *Amphitrio*'s : we were in hope to haue two golden bowles. Now if your ship can get two maisters, you will be simply furnish't to sea. But see my Lord and my Lady are friends ; let vs be partakers of their reconcilement.

Bleph. Haile to the generall : you sent to me my Lord.

Iup. True *Blepharo* :

But things are well made euen, and we attoned,
Your chiefest businesse is to feast with vs.

Attend vs Socia. Faire *Alcmena* now
We are both one, combin'd by oath and vow. *Exeunt.*

Socia. Ther's musicke in this : If they feast Ile feast with them, and make my belly amends for all the blowes receiu'd vpon my backe.

Enter Ganimed.

Gan. *Jupiter* and *Alcmena* are entred at the backe gate, whil'st *Amphitrio* is beating his seruants out at the foregate. Als in vp-rore : I do but watch to see him out in the street, to shut the gates against him. But yonder is *Socia*, I'le passe by him without speaking.

Socia. I should haue feene your face when I haue look't my selfe in a glasle, your sweet phisnomy, should be of my acquaintance : I will not passe him without Conge. *They passe with many strange Conges.*

Enter Amphitrio, beating before him his seruants, the two Captaines, they meet with Ganimed.

Amph. Villaines, dogges, diuels.

1. *Capt.* Noble Generall.

Amph. These two wrongs are to indigne. *Socia* return'd ?

Where's *Blepharo* ?

Gan. I haue fought him aboord ; but he is in the Citty to see some of his friends, and will not returne till dinner. Now for a tricke to shut the gates vpon him.

Exit.

Amph. Patience, if thou hast any power on earth,

Infuse it here, or I these hypocrites,
These base suggesters of their Ladies wrongs,
Shall to the death purfue.

2. *Capt.* Finde for their punishment
Some more deliberate seafon : sleepe vpon't,
And by an order more direct and plaine
Void of this strange confusion, censure them.

Amphi. Sir, you aduise well, I will qualify

This heate of rage : now I haue beate them forth
Let's in and see my wife, *Socia* stolne hence
And the gates shut, let's knocke.

Knockes, enter Ganimed aboue.

Gani. What Ruffin's that that knocks ? you thinke
belike the nailes of our dores are as fawcy as your
selfe, that they neede beating.

Amphi. *Socia* I am thy Lord *Amphitrio*.

Gani. You are a fooles head of your owne, are
you not ?

Amphi. Ruffin and foole.

Gani. Take coxcombe and asse along, if you bee
not satisfied.

Amphi. Do you condemne me now, pray Gentle-
men

Do me but right, haue I iust cause to rage ?
Can you that haue perswaded mee to peace
Brooke this ? oh for some battering engine heere
To race my Pallace walles, or some iron Ramme
To plant against these gates.

Gani. Sirrah, I'le make you eat these words, stay
but till I come downe, I'le send you thence with a
vengeance, I am now comming, looke to it, I'le
tickle you with your counterfeit companions there.

Exit.

1. *Cap.* This is too much, 'tis not to be indured.

Amphi. I wish of heauen to haue no longer life
then once more to behold him, hee shall pay for all
the rest.

2. *Bapt.* He promist to come downe.

Enter Socia and Blepharo.

1. *Capt.* And I thinke hee will, for harke, I heare
the gates open.

Amphi. Forbeare a little, note the villaines
humor.

Socia. Al's quiet within, I'le go helpe to fetch my

Lords stiffe from ship, but see, hee's out of the gates
before vs, which way came hee?

Bleph. Hee hath made hast.

Socia. I thinke he hath crept through the key-hole.

Amphi. Nay, I'le be patient feare not, note my humor: *Socia.*

Socia. My Lord.

Amphi. My honest *Blepharo* I'le talke with you anone, my faithfull seruant, who past this house to you, that you haue power to keepe the Maister out? tell me, what know you by your faire Mistresse, that you call your Lord coxcombe and asse, (nay I am patient still) *Amphitrioes* name is heere forgot, foole, ruffin are nothing, them I pardon, now you are downe, when do you beate me head-long from the gate, and these my counterfeit companions hence.

Socia. Who I, I, is your Lordship as wife as God might haue made you, I.

Amphi. You fee we are here still, when doe you strike, what? not: Then I'le beginne with you.

Bleph. *Amphitrio.*

Socia. My Lord's mad, helpe Gentlemen.

Bleph. If you be Gentlemen and loue *Amphitrio*,
Or if you know me to be *Blepharo*

Your Maister that transported you by sea

Giue not this madnesse scope, vpon my credit

Socia is guiltlesse of this falce furnise.

Amphi. Is *Blepharo* turn'd mad too.

Bleph. Generall no,

It pitties me that left you late so milde

And in such peacefull conference with your wife

So suddenly to finde you lunaticke,

Pray helpe to bind him Gentlemen.

Amphi. So, so, am I abus'd or no, speake fellow fouldiers.

1. *Cap.* Insufferable, and yet forbear your rage,
Breath, breath, vpon't and find some other leasure
These errors to determine.

Amphi. Well, I will.

Enter Iupiter, Alcmena, Ganimed before all the seruants running fearefully.

Socia. Yonder's my brother, my fame felse.

Bleph. Two *Socia's*, two *Amphitrioes*.

1. Cap. Coniuring, witch-craft.

Iup. Friends and my fellow souldiers, you haue dealt

Vnfriendly with mee, to besiege my house
With these exclaimes, to bring Imposters hither.
Is there no law in *Thebes* ? will *Creon* suffer me
For all my seruice, to be iniur'd thus ?

Amph. Bee'st thou infernall hagge, or fiend incarnate,
I coniure thee.

Iup. Friends, I appeale to you :
When haue you knowne me mad ? when rage and rauie ?

Shall my humanity and mildnesse thus
Be recompens'd ? to be out-brau'd, out-fac'd
By some deluding Fairy ? To haue my seruants
Beat from my gates ? my Generall house disturb'd,
My wife full growne, and groaning, ready now
To inuoke *Lucina*, to be check't and scorn'd ?
Examine all my deedr, *Amphitrio*'es mildnesse
Had neuer reference to this Iuglers rage.

1. Capt. Sure this is is the Generall, he was euer a milde Gentleman : I'le follow him.

2. Capt. There can be but one *Amphitrio*, and this appears to be he by his noble carriage.

Bleph. This is that *Amphitrio* I conducted by sea :

1. Seru. My Lord was neuer mad-man, This shall be my maister.

All. And mine.

Alc. This is my husband.

Soc. Il'e eu'en make bold to go with the best.

Gan. Soft fir, the true *Socia* must goe with the true *Amphitrio*.

Amph. Oh thou omnipotent thunder ! strike *Amphitrio*,
And free me from this labyrinth.

Iup. Gentlemen,
My house is free to you ; onely debar'd
These Counterfets : These gates that them exclude,
Stand open to you : Enter and taste our bounty,
Attend vs. 'Lasse poore *Amphitrio*,
I must confess I do thee too much wrong,
To keep thee in these maze of doubts so long ;
Which here shall end : For *Juno* I espy,
Who all our amorous pastimes fees from hye :
As she descends, so must I mount the spheares
To stop her, lest she thunder in our eares.

Exeunt all but Amphitrio and Socia.

Amph. What art thou ?

Soc. Nay, what art thou ?

Amph. I am not my selfe.

Soc. You would not beleue me when I sayd I was
not my selfe : why should I beleue you ?

Amph. Art thou *Socia* ?

Soc. That's more then I can resolute you : for the
world is growne so dangerous, a man dares scarce
make bold with his owne name ; but I am he was sent
with a letter to my Lady.

Amph. And I am he that sent thee with that
letter,

Yet dare not fay I am *Amphitrio* ;

My wife, house, friends, my seruants all deny me.

Soc. You haue reason to loue me the better, since
none stickes to you but I.

Amph. Let all yon starry stricture from his bastes
Shrinke to the earth, that the whole face of heauen
Falling vpon forlorne *Amphitrio*,
May like a marble monumental stome,
Lye on me in my graue. Eternall sleepe
Cast a nocturnall filme before these eyes,
That they may nere more gaze vpon yon heauens,
That haue beheld my shame : or sleepe, or death

Command me shut these opticke windowes in :
My braine is coffin'd in a bed of lead,
'Tis cold and heauy ; be my pillow *Socia* :
For I must sleepe.

Soc. And so must I, pray make no noyse, for waking
me or my maister. *They sleepe.*

Iuno and Iris descend from the heauens.

Iuno. *Iris* away, I haue found th' adulterer now :
Since *Mercury* faire *Ioë's* keeper flew,
The hundred-eyed *Argus*, I haue none
To dogge and watch him when he leaues the
heauens.
No sooner did I misse him, but I sought
Heauen, sea, and earth : I brib'd the funne by day,
And starres by night ; but all their ialous eyes
He with thicke mists hath blinded, and so scap't.
Iris my Raine-bow threw her circle round,
If he had beene on earth, to haue clasp't him in,
And kept him in the circle of her armes
Till she had cal'd for *Iuno* : But her search
He foone deluded in his flye trans-shapes.
And till I saw here two *Amphitrioes*,
I had not once suspected him in *Thebes*.
Roab'd all in wrath, and clad in scarlet fury,
I come to be aueng'd vpon that strumpet
That durst presume to adulterate *Iunoes* bed.
Pull me from heauen (faire *Iris*) a blacke cloud,
From which Il'e fashion me a beldams shape,
And such a powerfull charme Il'e cast on her,
As that her bastard-brats shall nere be borne ;
But make her wombe their Tombes. *Iris* away.

Iris. I flye Madame. *Exit Iris.*

Iuno. No, these are mortals, and not them I
seeke.
I feare me if he heare of me in *Thebes*,
He (with his Minion) streight will mount the heauens.
But let him seat him on the loftiest spire

Heauen hath : or place me in the lowest of hell,
I'le reach him with my clamours.

Socia. Hey-ho, now am I dream'd of a scold.

Enter Iris with a habit.

Iuno. But *Iris* is return'd : Rage, feast thy fill,
Till I the mother sley, the bastards kill. *Exit Iuno.*

Thunder and lightning. All the seruants run out of
the house affrighted, the two Captains and Blepharo,
Amphitrio and Socia amazedly awake : Jupiter
appeares in his glory vnder a Raine-bow, to whom
they all kneele.

Iup. The Thunderer thunders, and the Lord of
feare,

Bids thee not feare at all *Amphitrio.*

Ioue, that against the Theleboans gaue thee
The palme of Conquest, and hath crown'd thy browes
With a victorious wreath, commands thy peace
With faire *Alcmena*, she that neuer bosom'd
Mortall, faue thee ; The errours of thy seruants
Forbeare to punish, as forgot by vs,
And finde vs to thy prayers propicious.
Thy wife full growne, inuokes *Lucinaes* ayd :
Send in to cheare her in her painefull throwes.
Hers, and thy Orisons wee'l beare to heauen ;
And they in all your greatest doubts and feares,
Shall haue acceſſe to our immortall eares.

Amph. *Ioue* is our patron, and his power our
awe,

His maiesty our wonder : will, our law.

Iup. Our Act thus ends, we would haue all things
euen,

Smile you on earth whilst we reioyce in heauen.

Actus 3.

Enter Homer one way, Iuno another.

Homer. *Behold where Iuno comes, and with a spell
Shuts vp the wombe by which Ioues sonne must passe :
For whilſt ſhee Croſſe-leg'd ſits (as old wiues tell,
And with clutch't hands) there is no way alas
For faire Alcmena's childing. All thofe wiues
That heare her painfull throwes, are in diſpaire :
Yet in her wombe the Ioue-bred Iſſue ſtriuers :
Three dayes are paſt, her paines ſtill greater are.
But note a womans wit, though Iuno ſmile.
A Beldams braine the Goddeſſe ſhall beguile.*

Iuno. Ha, ha ! Now *Ioue* with thy omnipotence,
Make (if thou canſt) way for thy baſtards birth,
Whose paſſage I thus binde, and in this knot
Which till their deaths, ſhall neuer be diſſolu'd,
I haue power to ſtrangle all the charmes of hell.
Nor powers of heauen ſhall ſtreight me, till the
deaths
Of yon adultereffe and her mechall brats.
Laugh Gods and men, ſea, earth, and ayre make ioy,
That *Iuno* thus *Alcmena* can deſtroy.

*Enter the Midwife, Galantis, with two or three other
aged women.*

Galan. Haue you obſeru'd her to ſit croſſe-leg'd
euer ſince my Lady began her trauell ? I ſuſpect witch-
craft, Il'e haue a tricke to rouze her.

Mid. No doubt but did ſhe open her knees and
fingers, my Lady ſhould haue ſafe deliuery.

Gal. Trust to my wit, Il'e in & find a meanes to
ſtarle her.

Beld. Note how the Beldame ſmiles, and in her
clutches

Strangles my Ladies birth : some friend remoue her.

Iuno. Ha, ha, he, their teares my grieves recure,
Thus I reuenge me of their deeds impure.

Enter Galantis merry.

Gal. Now *Ioue* be prais'd, and Ladies dry your
teares,
And gentle Madame come reioyce with vs.

Iuno. Why, what's the matter?

Gal. I cannot hold my ioy : thankes faire *Lucina*
Goddesse of child-birth, *Ioue* and all be prais'd,
Alcmena is deliuered, brought to bed

Of a fine chopping boy.

Iuno riseth.

Iuno. Is my spell faild ? how could I curse and
teare ?

Mid. The witch is rouz'd, in and see what
newes.

Gal. Stay, stay, Il'e go fee what comfort's within :
for when I came out I left my poore Lady in midst of
all her torment.

Iuno. What edge of steele, or Adamantine chaine,
Hath forc'd in two the vertue of my charme ?
Which Gods and diuels gaue vnite consent
To be infract ? Oh powerfull *Jupiter* !
I feare thy hand's in this.

Enter Galantis extreamely laughing.

Beld. How the witch stormes !

Iuno. What meanes the wretch to hold her sides
& laugh,
And still to point at me ? How now *Galantis* ?

Gal. That's my name indeed : (hold heart, hold)
you are a witch, are you ? you fat crosse-leg'd, did
you ? my Lady could not bee brought to bed, could
she ? And now *Gallantis* hath gul'd you, hath she ?

Iuno. The morrall.

Gal. Il'e tell thee ; I suspeCing thy trechery to

my Lady, brought in counterfet newes she was brought to bed, which you (gooddy witch) no sooner heard, but rose vp ; & no sooner had you cast your armes abroad, but my Lady was deliuered of two goodly boyes, one like my Lord *Amphitrio*, but the other the brauest chopping lad—laugh the beldam out of her skin, and then returne to comfort my Lady.

Exeunt.

Iuno. Oh that we shold be subiect to the Fates !
And though being Gods, yet by their power be crost.
Galantis, Il'e be first reueng'd on thee
For this derision, and trans-forme thy shape
To some fowle monster, that shall beare thy name.
And are the bastards borne ? They haue past the
wombe,
They shall not passe the cradle. *Iris Ho.*

Enter Iris.

Iris. Madame.

Iuno. Fly into *Affricke*, from the mountaines
there

Chuse me two venomous serpents, of the blood
That *Perseus* dropt out of the Gorgons head
When on his winged horse, with that new spoyle
He crost the *Affricke* climate ; thou shalt know them
By their fell poyson, and their fierce aspect. When

Iris ?

Iris. I am gone.

Iuno. Haste *Iris*, flye with expeditions wings,
These brats shall dye by their inuenomed stings.

H O M E R.

*The iealous Goddeffe in the Chamber throwes
The poysonous serpents, who soone wound and kill
Yong Ipe&tetes, whom Amphitrio owes.
But Hercules, whom Ioue with power doth fill,
You first shall in his infant-cradle see,
Ere growne a man, famous for chiualrie.*

The Nurſes bring yong Hercules in his Cradle, and leauē him. Enter Iuno and Iris with two ſnakes, put them to the childe and depart : Hercules ſtrangles them : to them Amphitrio, admiring the accident.

Hom. *He that could in his cradle ſerpents kill,
Will (being growne) the world with wonders fill.
Imagine him full growne, and nobly train'd
By King Euristeus, the bold youth proclaims
Pastimes of exercife, where he hath gain'd
Chiefe praise and palme in these Olimpicke games.
Them we muſt next, as his firſt grace preſent
With Iuno, to his fame maleuolent.*

Enter, after great ſhouts and flouriſhes, Iuno and King Euristeus.

Iuno. Harke, harke *Euristeus*, how the yelling
throats

Of the rude rabble, deifie his praife :
Their lofty clamours, and their shrill applaues
Strike 'gainſt the cleare and azure floores of heauen,
And thence againſt the earth reuerberate,
That *Iuno* can nor reſt aboue nor here,
But ſtill his honours clangor ſtrikes mine eare.

Eurijt. Patience celeſtiall Goddeſſe, as I wiſh
Your powerfull aidance when I need it moſt,
So for your fake I will impoſe him dangers,
Such and fo great, that without *Ioues* owne hand,
He ſhall not haue the power to ſcatter them.

Iuno. If neither tyrants, monſters, ſauages,
Giants nor hell-hounds, can the baſtard quell ;
Let him be paſht, ſtab'd, ſtrangled, poiſoned,
Or muſtered ſleeping. Harke *Euristeus* ſtill

ſhouts within.
How their wide throates his high applaues shrill.

Eur. Th' earth ſhall not breed a monſter, nor the
heauens

Threaten a danger shall not taske his life.

Iuno. Thou chim'st me spheare-like musicke, I
haue rouz'd

A monstrous Lyon, that doth range these woods :
My deere *Euristeus*, make him tugge with him. *shouts.*
Still doth his praiife make the heauen resound ;
Farewell *Euristeus*, Il'e not see him crown'd.

Exit Iuno.

*Enter the Kings of Greece to Euristeus, with Garlands,
Hercules, Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes, with
others from the games of Olimpus.*

1. King. These honoured pastimes on *Olimpus*
mount,

Begun by thee the *Theban Hercules*,
Shall last beyond all time and memory.
Thou art vnpier'd, all *Greece* refounds thy praiife,
And crowne thy worth with these greene wreaths of
Baies.

Herc. More deere to me then the best golden
Arch

That ere crown'd Monarkes brow, we haue begun
In pastimes, wee'le proceed to actes more dreadfull,
To expresse our power and hardiment :
Though by your sufferage, we haue best deseru'd ;
Yet merit we not all, these *Grecian* Princes,
Although degree'd below vs, did excell,
Though not as best, receiue as those did well.

Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes, take
Your valours meeds, your praises lowd did found,
Then each one take from *Hercules* a crowne.

Thef. Braue *Theban* youth, no lesse then *Ioues*
owne son,
Giue *Theseus* leauue both to admire and loue thee :
Lets henceforth haue one soule.

Herc. *Theseus* commands the heart of *Hercules*,
And all my deeds, next *Ioue* omnipotent,
Il'e consecrate to thec and to thy loue.

Perith. Though all vnworthy to be stild the friend

Of great *Alcides*, giue *Perithous* leauue
To do thee honour, and admire thy worth.

Philoet. That *Philocetes* begges of *Hercules*.
Thy curtesie equals thy actiuē power :
And thou in both art chiefe and patternelesse.

Herc. We prize you as the deereſt gemmes of *Greece*,

And all the honours of *Alcmenaeſ* ſonne
You ſhall partake, whilſt theſe braue *Argiue* Kings,
That rang vs plaudits for the Olimpike games,
Shall clap our triumphes 'gaiſt the dreadful'ſt monſters

Heauen can ſend downe, or deepe *Auerne* belch forth.

As for the earth-bred monſters, we haue power
Infus'd by *Ioue*, to calme their iſolence.

Nor will we ceafe, till we haue purchas'd vs
The name of *Tyrant-tamer* through the world.

Eurif. It glads *Eurifteus* to be made ſo happy
As to be Tutor to this noble youth.

Thou haſt (witneſſe *Olimpus*) prou'd thy ſelfe
The ſwifteſt, actiu'ſt, ableſt, strongeſt, conning'ſt
In shaft or dart ; which when thy ſtep-dame *Juno*
Shall vnderſtand how muſt thou do'ſt excell,
As 'twill please *Ioue*, it will content her well.

Herc. May we renoune *Eurifteus* by our fame,
As we ſhall ſtrive to pleafe that heauenly dame.

Eur. Set on then Princes to the further honours
Of this bold *Theban* : may he ſtill proceed
To crowne great *Greece* with many a noble deed.

Enter a Heardsman wounded.

Theſ. Stay Lords : what meaneſt this Tragick
ſpectacle ?

Herds. If *Greece*, that whilome was eſteem'd the
ſpring

Of valor, and the well of chivalry,
Can yeeld an army of resolued spirits,
Muste them all against one dreadfull beast,
That keeps the forrests and the woods in awe :
Commands the Cleonean continent,
Vnpeoples townes ; And if not interdicted,
In time will make all *Greece* a wildernesse.

Herc. Heardsman, thou hast exprest a monstrous
beast,

Worthy the taske of *Ioue-borne Hercules*.

What is the sauadge ? speake.

Herd. Whether some God,
With *Greece* offended, sends him as a murreine,
To strike our heards ; or as a worser plague,
Your people to destroy : But a fierce Lyon
Liues in the neighbour forrest, preying there
On man and beast, not satisfied with both.

Ten Heardsmen of my traine at once he flew,
And me thus wounded ; yet his maw vnstaunch't,
He still the thicke *Nemean* groues doth stray,
As if the world were not sufficient pray.

Eurist. This Lyon were a taske worthy *Ioues*
fonne,

Oh free vs from this feare great *Hercules*.

Herc. If he be den'd, Il'e rouze the monstrous
beast ;

If seeking prey, Il'e chace him through the groues,
And hauing ouer-run the fugitiue,
Dare him to single warre : It fits *Ioues* sonne
Wrastle with Lyons, and to tugge with Beares,
Grapple with Dragons, and encounter Whales.
Be he (as *Ioues* owne shield) invulnerable,
Or be his breast hoop't in with ribbes of brasse,
Be his teeth raser'd, and his tallons keene,
Sending at euery blow, fire from his bones,
Yet l ere night will case me in his skin.

'This is a sport——

Aboue th' Olimpiads ; we will hunt to day
Yon fierce *Nemean* terror, as a game

Becoming *Hercules*. Winde hornes, away :
 For now a generall hunting we proclaime,
 Follow vs Princes, you that loue the game. *Exeunt.*

Wind hornes. Enter *Iuno* and *Iris* aboue in a cloud.

Iuno. Yon cheerefull noyse of hunting tels mine
 eare

Hee's in the Chace : Redouble Ire on Ire,
 And teare the bastard *Theban* limbe from limbe.
 Where art thou *Iris*? tell me from the cloud,
 Where I haue plac'd thee to behold the Chace.

Iris aloft. Great *Hercules*

Pursues him through the medowes, mountaines, rockes.

Iuno. And flyes the fauadge? will he not turne
 head,

Knowing his skin (faue by *Ioues* Thunderbolt)
 Not to be pierc'd? base trembling coward beast.

Iris. Now doth the Lyon turne 'gainst *Hercules*
 With violent fury : 'lasse poore *Hercules*.

Iuno. Gramercy *Iris*, I will crowne thy brow
 With a new cafe of starres, for these good newes.

Shouts within.

Iris. Oh ! well done *Hercules*.

He shakes him from his shoulders like a feather.

And hurles the Lyon flat : The beast againe

Leaps to his throat ; *Alcides* grapples with him.

The Lyon now : Now *Hercules* againe.

And now the beast ; me thinkes the combat's euen.

Iuno. Not yet destroyd ? *Shouts within.*

Iris. Well wrastled *Hercules* :

He gaue the monstrous Lyon such a fall,

As if a mountaine should ore-whelme withall.

Aboue him still : he chokes him with his gripes,

And with his ponderous buffets stownds the beast.

Iuno. Thus is my sorrow, and his fame increast.

Iris. Now he hath strangled him.

Iuno. *Iris* descend.

But though this faile, Il'e other dangers store,

My Lyon slaine, I will prouide a Boare.

Enter to them at one doore, Euristeus, and the Kings of Greece : at the other Hercules, with the Lyons head and skinne, Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes.

Herc. Thus *Hercules* begins his *Iouiall* taskes :
The horrid beast I haue torne out of his skin,
And the *Nemean* terror naked lyes,
Despoyl'd of his inuincid coat of Armes.

Juno. This head (O wer't the head of *Hercules*)
Doth grace *Alcides* shoulders, and me thinkes,
Deck'd in these spoyles, thou dar'st the God of
Armes.

Herc. To you great *Juno*, doth *Alcmena*'s sonne
His high laborious valour dedicate.
You might haue heard the Lyon roare to heauen ;
Euen to the high tribunall in the Spheares,
Where you sit crown'd in starres. We fac'd the
beast,
And when he fixt his tallons in our flesh,
We catch't the monster in our manly gripes,
And made him thrice breake hold. Long did we
tugge

For eminence : but when we prou'd his skin
To be wound-free, not to be pierc'd with steele,
We tooke the fauadge monster by the throat,
And with our sinowy puissance strangled him.

Eurist. *Alcides* honours *Thebes*, and fames whole
Greece.

Herc. There shall not breath a monster here
vnawed,
We shall the world affoord a wonderment,
Vnparalel'd by *Theban Hercules*.
This Lyons cafe shall on our shoulders hang,
Wee'l arme our body with th'vnvulner'd skin ;
And with this massy Club all monsters dare :
And these shall like a bloody meteor shew

More dreadfull then *Orions* flaming lockes,
T'affright the Gyants that opprefte the earth.

Eur. Let *Hercules* meane time abide with vs,
Till King *Euristeus* mew atchieuemnts finde,
Worthy his valour.

Theſ. Honour me great Prince,
To grace my friend *Perithous*, and his ayd,
To be at their high spowfals.

Perith. *Avpodamia.*
Shall in this suit affist *Perithous*,
With vs the *Lapithes*, the *Centauris* meete,
Those whom *Ixion* got vpon a cloud.
They liue amongst the groues of *Theffaly*,
And in their double shapes will grace our feast.

Herc. *Perithous*, we will meet the *Centauris* there,
And quaffe with them to *Hypodamia's* health.
But wherefore stands bright *Iuno* discontent?

Iuno. Oh blame me not, an vncoth fauadge
Boare
Deuasts the fertill plaines of *Theffaly* :
And when the people come to implore our ayd,
Their liues no mortall that dare vndertake
To combat him ; The rough *Nemean* Lyon
Was milde to this : he plowes the forrests vp,
His snowy foame he scatters ore the hils,
And in his course or-turnes the *Dordan* okes :
Oh let him dye by mighty *Hercules*.

Herc. Eternall Goddesse, were his sharpned
teeth
More dreadfull then the phangs of *Cerberus*,
Or were his bristled-hide *Ioues* Thunder prooфе,
Were his head brasie, or his breast doubly plated
With'best *Vulcanian* armour *Lemnos* yeelds ;
Yet shall his braines rattle beneath my Club.
The *Eremanthian* forrest where he den's,
Shall quake with terrour when we beat the beast :
And when we cast his backe against the earth,
The ground shall groane and reele with as much
terror

As when the Gyant *Typhon* shakes the earth.

Iuno. Oh may'st thou liue the *Theban Conquerour*.
(Dye by the fury of that fauadge swine,
And with thy carkasse glut his rauenous maw).

Herc. *Perithous*, I will bring thee to thy Bridals
This huge wilde swine, to feast the Centaurs with,
Diana's wrath shall be *Alcides* dish,
Which hee'l present to *Hypodamia*.
Theseus and *Philoctetes*, you confort
Perithous, and assist the *Layptes*
In these high preparations : We will take
The *Eremanthian* forrest in our way.
Let's part, and sacred Goddesse wish vs well
In our atchieuements.

Iuno. To be damn'd in hell.

Exeunt.

*Enter Ceres and Proserpine attired like the Moone, with
a company of Swaines, and country Wenches :*

They sing.

Song. With faire Ceres Queene of graine
The reaped fields we rome, rome, rome,
Each Countrey Peasant, Nymph and Swaine
Sing their haruest home, home, home :
Whilst the Queene of plenty hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Echo double all our Layes,
Make the Champians found, found, found
To the Queene of haruest praise,
That sowes and reapes our ground, ground,
ground.
Ceres Queene of plenty hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Ceres. As we are *Ceres*, Queene of all fertility,
The earthes sister, Aunt to highest *Jupiter*,

And mother to this beauteous childe the Moone,
 So will we bleſſe your haruests, crowne your fields
 With plenty and increase : your bearded eares
 Shall make their golden stalkes of wheat to bend
 Below their laden riches : with full ſickles
 You ſhall receiuē the vſury of their ſeeds.

Your fallowes and your gleabes our ſelfe will till
 From euery furrow that your plow-shares raze
 Vpon the plenteous earth, our ſisters breast,
 You ſhall caſt vp abundance for your gratitude
 To *Ceres* and the chaste *Proſerpina*.

Prof. Whilſt with theſe fwaines my mother merry-makes,

And from their hands eates cakes of neweft wheate,
 The firflings of their vowed ſacrifice,
 Leauē me behinde to make me various garlands
 Of all the choyceſt flowers theſe medowes yeeld,
 To decke my browes, and keepe my face from
 ſcorches

Of *Phæbus* raies.

Ceres. That done returne to vs,
 Vnto our Temple, where wee'le eaſt theſe fwaines.

Proſerp. No ſooner ſhall faire *Flora* crowme my temples,
 But I your offerings will participate.

Ceres. Now that the heauens and earth are both
 appeas'd
 And the huge Giants that assaulted *Ioue*,
 Are ſlaughtereſt by the hand of *Iupiter* ;
 We haue leaſure to attend our hameleſſe fwaines :
 Set on then to our Rurall ceremonies. *Exeunt singing.*

Tempeſts hence, hence winds and hailes,
Tares, cockle, rotten showers, showers, showers,
Our ſong ſhall keep time with our flailes,
When Ceres ſings, none lowers, lowers, lowers.

She it is whose God-hood hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Profer. Oh ! may these medowes euer barren be,
That yeeld of flowers no more variety.
Here neither is the white nor sanguine Rose,
The Straw-berry flower, the Paunce nor Violet :
Me thinkes I haue too poore a medow chose,
Going to begge, I am with a begger met
That wants as much as I : I should do ill
To take from them that need. Here grow no more,
Then serue thine owne despoyled breast to fill,
The meades I rob, shall yeeld me greater store.
Thy flowers thou canst not spare, thy bosome lend,
On which to rest whil'st *Phœbus* doth transcend.

She lyes downe.

Thunder. Enter Pluto, his Chariot drawne in by
Diuels.

Pluto. What hurly-burly hath beene late in heauen
Against our brother *Joue* omnipotent ?
The Gyants haue made warre : great *Briareus*
Whose hundred hands, a hundred swords at once
Haue brandish't against heauen, is topsie turn'd,
And tumbled headlong from th'Olimpicke Towers.
But big-limb'd *Typhon*, that assaulted most,
And hurl'd huge mountaines 'gainst heauens christall
gates
To shatter them, wraffled with *Joue* himselfe :
Whose heeles tript vp, kick't 'gainst the firmament,
And falling on his backe, spread thousand acres
Of the affrighted earth, astonish't *Jupiter*,
Lest he should rise to make new vp-roles there,
On his right hand the mount *Pelorus* hurle :
Vpon his left spacious *Pachinne* lyes,
And on his legges, the land of *Liliby* :
His head the ponderous mountaine *Aetna* crownes,
From which the Gyant breathes infernall fires :
And struggling to be freed from all these weights,
Makes (as he moues) huge earth-quakes that shake
th'earth

And make our kingdomes tremble. Frighted thence,
 We haue made ascent to take a free furuey
 Whether the worlds foundations be still firme ;
 Lest being cranied, through these concave clifffes,
 The Sunne and starres may shine, to lighten hell.
 Al's found, we haue strooke th'earths busses with our
 mace,

And found the Center firme : Our Iron Chariot
 That from his shod wheeles rusty darknesse flings,
 Hath with our weight, prou'd mountaines, dales and
 rocks,

And found them no where hollow ; All being well,
 Wee'l cleave the earth, and sinke againe to hell.

Proser. *Ceres*, oh helpe me father *Iupiter*,
 Yon vgly shape affrights me.

Pluto. Ha, what's the matter ?
 Who breath'd that well-tun'd shrike, sweet shape,
 bright beauty, *Pluto's* heart was neuer soft till now.
 Faire mortall.

Proser. Hence foule fiend.

Pluto. By Lethe, Styx, Cocytus, Acheron,
 And all the terrors our blacke Region yeelds,
 I see and loue, and at one instant both.
 Kiffe me.

Proser. Out on thee Hell-hound.

Pluto. What are you, beauteous Goddesse ?

Proser. Nothing. Oh !
 Helpe mother, father, *Ceres*, *Iupiter*.

Pluto. Be what thou canst, thou now art *Pluto's*
 rape,
 And shalt with me to *Orcus*.

Proser. Clawes off Diuell.

Pluto. Fetch from my sister *Night* a cloud of dark-
 ness
 To roabe me in, in that Il'e hide this beauty
 From Gods and mortals, till I sinke to hell.
 Nay, you shall mount my Chariot.

Prof. *Ceres*, *Ioue*.

Pluto. *Ceres* nor *Ioue*, nor all the Gods aboue

Shall rob me this rich purchase. Yoake my stallions
That from their nostrils breath infernall fumes :
And when they gallop through these vpper worlds,
With fogges choake *Phœbus*, chace the starres from
heauen,
And while my Ebon Chariot ore the rocks,
Clatters his Iron wheeles, make a noyse more
hideous
Then *Panomphæus* thunder.

Prof. Helpe heauen, helpe earth.

Pluto. Cleave earth, and when I stampe vpon thy
breast

Sinke me, my brasse-shod wagon, and my selfe,
My Coach-steeds, and their traces altogether
Ore head and eares in Styx.

Proser. You Gods, you men.

Pluto. Eternall darkenesse claspe me where I dwell
Sauing these eyes, wee'le haue no light in hell. *Exit.*

Enter Ceres.

Ceres. Where is my faire and louely *Proserpine* ?
The feast is done, and she not yet return'd :
Speake *Ioues* faire daughter, whither art thou straid ?
I haue sought the medowes, gleabes, and new-reap't
fields,
Yet cannot finde my childe. Her scattered flowers,
And garland halfe made vp, I haue light upon,
But her I cannot spy. Behold the trace
Of some strange wagon, that hath scortht the fields,
And sing'd the grasse : these routes the funne nere
fear'd.
Where art thou loue ? where art thou *Proserpine* ?
Hath not thy father *Ioue* snatcht thee to heauen
Vpon his Eagle ? I will search the spheares
But I will finde thee out : swift *Mercury*,
Ioues sonne, and *Mayas* ; speake, speake from the
clouds,
And tell me if my daughter be aboue.

Mercury flies from aboue.

Mer. Thy clamours (*Ceres*) haue ascent through heauen ;
 Which when I heard, as swift as lightning
 I search't the regions of the vpper world,
 And euery place aboue the firmament.
 I haue past the planets, soar'd quite through the spheares ;
 I haue crost the Articke and Antarkicke poles.
 Hot *Cancer*, and cold *Arctos* I haue search't,
 Past th' Hyperboreans, and th' Solsticies,
 The Tropiques, Zones, Signes, Zeniths, Circles, Lines,
 Yet no where can I finde faire *Proserpine*.

Exit Mercury.

Ceres. If not in heauen, Il'e next inquire the earth,
 And to the place where old *Oceanus*
 Layes his hoare head in *Amphitrites* lap :
 Il'e trauell till I finde my girle.
 Assist me gracious *Neptune* in my search ;
 And *Tryton*, thou that on thy shelly Trumpet,
 Summons the Sea-gods, answer from the depth,
 If thou hast seene or heard of *Proserpine*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tryton with his Trumpe, as from the sea.

Tryt. On *Neptunes* Sea-horse with my concave
 Trumpe,
 Through all th' Abyffe, I haue shril'd thy daughters
 losse.
 The channels cloath'd in waters, the low citties,
 In which the water-Nymphes, and Sea-gods dwell,
 I haue perus'd ; fought through whole woods and
 forrests
 Of leaueleffe Corrall planted in the deepes,
 Tost vp the beds of Pearle, rouz'd vp huge Whales,
 And sterne Sea-monsters from their rocky dennes,
 Those bottomlesse shalowes and shelues :

And all those currents where th' earths springs breake
in,

Those plaines where *Neptune* feeds his Porposes,
Sea-morses, Seales, and all his cattell else.

Through all our ebbes and Tides my Trump hath
blaz'd her,

Yet can no cauerne shew me *Proserpine*. *Exit Tryton.*
Ceres. If heauen nor sea, then fearch thy bosome
earth,

Faire sister *Earth*, for all these beauteous fields
Spread ore thy breast ; for all these fertill croppes,
With which my plenty hath inrich't thy bosome,
For all those rich and pleasant wreathes of graine
With which so oft thy Temples I haue crown'd :
For all the yearlye liueries and fresh robes
Vpon thy sommer beauty I beslow,
Shew me my childe.

Earth riseth from under the stage.

Earth. Not in reuenge faire *Ceres*
That your remorsleffe plowes haue rak't my breast,
Nor that your Iron-tooth'd harrowes print my face
So full of wrinkles, that you digge my fides
For marle and foyle, and make me bleed my springs
Through all my open'd veines, to weaken me ;
Do I conceale your daughter : I haue spread
My armes from sea to sea, look't ore my mountaines,
Examin'd all my pastures, groues, and plaines,
Marshes and wowlds, my woods and Champian fields,
My dennes and caues ; and yet from foot to head
I haue no place on which the Moone doth tread.

Earth sinkes.

Ceres. Then *Earth* thou hast lost her : and for
Proserpine

Il'e strike thee with a lasting barrennesse.
No more shall plenty crowne thy fertill browes,
Il'e breake thy plowes, thy Oxen murren-strike :
With Idle argues Il'e consume thy swaines,

Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,
 Whose spykes the weed and cooch-grasse shal grow,
 And choke it in the blade. The rotten showers
 Shall drowne thy feed, which the hote sunne shall
 parch,
 Or mill-dewes rot ; and what remaines shall be
 A prey to rauenous birds. Oh *Proserpine* !
 You Gods that dwell aboue, and you below,
 Both of the woods and gardens, riuers, brookes,
 Fountaines and wels, some one among you all
 Shew me her selfe or graue, to you I call.

The riuier Arethusa riseth from the stage.

Areth. That can the riuier *Arethusa* do,
 My streames you know faire Goddesse, issue forth
 From Tartary, by the Tenarian Isles :
 My head's in Hell, where Stygian *Pluto* reignes,
 There did I see the louely *Proserpine*,
 Whom *Pluto* hath rap't hence ; behold her girdle,
 Which by the way dropt from her beauteous waste,
 And scattered in my streames. Faire Queene adue,
 Crowne you my banks with flowers, as I tell true.

Exit Are.

Ceres. Hath that infernall monster stolne my
 childe ?
 Il'e mount the spheares, and there solicite *Ioue*,
 To inuade the Stygian kingdomes, to redeeme
 My rauish't daughter. If the Gods deny
 That grace to *Ceres*, Il'e inuoke the helpe
 Of some bold mortall : noble *Hercules*,
 Who with his Club shall rouze th' infernall King,
 Dragge out the furies with their snaky lockes,
 Strangle hels Judges in their scarlet robes,
 And bring a double terrorre to the damn'd.
 Of Gods and Men I will inuoke the aides
 To free my childe from those infernall shades.

Enter Hercules, Theseus, Perithous, Philocetes, Hypodamia, the Centaurs, Neffus, Euritus, Chiron, Cillarus, Antimachus, Hippafus. At a banquet.

Herc. To grace thy feast faire *Hypodamia*,
The Eremanthian forrest we haue rob'd
Of that huge Boare : you Centaurs doubly shap't,
Feed with *Alcides* on that monstrous swine,
That hath deuour'd so many Swaynes and Heards.

Thef. Take *Theseus* welcome for *Perithous* sake,
And sit with vs faire Princes, take your place
Next you *Alcides* ; then the Centaurs round.

Antimac. Now by *Ixion*, that our grand-sire was,
That dar'd to kisse the mighty thunderers wife,
And did not feare to cuckold *Jupiter*,
Thou dost the Centaur's honour.

Neff. Let's quaffe the brides health in the bloud of
grapes,
Wine begets mirth, and mirth becomes a bridall.

Perith. Fill then for *Neffus* and *Antimachus*,
Let *Euritus* and *Chiron* pledge it round.

Eur. Fill to vs all, euen till these empty bowles
Turne vp their bottomes 'gainst the face of heauen.

Chi. Off shall all this to *Hipodamia*'s health,
The beauteous bride : wil't pledge it *Hercules* ?

Herc. Yes, were it deeper then the golden cup
Ioue quaffes in from the hand of *Ganimed*.

Silanius, *Hippafus*, and *Cillarus*,
To the faire Princesse of the *Lapythes*.

Anti. Shee's faire indeed, I loue her : wine and
loue

Add fire to fire. To *Philocetes* this.

Phi. 'Tis welcome *Hippafus*. Here *Cillarus*.

Cil. Faire *Hypodamia*'s of the Centaurs brood,
Great *Bistus* daughter, neere ally'd to vs,
I'le take her health.

Perith. Gramercy *Cillarus* :
I'le do the like to faire *Philonome*,
Thy sweet She-Centaur.

Cil. Double this to her.

Hyp. Crowne all your healths with mirth, let ioyes abound

And to *Philonome* let this go round.

Anti. Gramercies, 'lasse my braine begins to swim,
I haue an appetite to kisse the bride,
I and I will.

Theff. What meanes *Antimachus*?

Anti. Kisse *Hypodamia*, I and —

Thef. That's too much,

And more then any of the Centaurs dare.

Cil. Why? who should hinder him?

Thef. That *Theseus* will.

Anti. Ha, ha, haue I from the fierce Lyon torne
her whelp?

Brought from the forrests she-Beares in my armes?
And dandled them like infants? plaid with them,
And shall I not then dare to kisse the bride?

Herc. Audacious Centaur, do but touch her
skirt,

Prophane that garment *Hymen* hath put on;
Or with thy hideous shape once neere her cheeke,
It'e lay so huge a ponder on thy skull,
As if the busses of the heauen should shrinke,
And whelme ore thee the marble firmament.

Anti. That will I try.

Cil. Affist *Antimachus*.

A confused fray with stooles, cups & bowles,
the Centaurs are beaten.

Peri. Rescue for *Hypodamia*.

Chi. Downe with the *Lapythes*.

Neff. Downe with *Hercules*.

Herc. You cloud-bred race, *Alcides* here will stand
To plague you all with his high *Iouiall* hand.

Alarme. Enter *Iuno*, with all the Centaurs.

Iuno. And shrinkes *Ixions* race? durst he aspire
To our celestiall bed? though for his boldnesse

He now be tortured with the wheele in hell ?
And dare not you withstand base *Hercules* ?
Currage braue *Hyppo-Centaurs*, let the bastard
Be hew'd and mangled with our conquering arme.
Renue the fight, make the Theffalian fields
Thunder beneath your hoofes, whilst they imprint
Vpon the earth, deepe semi-circled moones.
Let all your arm'd race gallop from the hils,
To inmure the faint deieeted *Lapithes*.
Tis *Juno*, whom your tortur'd grand-fire lou'd,
Bids you to Armes : lift vp your weapons hye
And in their fall may great *Alcides* dye.

Antimac. Our grand-fires wheelles cracke all that
Centaurs bones,
That flyes when *Juno* giues incouragement.
Chirus, Latreus, Neffus, Euritus,
And all our race first tumbled in the clouds
That crown'd the mountaine toppes of *Theffaly*,
Make head againe, follow *Antimachus*,
Whose braine through heated with the fumes of wine
Burnes with the loue of *Hypodamia*.
Theseus, Perithous, and Alcides, all
Shall in this fury by the Centaurs fall.

Alarme. Enter to them Hercules, Theseus, Perithous,
and Philoctetes.

Herc. Behold the lust-burn'd and wine-heated
monsters
Once more make head ; wee'l pash them with our
club.
This Centaure-match, it shall in ages,
And times to come, renowne great *Hercules*.
Vpon them, when we parlee with our foes :
Tongues peace : for we breake silence with our blowes.

Alarme. They fight, the Centaurs are all disperst and
slaine. Enter with victory, Hercules, Theseus,
Perithous, Philoctetes, Hypodamia, and others.

Herc. Let *Theffaly* resound *Alcides* praise,

And all the two-shap't Centaurs that furuiue,
 Quake when they heare the name of *Hercules*.
 Were these *Theffalian* monsters bred at first
 By *Saturne* and *Philiris*, as some say,
 When in equinall shape she was deflour'd ?
 Or when *Ixion*, snatcht to heauen by *Ioue*,
 And feasted in the hye Olympicke hall,
 He fought to strumpet *Juno* ? The heauens Queene
 Transform'd a cloud to her celestiall shape,
 Of which he got the Centaurs. Be they bred
 Of earth or vapour, their hote fiery braines
 Are now dispurled by *Alcides* Club,
 And in their deaths renowne the *Lapythes*.

Thef. *Ioues* sonne was borne a terrour to the
 world,

To awe the tyrants that opprefse and fway.

Perith. But most indebt to thee *Perithous* is,
 That hast restor'd a virgin and a bride,
 Pure and vntouch't to sleep in these my armes.

Hypoda. My tongue shall found the praiise of *Her-*
cles.

My heart imbrace his loue.

Herc. Oh had bright *Juno*
 My louing step-dame, feated in the clouds,
 Beheld me pash the Centaurs with my club,
 It would haue fild her with celestiall ioyes ;
 Knowing that all my deeds of fame and honour
 I confecrate to her and *Jupiter*.
 Of these proud Centaurs *Neffus* is escapt,
 The rest all strew the fields of *Theffaly*.

Enter Ceres.

Ceres. Reserues the noble *Theban* all his valour
 For th'ingrate *Juno*, and hath stor'd no deed
 Of honour for deiected *Ceres* here ?
Ceres forlorne, forsaken and despis'd,
 Whom neither obdure heauen, relentlesse sea,
 Nor the rude earth will pitty.

Herc. Queene of plenty,
Lye it within the strength of mortall arme,
The power of man, or worke of demi-god,
I am thy Champion.

Ceres. From heauen, earth and sea,
Then *Ceres* must appeale to *Hercules*.
Know then I am rob'd of beauteous *Proserpine*,
Tartarian Dis hath rap't my daughter hence ;
Which when I heard, I skal'd the thunderers throne,
And made my plaints to him, who answered me,
His power was onely circumscrib'd in heauen,
And *Pluto* was as absolute in hell
As he in heauen ; nor would he muster Gods
Against the fiends, ore which his brother reign'd.
Next made I suit to haue *Neptune* call his waters,
And with his billowes drowne the lower world :
Who answered, the firme channell bounds his waues,
Nor is there passage betweene sea and hell,
The earth beneath her center cannot sinke,
Nor haue I hope from thence ; onely great *Hercules*.

Herc. Will vndertake what neither *Jupiter*,
Neptune, nor all the Gods dare make their taske :
The Stygian *Pluto* shall restore the moone,
Or feele the masse of this my ponderous club.
Comfort faire Queene, Il'e passe the poole of *Styx*,
And if leane *Charon* waftage shall deny,
The Ferry-man Il'e buffet in his barge.
Three-throated *Cerberus* that keepes hell-gates,
Shall (when we come to knocke) not dare to howle :
The ghosts already dead, and doom'd, shall feare
To dye againe at sight of *Hercules*.

Sterne *Mynos*, *Aeachus*, and *Rhadamant*,
Shall from the dreadfull sessions kept in hell,
Be rouz'd by vs : wee'l quake them at that barre
Where all soules stand for sentence : the three sisters
Shall crowch to vs. *Ceres*, wee'l ranfacke hell,
And *Pluto* from th' infernall vaults expell.

Thes. *Theseus* in this will ayd great *Hercules*.

Peri. And so *Perithous* shall.

Herc. Comfort Queene *Ceres*,

Whom neither Harpyes, Boares or Buls can tame,
The darke Cimerians must next found his fame.

Adue bright *Hypodamia* lately freed

From the adulterous Centaurs: Our renowne
That yet 'tweene heauen and earth doth onely shine,
Hell shall next blaze for beauteous *Proserpine*.

H O M E R.

*Ere Hercules the Stygian pooles invade
A taske which none but he durst undertake,
Without both earthly and immortall ayde,
We Ioue present: who once more doth forfaine
Heauen, for a mortall beauty; one more rare
Earth yeelded not, then Semele the faire.
Whilst Iuno, Hercules with hate pursues,
Neglecting Ioue, he from the spheares espies
This bright Cadmeian, and the groues doth chuse
To court her in: How, and in what disguise
You next shall see, they meet first in the Chace,
Where they discourse, acquaint, kisse, and imbrace.*

*Dumbe shew. Enter Semele like a huntresse, with her
traine, Iupiter like a wood-man in greene: he woes
her, and winnes her.*

*What cannot Ioue, infus'd with power diuine?
He woes and winnes, enioyes the beauteous dame;
The iealous Iuno spyes their loue in fine,
Leaves off her envy to Alcides fame,
And 'gainst this beauteous Lady armes her spleene,
Quite to destroy the bright Cadmeian Queene.
Your fauours still: some here no doubt will wonder,
To see the Thunderers loue perish by thunder.*

Enter Iuno and Iris.

Iuno. Hast thou found him *Iris*?

Iris. Madame I haue.

Iuno. Where?

Iris. In the house of *Cadmus*, courting there
The fairest of the race, yong *Semele*.

Iuno. What am I better to be *Queene of heauen*,
To be the sister and the wife of *Ioue*,
When euery strumpet braues my Deity?
Whilst I am busied to lay traps and traines
For proud *Alcmena's* bastard, he takes time
For his adulterous rapes. *Europa* liues
Sainted on earth, *Calisto* shines a flarre,
Iust in mine eye, by name of *Leffer Beare*,
Io in *Agypt* is ador'd a Goddesse:
And of my seruant *Argus* (flaine by *Mercury*)
There liues no note; faue that his hundred eyes
I haue transported to my peacockes traine.
Thus fall the friends of *Iuno*, whilst his strumpets
Front me on earth, or braue mine eye in heauen:
But *Semele* shall pay for't. In what shape
Saw'st thou him court that strumpet?

Iris. Like a wood-man.

Iuno. I met him on the mountaine *Erecine*,
And tooke him for the yong *Hypapolitus*.
Iris I hau't; 'tis plotted in my braine,
To haue the strumpet by her louer flaine.
Of her nurse *Beroe* Il'e assume the shape,
And by that meanes auenge me on this rape.

Exeunt.

Enter Semele with her seruants and attendants.

Semel. Oh *Jupiter*! thy loue makes me immor-tall,
The high Cadmeian is in my grace,
To that great God exalted, and my issue,
When it takes life, shall be the seed of Gods;

And I shall now be ranck't in equipage
 With *Danae*, *Io*, *Leda*, and the rest,
 That in his amours pleas'd the thunderer best.
 Me-thinkes since his imbraces fil'd my wombe,
 There is no earth in me, I am all diuine :
 Ther's in me nothing mortall, saue this shape,
 Whose beauty hath cal'd *Ioue* himselfe from heauen,
 The rest all pure, corruptlesse and refin'd,
 That hath daz'd men, and made th' immortall blinde.
 Leauē vs, oh you vnworthy to attend
 Or wait vpon Cadmeian *Semele* :
Hebe shall be my hand-mayd, and my wine
 The hand of *Ioues* owne cup-bearer shall fill,
 Il'e begge of him the Troian *Ganimed*
 To be my page ; and when I please to ride,
 Borrow his Eagle through the ayre to glide.
 Go call me hither my Nurse *Beroe*,
 Whom I will make free-partner in my ioyes.

Enter Juno in the shape of old Beroe.

Seru. *Beroe* attends your grace.
Sem. Oh my deere nurse ! liues there on earth a
 Princeffe
 Equally lou'd and grac'd by *Ioue* himselfe ?
Juno. Out on thee strumpet, I could teare those
 eyes,
 Whose beauty drew my husband from the skyes.
Sem. I am not happy *Beroe* ?
Juno. Were you fure
 'Twere *Ioue* himselfe this gladnesse did procure.
 Madame, there many fowle imposters be,
 That blinde the world with their inchaftity :
 And in the name of Gods, being scarce good men,
 Iuggle with Ladyes, and corrupt their honors.
 Think you yon stripling that goes clad in greene,
 Is *Jupiter* ?
Sem. I know him for heauens King,
 Whose issue in my wombe I feele to spring.

Iuno. I thinke it not ; but Lady this I know,
That Gods are so lasciuious growne of late,
That men contend their lusts to imitate.

Sem. Not *Jupiter*.

Iuno. Things truly reconcile,
You'l iumpe with me : how haue you beene the while,
Since you were breeding, now well, sometimes ill,
Subiect to euery imperfection still,
Apt to all chances other women be.
When were you lou'd of the high Deity,
That hath the guist of strength, power, health, and
ioy,
The least of these could not your state annoy.

Sem. Thou putst me in mistrust, and halfe perswad'st
me

He is no more then mortall whom I loue.
How shall I proue him nurse ?

Iuno. Il'e tell you madame ; When you see him
next,
Seeme with some strange and vncouth passion vext,
And beg of him a boone, which till he grant,
Sweare he no more your fauours shall enchant.

Sem. *Beroe*, what boone ?

Iuno. To hugge you in that state
In which faire *Iuno* he imbrac'd so late.
To descend armed with celestiall fire,
And in that maiesly glut his desire.
His right hand arm'd with lightning, on his head
Heauens massy crowne ; and so to mount your bed.
So are you sure he is a God indeed,
Obtaine this boone, and fairely may you speed.

Sem. Thou haft fir'd me *Beroe*.

Iuno. Thou shalt be on flame,
So great, the Ocean shall not quench the same.

Sem. *Beroe* away, my chamber ready make,
Tosse downe on downe : for we this night must
tumble

Within the armes of mighty *Jupiter*.
Of whom Il'e begge th'immortall sweets of loue,

Such as from *Ioue Imperiall Juno* tastes.
Begone without reply, my loue's at hand.

Juno. Thy death's vpon thy boone : this *Juno* cheares,
That my reuenge shall mount aboue the spheares.
exit Juno.

Sem. I will not smile on him, lend him a looke,
As the least grace, till he giue free ascent
To fill me with celestiall wonderment.

Enter Jupiter like a wood-man.

Jup. Oh thou that mak'st earth heauen, & turn'st
th'immortal

Into this shape terrestriall, thou bright issue
Of old *Aegenor*, and the Cadmeian line,
For whom, these stony buildings we preferre
Before our Christall structures : that mak'st *Ioue*
Abandon the high counsels of the Gods
To treat with thee of loues faire blandishments :
Diuinest of thy race, faire *Semele*
Fold in thine armes Olimpicke *Jupiter*.

Sem. *Jupiter!*

Jup. That *Jupiter* that with a powerfull nod
Shakes the heauens arches, ore the vniuerse
Spreads dreads & awe ; and when we arme our selfe
With maiesty, make th'earths foundation tremble,
And all mortality flye like a smoake
Before our presence vanish't and consum'd.

Sem. Did *Semele* behold such Maiesty,
She could beleue this were the thunderers voyce,
Thou hee ?

Jup. What meanes this strangenesse *Semele* ?
Haue I preferd thy beauty before hers
Whose state fils heauen, whose food's *Ambrofia*,
Vpon whose cup the louely *Hebe* waits
When she quaffes *Nectar* ? whose bright Chariot
Is drawn with painted peacockes through the clouds
And am I thus receiu'd ?

Sem. Thou bed with *Juno* ?

Base groome, thou art no better then thou seem'st,
And thy impostures haue deceiued a Princesse
Greater then ere descended from thy line.
Hence from my sight thou earth, that hast profan'd
The dreadfull thunderers name : what see I in thee
More then a man, to proue thy selfe a God ?
Thou deifi'd ! thy prefence groome is poore,
Thy 'hauour sleight, thy courtship triuall,
Thou hast not a good face, what's in thee worth
The fauour and the grace of *Semele* ?
A God ? alasse ! thou art scarce a proper man.

Iup. Ha, fails my shape, is he that awes the Gods,
Now valued lesse then man ? why *Semele*
Proue me and what I can : wouldst thou haue gold ?
I'lle raine a richer shower in thy bosome
Then ere I powr'd on *Danae*.

Sem. Gold ? what's that ?

Which euery mortall Prince can giue his loue.

Iup. Wouldst thou increase thy beauty or thy
strength ?

Sem. I am nor fowle nor sicke.

Iup. Wouldst thou haue God-hood ?

I will translate this beauty to the spheares,
Where thou shalt shine the brightest starre in heauen :
I'lle lift thy body from this terrene drosse,
And on two eagles, swift as *Pegasus*,
Wee'l take our daily progresse through the clouds.
I'lle shew thee all the planets in their ranke,
The monstrous signes, the Lyon, Ramme and Bull,
The blacke-scald Scorpion, and the Cancers clawes.
Aske what thou wilt to proue my Deity,
And take it as thine owne faire *Semele*.

Sem. Grant me one boone, lesse then the least of
these,
My armes shall spread thus wide to imbrace my loue,
In my warme bosome I will gloue thy hand,
And seale a thousand kisses on thy lippes.
My fingers I'lle intangle in these curles,

And scarfe my Iuory arme about thy necke ;
 And lay my selfe as prostrate to thy loue,
 As th' earth her grasse-greene apron spreads for raine.
 Speake, shall I aske ? or haue you power to grant ?

Iup. By dreadfull Styx, an oath I cannot change,
 But aske and haue.

Sem. Then bed with me to night,
 Arm'd with the selfe-same God-hood, state and power
 You *Juno* meet.

Iup. Blacke day, accursed houre,
 Thou hast ask't too much, thy weake mortality
 Cannot indure the scorching fires of heauen.

Sem. Either you cannot doo't, as wanting might,
 Or loath you are to breed me such delight.
 Is this your loue ?

Iup. Thy death is in thy boone :
 But 'tis thy fate, she can it not recall,
 Nor I vnfweare : the infant in her wombe
 Not yet full growne and ripe, torments me most :
 For in this rash demand they both are lost.

Sem. Il'e stand it at all dangers, and prepare
 For this nights sport.

Iup. Aboue my thunders are,
 Thither I must, and beeing arm'd, descend
 To giue this beauty (in her rashnesse) end.

Sem. Remember by this kife you keep your oath.

Iup. Neuer did *Ioue* to heauen ascend so loath ;
 Expect me this sad night.

Sem. With double ioy.
 Celestiall sweets shall furfet me, and cloy
 My appetite ; the Gods are loath to impart
 Their pleasures to vs mortalls. Dance my hart,
 And swim in free delights, my pleasures crowne,
 This *Iouiall* night shall *Semele* renowne. *Exit Semele.*

Iuno and Iris plac'd in a cloud aboue.

Iuno. Come *Iris*, ore the loftiest pinnacles
 Of this high pallace, let vs mount our felues,

To see this noble pastime : Is't not braue ?

Iris. Hath her suit tooke eflect ? 'lasse *Semele* !

Juno. Hang, burne her witch, be all such strum-pets fir'd

With no lesse heat then wanton *Semele*.

Oh 'twill be gallant sport, wil't not *Iris* ?

To see these golden roofes daunce in the aire.

These pinnacles shall pricke the floores of heauen,

These spires confused, tumble in the clouds ;

And all flye vp and shatter at the approach

Of his great God-hood. Oh 'twould please me *Iris*

To see this wanton with her bastard, blowne

And hang'd vpon the high hornes of the moone.

The howre drawes on, we may from hence espy

Th' adultresse sprall, the pallace vpwards fly.

Enter two maids of Semeles chamber.

1. *Maid.* Questionlesse my Lady lookes for some great guests, that she makes all this preparation.

2. *Maid.* 'Tis not like she expects them at supper, because she herselfe is preparing to bed.

1. *Maid.* Did you note how she made vs tumble & tosse the bed before the making of it would please her ?

2. *Maid.* There hath beene tumbling and tossing on that bed hath pleas'd her better ; you know the youth in greene, he hath made my Lady looke red ere now.

1. *Maid.* You know shee is naturally pale ; hee did but wrastle with her to get her a colour.

2. *Maid.* The youth in greene hath giuen her a medicine for the greene sicknesse, I warrant her : I am deceiued, if (when they meet) it go not two to one of her side.

1. *Maid.* Why do you thinke her with childe.

2. *Maid.* Tis past thinking, I dare sweare. But let's attend my Lady.

Enter Semle drawne out in her bed.

Sem. Away, we will haue none partake our
pleafures,
Or be eye-witnesse of these prodigall sweets
Which we this night shall in abundance taste.
This is the houre shall deifie my earth,
And make this drosse immortall: thankes my *Beroe*,
That thou haft made me begge my happinesse,
Shew'd me the way to immortallity,
And taught me how to emulate the Gods.
Descend great *Ioue* in thy full maiestie,
And crowne my pleasures: here behold me spred,
To taste the sweets of thy immortall bed.

Thunder, lightnings, Iupiter descends in his maiesty, his Thunderbolt burning.

Iup. Thus wrapt in stormes and black tempestuous
clouds,
Lightning and showers, we sit vpon the roofes
And trembling Tarraffles of this high house
That is not able to containe our power.
Yet come we not with those sharpe thunders arm'd
With which the sturdy giants we ore-threw,
When we the mighty *Typhon* funke beneath
Foure populous kingdomes: thefe are not so fiery,
The *Cyclopes* that vs'd to forge our bolts,
Haue qualifi'd their feroour, yet their violence
Is 'boue the strength of mortals. Beauteous *Semele*
In steed of thee I shall imbrace thy smoake,
And claspe a fumy vapour left in place

Thunder and lightning.

Of thy bright beauty, Stormy tempests ceafe,
The more I frowne, the more their breathes increafe.

Sem. What terror's this? oh thou immortall
speake!
My eyes are for thy maiestie too weake.

*As he toucheth the bed it fires, and all flyes vp,
Iupiter from thence takes an abortiue infant.*

Iup. Receiue thy boone, now take thy free desire
In thunder, tempest, smoake, and heauenly fire.

Iuno. Ha, ha, ha.
Faire *Semele's* consum'd, 'twas acted well :
Come, next wee'l follow *Hercules* to hell.

Iupiter taking vp the Infant speakes as he ascends in his cloud.

Iup. For *Semele* (thus flaine) the heauens shall
mourne

In pitchy clouds, the earth in barrenesse ;
The Ocean (for her slaughter) shall weepe brine,
And hell resound her losse. Faire *Semele*
Nothing but ashes now ; yet this remainder,
That cannot dye, being borne of heauenly seed,
I will conferue till his full time of birth :
His name Il'e *Bachus* call, and being growne,
Stile him, *The God of Grapes* ; his Bachenals
Shall be renown'd at feasts, when their light braines
Swim in the fumes of wine. This all that's left
Of *Semele*, vnto the heauens Il'e beare,
Whose death this *Motto* to all mortals lends :
He by the Gods dyes, that 'boue man contends.

H O M E R.

*Let none the secrets of the Gods inquire,
Lest they (like her) be strooke with heauenly fire.
But we againe to Hercules returne,
Now on his iourney to the vaults below,
Where discontented Proserpine doth mourne,
There's made to checre her an infernall shew.
Hels Judges, Fates and Furies summond beene
To giue free welcome to the Stygian Queene.*

*A dumbe shew of Pluto and all his Divils, presenting
feuerall gifts and shewes to cheere, but she continues
in her discontent.*

*All this and more (the beauteous Queene to cheare)
Pluto deuis'd, but still her grieve remaines :
No food she tastes within the gloomy spheare,
Sauie of a ripe Pomegranat some few graines.*

*The next thing we present (fit faire and well)
You shall behold a Holy-day in hell.*

Enter Theseus, Perithous, and Philoctetes armed.

Thef. Saw you not *Hercules* ?

Perith. Noble *Theseus* no.

I left him in the forrest, chacing there
Dianaes Hart, and striuing to out-run
The swift-foot beast.

Thef. His actiue nimblenesse
Out-flies the winged bird, out-strips the steed,
Catcheth the hare, & the swift grey-hound tires
Out-paceth the wilde Leopard, and exceeds
Beasts of most actiue chace.

Phi. We haue arriu'd
At *Tenaros*; this is the mouth of hell,
Which by my counsell, wee'l not feeke to enter
Till *Hercules* approach.

Thef. Not enter *Philoctetes* ?
Our spirits may compare with *Hercules*.
Though he exceed our strength, I with my fword
Will beat against blacke *Tartarus* Ebon gates,
And dare the triple-headed dogge to armes,
Hels tri-shap't porter.

Phi. Not by my perfwasion.

Peri. *Perithous* will affist his noble friend,
And in this worke preuent great *Hercules*.
Let's rouze the hell-hound, call him from his lodge,
And (maugre *Cerberus*) enter hels-mouth,

And thence redeeme the rauish't *Proserpine*.

Thef. Had *Orpheus* power by musicke of his
harpe,
To charme the curre, pierce *Orcus*, *Pluto* please,
And at his hands begge faire *Euridice*:
And shall not we as much dare with our fwords,
As he with fingring of his golden strings.
Come, let our ioynt assistance rouze the fiend,
Thunder against the rusty gates of hell,
And make the Stygian kingdomes quake with feare.

They beate against the gates. Enter Cerberus.

Cerb. What mortall wretch, that feares to dye
aboue

Hath trauel'd thus farre to enquire out death?

Thef. We that haue blaz'd the world with deeds of
praise

Must fill the Stygian Empire with our fame;
Then rouze thee thou three-throted curre, and taste
The strength of *Theseus*.

Cerb. These my three empty throats you three
shall gorge,
And when my nailes haue torne you limbe from
limbe,

I'le sit and feast my hunger with your flesh.

These phangs shall gnaw vpon your cruded bones,
And with your bloods I'le fmeare my triple chaps,
Your number fits my heads, and your three bodies
Shall all my three-throats set a worke at once.

I'le worry you; and hauing made you bleed,
First fucke your iuice, then on your entrails feed.

Perithous fights with Cerberus, and is flaine.

Thef. Hold bloody fiend, and spare my noble
friend,

The honour of the worthy *Lapythes*
Lyes breathlesse here before the gates of hell:
Ceafe monster, ceafe to prey vpon his body,

And feed on *Theseus* here.

Cerb. Il'e eate you all.

Theseus is wounded. Enter Hercules.

Herc. Stay and forbear your vp-roare, till our club

Stickle amongst you: whil'st we in the chace
Haue catch't the swift and golden-headed stagge,
These valiant *Greekes* haue funke themselues beneath
The vpper world, as low as *Erebus*.

Whom see we? *Theseus* wounded, yong *Perithous*,
Torne by the rauenous phangs of *Cerberus*.

My griefe conuert to rage, and sterne reuenge.
Come, guard thee well infernall *Caniball*,
At euery stroke that lights vpon thy skull,
Il'e make thee thinke the weight of all the world
And the earths huge masse shall crowne thee.

Cerb. Welcome mortall,
Thou com'st to mend my breake-fast, thou wilt yeeld
me
Many a fat bit.

Herc. Il'e make thee eate my club,
And swallow this fell mastiffe downe thy panch.
At euery weighty cuffe I'le make thee howle,
And fet all hell in vp-roare: when thou roarest,
Thy barking groanes shall make the brasen Towers
Where ghosts are tortur'd, echo with thy found.
Plutoes blacke guard at euery deadly yell,
Shall frightened run through all the nookes of hell.

Hercules beats Cerberus, and binds him in chaines.

Herc. Keep thou this rauenous hell-hound gyu'd &
bound,

Hels bowels I must pierce, and rouze blacke *Dis*,
Breake (with my fists) these Adamantine gates,
The Iron percullis teare, and with my club
Worke my free paſſage (maugre all the fiends)
Through these infernals. Lo, I finke myſelfe
In *Charons* barge, Il'e ferry burning *Styx*,

Ranfacke the pallace where grim *Pluto* reignes,
Mount his tribunall, made of fable Iet,
Despight his blacke guard, stownd him in his chaire,
And from his arme snatch beauteous *Proserpine*.
Ghosts, Furies, Fiends shall all before vs flye,
Or once more perish, and so doubly dye.

*Hercules sinkes himselfe : Flashes of fire; the Diuels
appeare at every corner of the stage with feuerall
fire-workes. The Judges of hell, and the three
sisters run ouer the stage, Hercules after them :
fire-workes all ouer the house. Enter Hercules.*

Herc. Hence rauenous vulture, thou no more shalt
tire

On poore *Prometheus*, *Danae* spare your tubs,
Stand still thou rowling stone of *Sisiphus*,
Feed *Tantalus* with apples, glut thy panch,
And with the shrinking waues quench thy hote thirst.
Thy bones *Ixion*, shall no more be broke
Vpon the torturing wheele : the Eagles beake
Shall *Titius* spare at sight of *Hercules*,
And all the horrid tortures of the damn'd
Shall at the wauing of our club distolue.

*Enter Pluto with a club of fire, a burning crowne,
Proserpine, the Judges, the Fates, and a guard of
Diuels, all with burning weapons.*

Pluto. Wer't thou Imperiall *Ioue*, that swaies the
heauens,
And in the starry structure dwel'st aboue,
Thou canst not reuell here : my flaming Crowne
Shall scorch thy damn'd soule with infernal fires.
My vassaile Furies with their wiery strings,
Shall lash thee hence, and with my Ebon club
I'le ding thee to the lowest *Barathrum*.

Herc. First shall this engine arm'd with spikes of
steele,

That fore the gates of hell strooke flat thy curre,
 Fall with no lesse power on thy burning fconce,
 Then should great *Ioue* the massy center hurle,
 And turne the worlds huge frame vpon thy head.

Pluto. Vpon him Diuels.

Herc. Ayd me powers Diuine,
 From these blacke fiends to rescue *Proserpine*.

Hercules fels *Pluto*, beats off the Diuels with all their
 fire-workes, rescues *Proserpine*.

Now are we King of *Orcus, Acheron,*
Cocytus, Styx, and fiery *Phlegeton*.

Prof. Long liue *Alcides*, crown'd with Godlike
 honours,
 For rescuing me out of the armes of *Dis*,
 The vnder-world, and fiery iawes of hell.

All the ghosts. Long liue eterniz'd noble *Hercules*,
 That hath dissolu'd our torments.

Rha. Hercules,
 Attend th' vnchanging doome of *Rhadamant*,
 And if the Gods be subiect to the Fates,
 Needs must thou (noble *Greeke*) obey their doome,
 Lo, in their name, and in the awfull voyce
 Of vs the reuerend Judges, to whose doome
 Thou once must stand : I charge thee stir not hence,
 Till we haue censur'd thee and *Proserpine*.
 Is not the power of *Ioue* confin'd aboue ?
 And are not we as absolute in state
 Here in the vaults below ? To alter this
 The heauens must faile, the funne melt in his heat,
 The elements dissolute, Chaos againe
 Confuse the triple Masse, all turne to nothing :
 Now there is order : Gods there are, and Diuels :
 These reward vertue ; the other punish vice.
 Alter this course you mingle bad with good,
 Murder with pitty, hate with clemency.
 Ther's for the best no merit, for the offender
 No iust infliction.

Herc. Rhadamant speakes well.

Pluto. To whom will *Hercules* commit this businesse?

Herc. I will appeale to *Ioue*, and to the Planets,
Whose powers, though bownded, yet infuse their
might

In euery mortall.

Aeacus. Them the Fates shall summon,
Of whom this beauteous mayd, the *Moone*, is one,
The lowest of the feuen: you reuerend sisters,
Who all things that are past, be, and to come,
Keepe registred in brasse, assemble there.

Herc. Be *Ceres* pleas'd, *Alcides* is content:
Nor can she stand to better Iustices
Then to the Gods and Planets.

Sownd. Enter *Saturne*, *Jupiter*, *Iuno*, *Mars*, *Phœbus*,
Venus, and *Mercury*: they take their place as they
are in height. *Ceres*.

Satur. I know this place, why haue you summon'd *Saturne*?
To hell, where he hath beene to arraigne the Moone?
These vncouth cauernes better suit my sadnesse
Then my high spheare aboue, whence to all mortals
I shoot my thicke and troubled melancholy.
Say, what's the businesse? say.

Jup. *Ceres*, thy presence
Tels me thy suit is 'bout thy daughters rape.

Ceres. Is she not thine? and canst thou suffer her
To be intoomb'd in hell before her time?

Iuno. Cannot hell swallow your ambitious bastard
But (maugre all these monsters) liues he still?

Phœb. I saw grim *Pluto* in my daily progresse
Hurry her in his chariot ore the earth.

Venus. What could he lesse do if he lou'd the
Lady?

Mars. *Venus* is all for loue.

Mercu. And *Mars* for warre,
Sometimes he runnes a tilt at *Venus* lippes,

You haue many amorous bickerings.

Mars. Well spoke *Mercury*.

Saturne. Come we hither
To trifle, or to censure ? what would *Pluto* ?

Pluto. Keepe whom I haue.

Ceres. Canst suffer't *Jupiter* ?

Herc. I won her from the armes of Stygian *Pluto*,
And being mine, restore her to her mother.

Ceres. And shall not *Ceres* keepe her ? speake great
Ioue.

Jup. Thy censure *Rhadamant*.

Rhad. The Fates, by whom your powers are all
conscrib'd,

Pronounce this doome : If since her first arriue
She hath tasted any food, she must of force
Be euerlastingly confin'd to hell.

Pluto. *Aculaphus*, thou didst attend my Queene,
Hath she yet tasted of our Stygian fruits ?
That we may keepe her still ?

Astu. I saw her in her mouth chaw the moist
graines
Of a Pomegranate.

Ceres. Curst *Aculaphus*,
Il'e adde vnto thy vglinefle, and make thee
A monster, of all monsters most abhor'd.

Pluto. Your censures, oh you Gods, is she not
Pluto's ?

Giue your free censures vp.

All. She must be *Pluto's*.

Ceres. The Gods are partiall all.

Pluto. Welcome my Queene.

Herc. What can *Alcides* more for *Ceres* loue,
Then ransacke hell, and rescue *Proserpine* ?
Needs must our further conquests here take end,
When Gods and Fates against our force contend.

Ceres. Justice, oh justice, thou Omnipotent.
Rob not thy *Ceres* of her beauteous childe,
Either restore my daughter to the earth,
Or banish me to hell.

Saturne. *Ceres* you are fond,
Th'earth cannot want your plenty : your fertility
Will worse become hell scortched barrennesse.
Let's breake this Sessions vp, I am dull.

Iup. You Gods aboue
And powers below, attend the Thunderers voyce,
And to our moderation lend an eare
Of reuerence. *Ceres*, the Fates haue doom'd her
The Bride of *Pluto*; nor is she disparaged
To be the sister of Olimpicke *Ioue*.
The rape that you call force, we title Loue :
Nor is he lesse degree'd faue in his lot,
To vs that sway the heauens. So much for *Pluto*.
Now beauteous *Ceres* we returne to you,
Such is your care to fill the earth with plenty,
To cherish all these fruits, from which the mortals
Ostend their gratitude to vs the Gods
In sacrifice and offrings, that we now
Thus by our dread power, mittigate the strictnesse
Of the Fates doome : we haue not (oh you Gods)
Purpose to do our Stygian brother wrong.
Nor rob the heauens the Planet of the Moone,
By whom the feas are sway'd : Be she confin'd
Below the earth, where be the ebbes and tides ?
Where is her power infus'd in hearbes and plants ?
In trees for buildings ? simples phisicall ?
Or minerall mines ? Therefore indifferent *Ioue*
Thus arbitrates : the yeare we part in twelue,
Cal'd *Moneths of the Moone* : twelue times a yeare
She in full splendor shall supply her orbe,
And shine in heauen : twelue times fill *Pluto's*
armes
Below in hell. When *Ceres* on the earth
Shall want her brightnesse, *Pluto* shall enjoy it,
When heauen containes her, she shall light the earth
From her bright spheare aboue. Parted so euen,
We neither fauour hell, nor gloze with heauen.

Plu. *Pluto* is pleas'd.

Ceres. *Ceres* at length agreed.

Proser. Ioue is all iustice, and hath well decreed.

Iup. Say all the planets thus ?

All. We do.

Iup. Our Sessions we dissolute then. *Hercules,*
We limit you to dragge hence *Cerberus*
To the vpper world, and leauue thee to the vniuerse
Where thou shalt finish all thy *Iouiall* taskes ;
Proceed and thriue. You that to earth belong,
Ascend to your mortality with honors,
The Gods to heauen : *Pluto* and his keepe hell,
The Moone in both by euen attonement dwell.

Excunt three wayes Ceres, Theseus, Philoctetes, and Hercules dragging Cerberus one way : Pluto, hels Judges, the Fates and Furies downe to hell : Iupiter, the Gods and Planets ascend to heauen.

Enter H O M E R.

Our full Sceane's wane, the Moones arraignment ends,
Ioue and his mount, Pluto with his descends.

Poore HOMER's left blinde, and hath lost his way,

And knowes not if he wander or go right,

Vnlesse your fauours their cleare beames display.

But if you daine to guide me through this night,

The acts of Hercules I shall pursue,

And bring him to the thrice-raz'd wals of Troy :

His labours and his death It'e shew to you.

But if what's past your riper iudgements cloy,

Here I haue done : if ill, too much : if well,

Pray with your hands guide HOMER out of hell.

F I N I S.

THE BRAZEN AGE

*The first Act containing,
The death of the Centaure Nessus,*

THE SECOND,
The Tragedy of Meleager :

THE THIRD
The Tragedy of Iason and Medea.

THE FOURTH.
VVLCANS NET.

THE FIFTH.
*The Labours and death of
HERCVLES :*

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

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neere Holborne-Bridge. 1613.



To the Reader.

THough a third brother should not inherite whilst the two elder liue, by the laws of the Land, & therfore it might breed in mee a discouragement, to commit him without any hereditary means, to shift for it selfe in a world so detractiue & calumnious, yet rather presuming vpon the ingenioues, then affraid of the enuious, I have expos'd him to the fortunes of a yonger brother, which is, most commonly, brauely to liue, or desperately to hazard: yet this is my comfort, that what imperfection soever it haue, hauing a brazen face it cannot blush; much like a Pedant about this Towne, who, when all trades fail'd, turn'd *Pedagogue*, & once insinuating with me, borrowed from me certaine Translations of *Ouid*, as his three books *De Arte Amandi*, & two *De Remedio Amoris*, which since, his most brazen face hath most impudently challenged as his own, wherfore I must needs proclaime it as

far as *Ham*, where he now keeps schoole, *Hos ego verficulos feci tulit alter honores*, they were things which out of my iuniority and want of judgement, I committed to the view of some priuate friends, but with no purpose of publishing, or further communicating them. Therfore I wold entreate that *Austin*, for so his name is, to acknowledge his wrong to me in shewing them, & his owne impudence, & ignorance in challenging them. But courteous Reader, I can onely excuse him in this, that this is the *Brazen Age*.



Drammatis Personæ.

H O M E R.

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>Oeneus K. of Calidon.</i> | <i>Mercury.</i> |
| <i>Althea, &</i> | <i>Iuno.</i> |
| <i>Her two brothers.</i> | <i>Mars.</i> |
| <i>Deyancira.</i> | <i>Venus.</i> |
| <i>Meleager.</i> | <i>Gallus.</i> |
| <i>Hercules.</i> | <i>Vulcan.</i> |
| <i>Achelous.</i> | <i>Lychas.</i> |
| <i>Nessus.</i> | <i>Omphale,</i> |
| <i>Iason.</i> | <i>Her maids.</i> |
| <i>Atreus.</i> | <i>Æneas.</i> |
| <i>Tellamon.</i> | <i>Anchises.</i> |
| <i>Nestor.</i> | <i>Laomedon.</i> |
| <i>Medea.</i> | <i>Hesione.</i> |
| <i>Oectes.</i> | <i>Priam.</i> |
| <i>Absyrtus.</i> | <i>Philoctetes.</i> |
| <i>Adonis.</i> | <i>Water Nymphes.</i> |
| <i>Atlanta.</i> | <i>Castor.</i> |
| <i>Apollo.</i> | <i>Pollux.</i> |
| <i>Aurora.</i> | <i>Pyragmon.</i> |
| <i>Jupiter.</i> | |



The Brazen Age,

CONTAINING

The labours and death of Hercules.

Enter H O M E R.

AS the world growes in yeares ('tis the Heauens curse
Mens sinnes increase ; the pristine times were best :
The Ages in their growth wax worse & worse.
The first was pretious, full of golden rest.
Siluer succeeded ; good, but not so pure :
Then loue and harmelesse lusts might currant passe :
The third that followes we finde more obdure,
And that we title by the Age of Brasse.
In this more grosse and courser mettal'd Age,
Tyrants and fierce oppressors we present.
Nephewes that 'gainst their Vnckles wreake their rage,
Mothers against their children discontent,
A syster with her brother at fierce warre,
(Things in our former times not seene or knowne)
But vice with vertue now begins to iarre,

*And sinnes (though not at height) yet great are growne.
Still with our history we shall proceed,
And Hercules victorious acts relate :
His marriage first, next many a noble deed
Perform'd by him : last how he yeelds to Fate.
And these, I hope, may (with some mixtures) passe,
So you fit pleas'd in this our Age of Brasse.*

Actus I. Scœna I.

Enter Oeneus, King of Calidon, Queene Althea, Meleager, Deianeira, Plexippus, and Toxeus, brothers to the Queene.

K. Oen. Thus midst our brothers, daughter,
Queene and sonne,
Sits *Oeneus* crown'd in fertill *Calidon*
Whose age and weakenesse is supported only,
In those ripe ioyes that I receiue from you.

Plex. May we long stand supporters of your roylaltes,
And glad spectators of your age and peace.

Tox. The like I wish.

K. Oen. We haue found you brothers royll,
And subiects loyall.

Althea. They are of our line,
Of which no branch did euer perish yet,
By Cankers, blastings, or dry barrenesse.
But *Meleager* let me turne to thee,
Whose birth the Fates themselues did calculate.

Mel. Pray mother how was that ? I haue heard
you say
Somewhat about my birth miraculous,
But neuer yet knew the true circumstance.

Althea. "Twas thus : the very instant thou wast
borne,
The sisters, that draw, spinne, and clip our liues,

Entred my chamber with a fatall brand,
Which hurling in the fire, thus said: *One day, one
date,*

Betide this brand and childe, cuen be their fate.

So parted they, the brand begins to burne:

And as it wasted, so didst thou consume;
Which I perceiuing, leap't vnto the flame,
And quenching that, stayd thy consumption.

The brand I (as a iewell) haue referu'd,
And keepe it in a casket, lock't as safe
As in thy bosome thou maintaynst thy heart.

Melea. Pray keepe it well: for if not with my
mother,

With whom dare *Meleager* trust his life?

But sister *Deianeira*, now to you.

Two worthy Champions must this day contend,
And try their eminence in Armes for you,
Great Achelous, and strong *Hercules*.

Deia. We know it: my loue must be bought with
blowes,

Not Oratory wins me, but the fword:

He that can braueliest in the lists contend,
Must *Deianeira's* nuptiall bed ascend.

Oen. Brothers, conduct these Champions to the
lists,

Meane time *Althea* state thee on that hand,
On this side *Deianeira* the rich prize
Of their contention.

Melea. Clamors from a farre,

Tell vs these Champions are adrest for warre.

*Enter at one doore the river Achelous, his weapons
borne in by Water-Nymphes. At the other Her-
cules.*

K. Oen. Stand forth you warlike Champions, and
expresse

Your loues to *Deianeira*, in your valours.
As we are *Oeneus* the *Aetolians* King,

And vnder vs command whole *Calidon*,
So we contest we make her here the prize
Of the proud victor.

Ache. Dares the *Theban* bastard
Contend with vs, as we are eldest sonne
Vnto the graue and old *Oceanus*,
And the Nymph *Nais*, borne on *Pindus* mount,
From whence our broad and spacious currents rise
So are we proud to coape with *Hercules*.
Nere let my stremes wash *Acarnania*'s bankes,
Or we confin'de in *Thous*, our grand seat,
Till (by the ruine of *Alcmena*'s sonne)
We lodge bright *Deianeira* in our armes.

Herc. Haue we the *Cleonean* Lyons torne ?
And deck't our shoulders in their honored spoyles ?
The *Calidonian* Boare crusht with our Club ?
The rude *Theffalian* Centaurs funke beneath
Our *Iouiall* hand ? pierc'd hell ? bound *Cerberus* ?
And buffeted so long, till from the fome
The dogge belch't forth strong *Aconitum* spring ?
And shall a petty riuier make our way
To *Deianeira*'s bed impassable ?
Know then the pettiest stremme that flowes through
Greece,

Il'e make thee run thy head below thy bankes,
Make red thy waters with thy vitall bloud,
And spill thy waues in droppes as small as teares,
If thou presum'ft to coape with *Hercules*.

Ache. What's *Hercules* that I should dread his
name ?
Or what's he greater then *Amphitrio*'s sonne ?
When we assiue the name of Demi-god
Not *Proteus* can transf-shape himselfe like vs,
For we command our figure when we please.
Sometimes we like a serpent run along
Our medowy bankes : and sometimes like a Bull
Graze on these strands we water with our stremes.
We can translate our fury to a fire,
And when we fwell, in our fierce torrents fwallow

The Champian plaines, and flow aboue the hils,
Drowne all the continents by which we run ;
Yea *Hercules* himselfe.

Herc. Me *Achelous* !

I can do more then this : loue *Deianeira*,
Swim with her on my shoulders through thy streames,
And with my huge Club beat thy torrents backe,
With thine owne waters quench th' infernall fires
Thy figure serpentine, flat on the earth :
And when th' art Bull, catch fast hold by thy hornes,
And whirle thee 'bout my head thus into ayre.
Thou faire *Aetolian* dame, I cannot wooe,
Nor paint my passions in smooth Oratory,
But fight for thee I can, 'gainst *Achelous*,
Or all the horrid monsters of the earth.

Melea. When 'gins your proud and hostile en-
mity ?

Behold the prize propos'd, the victors meed,
Champions your spirits inkindle at her eyes.

Ache. It is for her this bastard I despise.

Prepare thee *Theban*.

Herc. See, I am adrest

With this to thunder on thy captiue crest.
I cannot bellow in thy bombast phrase
Now deafe these free spectators with my braues.
I cut off words with deeds, and now behold
For me, the eccho of my blowes thus scold.

Alarme. *Achelous* is beaten in, and immediatly enters
in the shape of a *Dragon*.

Herc. Bee'st thou a God or hell-hound thus tran-
shap't,
Thy terrour frights not me, serpent or diuell Il'e pash
thee.

Alarme. He beats away the dragon. Enter a Fury
all fire-workes.

Herc. Fright vs with fire ? our Club shall quench
thy flame,

And beat it downe to hell, from whence it came.

When the Fury finkes, a Bulls head appeares.

Herc. What, yet more monsters ? Serpent, Bull,
and Fire,
Shall all alike taste great *Alcides* ire.

He tugs with the Bull, and pluckes off one of his horns.
Enter from the same place Achelous with his fore-head all bloody.

Ache. No more, I am thy Captiue, thou my Conqueror :

I see, no Magicke, or enchanting spell
Haue power on vertue and true fortitude.
No flight Illusion can deceiue the eyes
Of him that is diuinely resolute.
I lay me at thy feet, a lowly vassaile,
Since thou hast reft me of that precious horne,
Which tearing from my head in shape of Bull,
Thus wounded me. Take *Deianeira* freely,
Onely restore me that rich spoyle thou haft wonne,
Which all the Nymphes and graces dwelling neere,
Shall fill with redolent flowers, and delicate fruits,
And call it *Cornucopie*, plenties horne,
In memory of *Achelous* losse,
And this high conquest won by *Hercules*.

Hercu. Hadst thou not stoopt thy horrid Taurine
shape

I would haue peece-meale rent, and thy tough hide
Torne into rags as thicke as Autumn leaues :
Take thee thy life, and with thy life that spoile
Pluckt from thy mangled front, giue me my loue,
I'le stoare no hornes at winning of a wife.
Giue me bright *Deyaneira*, take that horne,
So late from thy disfigured Temples torn.

Deyan. I haue my prayers, *Alcides* his desires,
Both meete in loue.

Oen. Receiue her *Hercules*,

The conquest of thy warlike fortitude.

Herc. Wee take but what our valour purchast vs,
And beauteous Queene thou shalt assure his loue,
Whose puissant arme shall awe the triple world,
And make the greatest Monarchs of the earth
To thy diuinest beauty tributary.

Meleag. Will *Hercules* stay heere in *Calidon*,
To solemnize the nuptials of our sister ?
I Meleager, rich *Aetolia's* heire,
Whose large dominions stretch to *Oeta* Mount,
And to the bounds of fertile *Theffaly*
Will grace thy Bridals with the greatest pompe
Greece can affoord, nor is't my meanest honour
To be the brother to great *Hercules*.

Herc. Thanks *Meleager*, sojourne heere we cannot,
My step-dame *Juno* tasks me to more dangers :
Wee take thy beauteous sister in our guard,
Whom by *Ioues* aide wee straight will beare to
Thebes.

Oen. A fathers wishes crowne the happiness
Of his faire daughter.

Mel. And a brothers loue
Comfort thee where thou goest : If not with *Hercules*
Whom dare we trust thy safety.

Herc. Not *Ioues* guard
Can circle her with more security.
Time cals vs hence, *Aetolian* Lords farewell.

Oen. Adiew braue sonne, and daughter, onely
happy
In being thus bestowed, come *Achelous*,
With you we'l feast, nor let your foyle deiect you,
Or *Deyaniraes* losse ; he's more then man,
And needes must he do this, that all things can.

Excunt.

Herc. Dares *Deyaneira* trust her persons safety
With vs a stranger, onely knowne by Fame.

Deyn. Wer't gainst the Lyons in *Chimera* bred,
Or those rude Beares that breed in *Caucasus* :

The *Hyrcan* Tigers or the *Syrian* Wolues,
 Nay gainst the Giants that assaulted heauen
 And with their shoulders made those bases shake
 That prop *Olimpus* : liu'd *Enceladus*
 With whom *Ioue* wrestled, euen against those monsters,
 I'de thinke me safe incircled in these armes.

Herc. Thou art as safe as if immur'd in heauen,
 Pal'd with that Christall wall that girts *Ioues* house,
 Where all the Gods inhabite, built by fate,
 Stay, I should know that Centaure.

Enter Neffus.

Neff. That's *Hercules* I know him by his Club,
 Whose ponderous weight I felt vpon my Skull
 At the great Bridall of the *Lapithes*.
 What louely Ladie's shee that in her beauty
 So much exceeds faire *Hypodamia* ?

Herc. Oh *Neffus*, thou of all thy cloud-bred race,
 Alone didst scape by trusling to thy heeles
 At *Hypodamia*'s Bridals, but we now
 Are friends, are wee not *Neffus* ?

Neff. Yes great *Hercules*,
 (Till I can find fit time for iust reuendge)
 Methinkes my braines still rattle in my skull
 What Ladie's that in great *Axides* Guard ?

Herc. *Deyaneira*, daughter to the *Aetolian* King,
 Sister to *Meleager*, now our Bride ;
 Wonne by the force of armes from *Achelous*,
 The boysterous flood that flowes through *Calidon*.

Neff. A double enuy burnes in all my veines,
 First for reuenge ; next, that he shoulde enioy
 That beauteous maide whom *Neffus* dearely loues.
 Will *Hercules* commande me ? or his Bride ?
 I'le lackey by thee wherefo're thou goest,
 And be the vassall to great *Hercules*.

Herc. We are bound for *Thebes*, but soft, what
 torrent's this

That intercepts our way ? How shall we passe
These raging stremes ?

Neff. This is *Euenus* floud,
A dangerous current, full of whirle-pooles deepe,
And yet vnsondued : dar'st thou trust thy Bride
On *Nessus* backe ? I'le vndertake to swimme her
Vnto the furthest strand, vpon my shoulders,
And yet not laue her shooe.

Herc. I'le pay thee for thy waftage Centaure,
well,

And make thee Prince of all thy by-form'd race,
If thou willt do this grace to *Hercules* :
But ferry her with safety, for by *Ioue*,
If thou but make her tremble in these stremes,
Or let the least wawe dash against her skirt ;
If the least feare of drowning pale her cheeke,
I'le pound thee smaller then the Autumne dust
Tost by the warring winds ?

Neff. Haue I not fwomme
The *Hellesepont*, when waues high as yon hils
Tost by the winds, haue crown'd me, yet in spight
Of all their briny weight I haue wrought my selfe
Aboue the topmost billow to ore-looke
The troubled maine : come beauteous *Deyaneira*,
Not *Charon* with more safety ferries soules,
Then I will thee through this impetuous foord.

Herc. Receiue her Centaure, and in her the
wealth

And potency of mighty *Hercules*.

Neff. Now my reuenge for that inhumaine ban-
quet,
In which so many of the Centaures fell,
I'le rape this Princesse, hauing past the floud.
Come beauteous *Deyaneira*, mount my shoulders,
And feare not your safe waftage. *Exeunt.*

Herc. That done returne for vs : faire *Deianeira*,
White as the garden lilly, pyren snow,
Or rocks of Christall hardned by the Sunne :

Thou shalt be made the potent Queene of *Thebes*,
 And all my *Iouiall* labours shall to thee
 Be consecrate, as to *Alcides* loue.
 Well plunged bold Centaure, how thy boysterous
 breft
 Plowes vp the streames : thou through the swelling
 tides,
 Sail'st with a freight more rich and beautifull,
 Then the best ship cram'd with *Pangeous* gold :
 With what a swift dexterity he parts
 The mutinous waues, whose waters claspe him round.
 He plaies and wantons on the curled streames,
 And *Deyanira* on his shoulders fits
 As safe, as if she stear'd a pine-tree barke.
 They grow now towards the shore : my club and
 armes
 I'le first cast or'e the deepe *Euenus* foord,
 But from my fide my quiuer shall not part,
 Nor this my trusty bow.

Deyan. Helpe *Hercules*.

Within.

Herc. "Twas *Deyaneiraes* voyce.

Deyan. The Traytor *Neffus*

Seekes to despoile mine honour, *Ioue*, you Gods :
 Out trayterous Centaure : Helpe great *Hercules*.

Herc. Hold, lust-burnt Centaure, 'tis *Alcides* cals
 Or swifter then *Ioues* lightning, my fierce vengeance
 Shall crosse *Euenus*.

Deyan. Oh, oh.

Herc. Darst thou deuill ?

Couldst thou clime Heauen or finke below the Center
 So high, so low, my vengeance should persue thee,
 Hold ; if I could but fixe thee in my gripes,
 I'de teare thy limbes into more Atomies
 Then in the Summer play before the Sunne.

Deyan. Helpe *Hercules* (out dog) *Alcides* helpe.

Herc. I'le fend till I can come, this poisonous
 shaft

Shall speake my fury and extract thy bloud,

Till I my selfe can crosse this raging floud.

Hercules shoots, and goes in : Enter Neffus with an arrow through him, and Deianira.

Neff. Thy beauty *Deyancira* is my death,
And yet that *Neffus* dies embracing thee,
Takes from my fences all those torturing pangues
That should associate death : to shew I lou'd thee,
I'le leaue thee, in my will, a legacy ;
Shall stead thee more, then should thy father giue
thee

Vnto thy Dower the Crowne of *Calidon*.

Of such great vertue is my liuing bloud,
And of such prize, that couldst thou valew it,
Thou wouldst not let one drop fall to the ground :
But oh I die.

Deyan. Teach me to rate it truely.

Neff. Now *Neffus*, in thy death be aueng'd on
him

On whom in life thou couldst not wreake thy rage :
(My bloud is poison) all these pure drops saue,
Which I bequeath thee ere I take my graue :
I know thy Lord lasciuious, bent to lust,
Witness the fifty daughters of King *Thespeius*,
Whom in one night he did adulterate :
And of those fifty begot fifty sonnes :
Now if in all his guests, he be with-held
By any Ladies loue, and stay from thee,
Such is the vertue of my bloud now shed,
That if thou dipst a shirt, sleept in the least
Of all these drops, and fendlst it to thy Lord,
No sooner shall it touch him, but his loue
Shall die to strangers, and reuiue to thee,
Make vse of this my loue.

Deyan. Centaure, I will.

Neff. And so, whom *Neffus* cannot, do thou kill,
Still dying men speake true : 'tis my last cry,
Sauē of my bloud, 'tmay stede thee ere thou die.

Deyan. Though I my loue mistrust not, yet this counsell
I'le not despise: this if my Lord should stray,
Shall to my desolate bed teach him the way.

Enter Hercules.

Herc. After long strugling with *Euenus* streames,
I forc't the riuier beare me on her brest,
And land me safely on this further strand,
To make an end of what my shaft begunne,
The life of *Nessus*, liues the Centaure yet?

Deyan. Behold him grouelling on the fencelesse earth,
His wounded breast transfixt by *Hercules*.

Herc. That the luxurious flauue were fencible
Of torture; not th' infernals with more pangues
Could plague the villaine then *Alcides* shou'd.

Ixions bones rackt on the torturing wheele
Should be a pastime: the three snake-hair'd sisters,
That lash offenders with their whips of steele,
Should seeme to dally, when with euery string
They cut the flesh like razors: but the dead
Wee hate to touch, as cowardly and base,
And vengeance not becomming *Hercules*.

Come *Deyaneira*, first to consummate
Our high espowfals in triumphant *Thebes*,
That done, our future labours wee'l perfue,
And by the assistance of the powers Diuine,
Strive to act more then *Juno* can affigne.

*Exit.**Enter HOMER.*

Faire Deyaneira unto Thebes being guided,
And Hercules espousals solemnized,
Hee for his further labours foone prouided,
As Juno by Euritius had deuised.
The Apples of Hesperia firſt he wan,
Mauger huge Atlas that supports the ſpheares:

And whilst the Gyant on his busynesse ran ;
Alcides takes his place, and proudly beares
The heauens huge frame : thence into Scithia hies,
And there the Amazonian Baldricke gaines,
By conquering Menalip (a braue prise)
The warlike Quene that ore the Scithians raignes.
That hee supported heauen, doth well expresse
His Astronomicke skill, knowledge in starres :
They that such practise know, what do they lesse
Then beare heauens weight : so of the Lernean warres,
Where he the many-headed Hydra slew,
A Serpent of t.iat nature, when his sword
Par'd off one head, from that another grew.
This shewed his Logicke skill : from euery word
And argument confuted, there arise
From one a multiplicite, therefore we
Poets and such as are esteemed wise,
Instruct the world by such morality.
To conquer Hydra showed his powerfull skill
In disputation, how to argue well.
(By all that understand in custome still)
And in this Art did Hercules excell.
Now we the Agyptian tyrant must present,
Bloody Busiris, a king fell and rude,
One that in murder pla't his sole content,
With whose sad death our first Act we conclude.

Enter Busyris with his Guard and Priests to sacrifice ;
to them two strangers, Busyris takes them and kils
them vpon the Altar : enter Hercules disguis'd,
Busyris sends his Guard to apprehend him, Her-
cules discouering himselfe beates the Guard, kils
Busyris and sacrificeth him vpon the Altar, at
which there fals a shower of raine, the Priests offer
Hercules the Crowne of Agypt which he refuseth.

HOMER. In Agypt there of long time fell no raine,
For which vnto the Oracle they sent :
Answeres return'd, that till one stranger slaine,

*Immori'd shall be the Marble firmament.
Therefore the Tyrant all these strangers kils
That enter Ægypt, till Alcides came
And with the tyrants bulke the Altar fils :
At whose red slaughter fell a plenteous raine.
For he that stranger and usurper was,
Whose bloudy fate the Oracle forespake.
But for a while we let Alcides passe,
Whom these of Ægypt would their soueraigne make,
For freeing them from such a tyrants rage ;
Now Meleager next must fill our stage.*

Actus 2. Scœna 2.

Enter Venus like a Huntresse, with Adonis.

Venus. Why doth *Adonis* flye the Queene of loue ?
And shun this Iuory girdle of my armes ?
To be thus scarft the dreadfull God of warre
Would giue me conquered kingdomes : For a kisse
(But halfe like this) I could command the Sunne
Rise 'fore his houre, to bed before his time :
And (being loue-ficke) change his golden beames,
And make his face pale, as his sister Moone.
Come, let vs tumble on this violet banke :
Pre'thee be wanton ; let vs toy and play,
Thy Icy fingers warme betweene my breasts ;
Looke on me *Adon* with a stedfast eye,
That in these Christall glasses I may see
My beauty, that charmes Gods, makes men amaz'd,
And stownd with wonder : doth this roseat pillow
Offend my loue ? come, wallow in my lap,
With my white fingers I will clap thy cheeke,
Whisper a thousand pleasures in thine eare.

Adonis. Madame, you are not modest : I affect

The vnseene beauty that adorneſ the minde.
This looſenesſe makes you fowle in *Adons* eye :
If you will tempt me, let me in your face
Reade bluſhfulnesſe, and feare ; a modest bluſh
Would make your cheeke ſeeme much more beautiſull.
If you will wiſper pleaſure in mine eare,
Praife chauſtity, or with your lowd voyce ſhrill
The tunes of hornes, and hunting ; they please
beſt :

I'le to the chafe, and leauē you to the reſt.

Venus. Thou art not man ; yet wer't thou made of
ſtone,

I haue heate to melt thee. I am Queene of loue,
There is no practiue art of dalliance
Of which I am not Miſtrefle, and can vſe.
I haue kiſſes that can muſter vnkinde words,
And ſtrangle hatred, that the gall ſends forth :
Touches to raife thee, were thy ſpirits halfe dead :
Words that can powre affection downe thine eares.
Loue me ! thou cauſt not chufe, thou ſhalt not
chufe.

Am I not *Venus* ? Hadſt thou *Cupids* arrowes,
I ſhould haue tooke thee to haue beene my fonne :
Art thou ſo like him, and yet cauſt not loue ?
I thiſke you are brothers.

Adonis. Madame, you wooe not well, men couet
not

These proffered pleaſures ; but loue-sweets deny'd :
What I command, that cloyes my appetiſte ;
But what I cannot come by I adore.
These proſtituted pleaſures furſet ſtill,
Where's feare, or doubt, men ſue with beſt good
will.

Venus. Thou cauſt iſtruct the Queene of loue
in loue.

Thou ſhalt not (*Adon*) take me by the hand,
Yet if thou needs wilt force me, theres my
palme.

I'le frowne on him (alas ! my brow's ſo ſmooth

It will not beare a wrinkle :) hye thee hence
 Vnto the chace, and leaue me : but not yet,
 Il'e sleepe this night vpon *Endimions* banke,
 On which the Swaine was courted by the Moone.
 Dare not to come, thou art in our disgrace ;
 (Yet if thou come I can affoord thee place.)

Adonis. I must begone.

Venus. Sweet whither ?

Adonis. To the Chace.

Venus. What doest thou hunt ?

Adonis. The Calidonian Boare,

To which the Princes and best spirits of *Greece*
 Are now assembled.

Venus. I beshrew thee boy,
 That very word strooke from my heart all ioy :
 It startled mee, me thinkes I see thee dye
 By that rude Boare. Hunt thou the beasts that flye,
 The wanton Squirrell, or the trembling Hare,
 The crafty Fox : these pastimes feareleffe are.
 The greedy Wolues, and fierce Beares arm'd with
 clawes,
 Rough sholdred Lyons, such as glut their iawes
 With heards at once, Fell Boares, let them passe by,
Adon, these looke not with thy *Venus* eye.
 They iudge not beauty, nor distinguishe youth,
 These are their prey ; My pitty, loue and ruth
 Lives not in them. Oh to thy selfe be kinde,
 Thou from their mouthes, my kisles shalt not find.

Winde hornes within.

Adonis. The summons to the chace, *Venus* adue.

Ven. Leaue those, turne head, chuse those thou
 maist pursue.

Adonis. I am resolu'd, Il'e helpe to rouze yon
 beast.

Venus. Thou art to deere his sauadge throat to
 feast.

Forbear.

Adonis. In vaine.

Venus. Appoyn特 when we shall meet.

Adonis. After the chace. Farewell then.

Venus. Farewell sweet.

Adonis. This kissing.

Venus. *Adon,* guard thee well, exprefie
Thy loue to me, in being of thy felfe
Carefull and chary : they that raze thy skin
Wound me. Be wife my *Adon.*

Adon. Never doubt.

So then. *He kiffeth her.*

Venus. But lip-labour, yet ill left out. *Exeunt.*

Winde hornes. Enter with Iauelings, and in greene,
Meleager, Theseus, Telamon, Castor, Pollux, Iason,
Peleus, Nestor, Atreus, Toxeus, Plexippus.

Melea. The cause of this conuention (Lords of
Greece)

Needs no expression ; and yet briefly thus :

Oeneus our father, the *Ætolians* King,
Of all his fruits and plenty, gaue due rights
To all the Gods and Goddesses, *Ioue, Ceres,*
Bacchus, and Pallas ; but among the rest,
Diana he neglects : for which inrag'd,
She hath sent (to plague vs) a huge sauadge Boare,
Of an vn-measured height and magnitude.

What better can describe his shape and terror

Then all the pittious clamours shrild through *Greece?*
Of his depopulations, spoyles, and preyes ?
His flaming eyes they sparkle bloud and fire,
His bristles poynted like a range of pikes
Ranck't on his backe : his foame snowes where he
feeds

His tuskes are like the Indian Oliphants.

Out of his iawes (as if *Ioues* lightning flew)
He scortches all the branches in his way,
Plowes vp the fields, treads flat the fields of graine.
In vain the Sheepheard or his dogge secures
Their harmlesse fowlds. In vaine the furious Bull
Striues to defend the heard ore which he lords.

The Collonies into the Citties flye,
And till immur'd, they thinke themselues not safe.
To chace this beast we haue met on *Oeta* mount,
Attended by the nobleſt ſpirits of *Greece*.

Tela. From populous *Salamine* I *Telamon*
Am at thy faire request, King *Meleager*,
Come to behold this beast of *Calidon*,
And prove my vertue in his ſterne purſuite.

Iafon. Not *Meleagers* loue, more then the zeale
I beare my honour, hath drawne *Iafon* hither,
To this aduenture, yet both forcible
To make me try ſtrange maiftieries 'gainſt that monſter,

Whose fury hath ſo much amaz'd all *Greece*.

Castor. That was the caufe I *Castor*, with my brother
Pollux, arriu'd, and left our ſister *Hellen*
Imbrac't by our old father *Tyndarus*,
To rouze this beast.

Pollux. Let vs no more be held
The fonnes of *Læda*, and begot by *Ioue*,
Brothers, and cal'd the two *Tyndarian* twins
If we returne not crimson'd in the ſpoiles
Of this fierce Boare.

Neflōr. To that end *Neflōr* came.
Neflōr, that hath already liu'd one age,
And entred on the fecond, to the third
May I nere reach, if part of that wilde ſwine
I bring not home to *Pylos* where I reigne.

Atr. My yong fon *Agamemnon*, and his brother
Prince *Menelaus*, in his fwathes at home,
Without ſome honour purchaſt on this Boare,
May I no more fee, or *Mycenes* visit.

Tref. Well ſpeakes *Atreus*, and his noble acts
Stil equalize his language. Shall not *Theseus*
Venter as farre as any þ heauens you know
I dare as much 'gainſt any mortall foe.

Tox. Wher's *Hercules*, that at this noble buſines
He is not preſent, being neere ally'd

To *Meleager*, hauing late espowfed
His sister *Deianeira*?

Plex. He's for *Busiris*, that *Egyptian* tyrant.

Mel. Else noble valour, he would haue bin first
To haue purchast honour in this hauty quest.

Enter Atlanta with a Iuelin. Hornes winded.

Atl. Haile princes, let it not offend this troop,
That I a Princes and *Atlanta* cald,
A virgin Huntresse, preffe into the field,
In hope to double guild my Iuelins poynt
In bloud of yon wilde swine.

Melea. *Virgineam in puerō, puerilem in virgine vultum.*

Afpicio. Oh you Gods! or make her mine,
Stated with vs the *Calidonian* Queene,
Or let this monstrous beast confound me quite,
And in his vast wombe bury all my fate.
Beauteous *Atlanta* welcome, grace her princes
For *Melcagers* honour.

Iason. Come, shal's vncupple Lords,
Some plant the toiles, others brauely mount,
To vn-den this sauadge.

Melea. Time and my bashfull loue
Admits no courtship, Lady ranke with vs.
I'l'e be this day your guardian, and a shield
Betweene you and all danger.

Atlant. We are free,
And in the chace will our owne guardian be.
Shals to the field, my Iuelin and these shafts,
Pointed with death, shall with the formost flye,
And by a womans hand the beast shall dye.

Enter Adonis winding his horne.

Melea. As bold as faire; but soft, whose bugle's
that
Which cals vs to the chace? *Adonis* yours?

Adonis. Mine oh you noble *Greekes*, we haue
couered
The dreadfull monster wallowing in his den :
The toyles are fixt, the huntsmen plac't on hils
Prest for the charge, the fierce *Theffalian* hounds
With their flagge eares, ready to sweep the dew
From the moist earth : their breasts are arm'd with
steele,
Against the encounter of so grim a beast.
The hunters long to vncupple, and attend
Your presence in the field.

Atlanta. Follow *Atlanta*.
Il'e try what prince will seconde me in field,
And make his Iaelins point shake euen with mine.

Melea. That *Meleagers* shall.

Tela. Nor *Telamon*
Will come behinde *Atlanta*, or the Prince.

Iafon. Charge brauely then your Iaelins, send
them singing
Through the cleare aire, and aime them at yon fiend,
Den'd in the quechy bogge, the signall Lords.

All. Charge, charge.
a great winding of hornes, & shouts.

Meleag. Princes, shrill your Bugles free,
And all *Atlanta's* danger fall on me.

Enter Iafon and Telamon.

Iafon. This way, this way, renowned *Telamon*,
The Boare makes through yon glade ; and from the
hils
He hurries like a tempest : In his way
He prostrates trees, and like the bolt of *Ioue*,
Shatters where ere he comes.

Tela. *Diana's* wrath
Sparkles grim terrour from his fiery eyes :
One Iaelin pointed with the purest brasie,
I haue blunted 'gainst his ribs ; yet he vnscar'd,
The head, as darted 'gainst a rocke of marble,

Rebounded backe.

Iason. He shakes off from his head
Our best *Theffalian* dogges, like Sommer flies :
Nor can their sharpe phangs fasten on his hide.
Follow the cry.

A shout. Enter Caflor and Pollux.

Caflor. Wher's noble *Telamon* ?

Pollux. Or warlike *Iason* ?

Iason. Here you *Tyndarides*,
Speake, which way bends this plague of *Calidon* ?

Caflor. Here may you stand him, for behold he comes

Like a rough torrent, swallowing where he spreads,
Ouer his head a cloud of terrour hangs
In which leane death (as in a Chariot) rides,
Darting his shafts on all fides : 'mongst the Princes
Of fertill *Greece*, *Anceus* bowels lye
Strewd on the earth, torne by his rauenous tuskes :
And had not *Nestor* (by his Iaelins helpe)
Leap't vp into an Oke to haue scap't his rage,
He had now perisht in his second Age.

Pollux. *Peleus* is wounded, *Pelepon* lies flaine,
Eupalemon hath all his body rent
With an oblique wound : yet *Meleager* still,
And *Theseus*, and *Atreus*, with the rest,
Pursue the chace, with Boare-speares cast so thicke,
That where they flye, they seeme to darke the ayre,
And where they fall, they threaten imminent ruine.

Iason. To these wee'l adde our fury, and our fire,
And front him, though his brow bare figured hell,
And euery wrinkle were the gulfe of Styx
By which the Gods contest : Come noble *Telamon*
Diana's monster by our hands shall fall,
Or (with the Princes flaine) let's perish all. *Exeunt.*

Hornes and shouts. Enter Meleager, Atlanta.

Meleag. Thou beauteous *Nonacris*, *Arcadia's* pride,

How hath thy valour with thy fortune ioyn'd,
 To make thee staine the generall fortitude
 Of all the Princes we derive from *Greece*,
 Thy launces poynt hath on yon armed monster,
 Made the first wound, and the first crimson droppe
 Fell from his side, thy ayme and arme extracted,
 Thy fame shall neuer dye in *Calidon*.

Atl. We trifle heere, what shall *Atlanta* gaine
 The first wounds honour, and be absent from
 The monsters death, we must haue hand in both.

Melea. Thou hast purchast honour and renoune
 enough,
 Oh staine not all the generall youth of *Greece*,
 By thy too forward spirit. Come not neere
 Yon rude blood-thirsty sauadge, lest he prey
 On thee, as on *Anceus*, and the rest,
 Let me betweene thee and all dangers stand. *Hornes*.
 Fight, but fight safe beneath our puissant hand.

Atl. The cry comes this way, all my shafts Il'e
 spend.
 To give the fury that affrights vs, end.

Melea. And ere that monster on *Atlanta* pray,
 This point of steele shal through his hart make way.

Exeunt.

After great shouts, enter Venus.

Venus. *Adonis*, thou that makest *Venus* a
 Huntresle,
 Leauie *Paphos*, *Gnidon*, *Eryx*, *Erecine*,
 And *Amathon*, with precious mettals bigge,
 Mayst thou this day liue bucklerd in our wing,
 And shadowed in the amorous power of loue :
 My swannes I haue vnyoakt, and from their necks
 Tane of their bridles made of twisted filke.
 And from my chariot stucke with Doues white plumes
 Lighted vpon this verdure, where the Boare
 Hath in his fury snow'd his scattered foame.

A cry within.

What cry was that? It was *Adonis* sure.
That piercesant shrike shrild through the musicall
pipes
Of his sweete voyces organs, thou *Diana*
If thou hast sent this fiende to ruin loue,
Or print the least skarre in my *Adons* flesh
Thy chastity I will abandon quite,
And with my loosenesse, blast thy *Cinthian* light.

*Enter Theseus and Neflōr, bringing in Adonis wounded
to death.*

Theseus. There lie most beauteous of the youths of
Greece,

Whose death I will not mourne, ere I reuengē.

Neflōr. I'le second thee, thou pride of *Greece*
adiew,

Whom too much valor in thy prime ore-threw. *Exit.*

Venus. Y'are not mine eyes, for they to see him
dead

Would from their soft beds drop vpon the earth :
Or in their owne warme liquid moisture drowne
Their natvie brightnesse : th'art not *Venus* heart,
For wert thou mine, at this sad speētacle
Th'dſt breake these ribs though they were made of
brasse,

And leap out of my bosome instantly.

My sorrowes like a populous throng, all striuing

At once to passe through some inforced breach,

In stead of winning passage stop the way,

And so the greatest hast, breeds the most stay.

Oh mee! my multiplicity of sorrowes,

Makes me almost forget to grieue at all.

Speake, speake, my *Adon*, thou whom death hath fed
on

Ere thou wast yet full ripe ; and this thy beautie's
Deuour'd ere tasted. Eye, where's now thy bright-
nesse?

Or hand thy warmth ? Oh that such louely parts

Should be by death thus made unferuiceable.
 That (liuest then) had the power to intrance *Ioue*:
 Rauish, amaze, and surfet, all these pleasures
Venus hath lost by thy vntimely fall.
 And therefore for thy death eternally
Venus shall mourne, *Earth* shall thy trunke deuoure,
 But thy liues blood I'le turne into a flower,
 And euery Month in sollemne rights deplore,
 This beauteous *Greeke* slaine by *Dianaes* Boare. *Exit.*

The fall of the Boare being winded, Meleager with the head of the Boare, Atlanta, Nestor, Toxeus, Plexippus, Iason, Theseus, &c. with their iauellins bloudied.

Mel. Thus lies the terror that but once to day
 Aw'd all the boldest hearts of *Calidon*
 Wallowing and weltering in his native bloud,
 Transfixt by vs, but brauely seconded,
 By noble *Iason*, *Theseus*, *Peleus*,
Telamon, *Nestor*, the *Tyndarides*,
 And our bold vnkles, al our bore-speares stain'd
 And gory hands lau'd in his reeking bloud,
 To whom belongs this braue victorious spoile?

All. To *Meleager* Prince of *Calidon*.

Mel. Is that your generall suffrage?

Iason. Let not *Greece*
 Suffer such merite vnregarded passe,
 Or valour liue vnguerdon'd, that fel Swine
 Whom yet, euen dead, th' amazed people feare,
 And dare not touch but with astonishment
 Fell by thy hand.

Tel. Thou stodst his violence,
 Til thy sharpe Iauelin grated gainst his braines,
 Beneath his shield thou entred'st to his heart.
 At that we guirt him till a thousand wounds,
 Hee from a thousand hands receiu'd at once:
 And in his fall it seem'd the earth did groane,
 And the fixt Center tremble vnder him.

Castor. The spoile is thine, the yong *Adonis* death,
Aeneus slaughter, and the massacre
Of *Archas*, *Pelagon*, *Eupateinon*
And all the *Grecian* Princes lost this day,
Thou hast reueng'd, therefore be thine the fame,
Which with a generall voyce *Greece* shall proclaimc.

Mel. Princes wee thanke you, 'tis mine giuen me
free.

Which faire *Atlanta* we bestow on thee.

Tox. Ha, to a woman.

Plex. And so many men,
Ingag'd in't, call backe thy gift againe.

Cast. *Greece* is by this disparaged, and our fame
Fowly eclipsit.

Pollux. Snatch't from that emulous Dame.

Mel. Murmur you Lords at *Meleagers* bounty,
We first bestow'd it as our owne by guift,
Yea, and by right, but now we render it
'To bright *Atlanta*, as her owne by due

As shee that from the Boare the first bloud drew.

Nef. We must not suffer this disgrace to *Greece*.

Atre. Let women claime 'mongst women emi-
nence,

Our Lofty spirits, that honour haue in chace,
Cannot disgest wrongs womanish and base.

Cast. Restore this woman and thy sex enuy
For fortitude, aime not at quests so hye.

Iason. *Castor* forbear.

Tella. Hee giues but what's his owne.

Thef. Tis the Kings bounty.

Mel. By the immortall Gods,
That gaue vs this daies honour, the same hand
By which the *Calidonian* terror fell,
Shall him that frownes or murmurs lanch to hell.

All. That will we try.

Mel. Then reskue for *Atlanta*,
This day shall fall for thee, that art diuine,
Monsters more fauadge then *Dianaes* swine.

A strange confused fray, Toxeus and Plexippus are slaine by Meleager, Iason and Tellamon stand betweene the two factions.

Iaf. No more, no more, behold your vnkles
slaine,

Sauē in this act two Noble Gentlemen,
Pursue not fury to the spoile of *Greece*,
And death of more braue Princes : let your rage
Be here confin'de, cut off this purple streeame
In his mid course, and turne this torrent backe
Which in his fury else may drown'd vs all.

Tel. I second *Iason* and expose my selfe,
Betweene these factions to compose a peace.

Mel. Wee haue done too much already, impious
fury,

How boundlesse is thy power : vncircumscribed
By thought or reason, th'art all violence,
Thy end repentance, sorrow and distast :
How will *Althea* take her brothers death
From her sons hand, but rash deeds executed
May be lamented, neuer be recal'd.
Shall the furuiuers bee atton'd ?

Atreus. So it be done with honour on both parts
Wee haue swords to guard our fortunes and our liues,
And but an equall language will keepe both
Thus at the point.

Thef. Ioyne hands renowned *Princes*,
The fury of the Prince of *Calidon*
Hath prey'd but on his owne, there let it end,
No further by your vrgent spleenes extend.

Castor. We are appeas'd.

Iason. Lords freely then embrace.

Mel. First then, wee'lē royally interre our vnkles,
And spend some teares vpon their funerall rites,
That done wee'lē in our Palace feast these Princes,
With bright *Atlanta*, whom wee'lē make our Queene.
Our Vnkles once bestow'de into the earth,
Our mournings shall expire in Eridall mirth. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Oeneus and Althea, meeting the bodies of their two brothers borne.

Oen. Come to the Temple there to sacrifice
For these glad tydings, since the Boare lies dead,
That fil'd our kingdome with such awe and dread.

Alth. What ioy names *Oeneus* in this spe&tacle ?
This of a thousand the most sad and tragicke,
Whose murdered trunkes be these ?

Seru. Your royall brothers,
Prince *Toxeus* and *Plexippus*.

Althea. Speake, how flaine ?

Seru. Not by the Boare, but by your sons owne
hand.

Althea. By *Meleagers*, how ? vpon what quarrell
Could the proud boy ground such a damned act ?

Seru. Your sonne to faire *Atlanta* gaue the pris
Of this daies trauell, which for, they withstood
In mutinous armes they losse their vitall blouds.

Alth. Shall I reuenge or mourne them.

Oen. O strange fate.

An obiect that must shorten *Oeneus* daies,
And bring these winter haires to a sad Tombe
Long ere their date ; I sinke beneath these sorrowes
Into my blacke and timelesse monument.

Althea. My sorrowes turne to rage, my teares to
fire,
My praiers to curses, vowes into reuenge.

Oen. Peace, peace my Queene, let's beare the
Gods vindiction
With patience, as wee did *Dianaes* wrath :
Where Gods are bent to punish, we may grieue
But can our felues nor succour, nor relieue.
Come, let vs do to them their latest rites,
Wait on their Hearses in our mourning blacke ;
Their happy soules are mounted 'boue the spheares,
We'le wash their bodies in our funerall teares. *Exit.*

Manet Althea.

Althea. Althea what distraction's this within thee ?

A sister or a mother wilt thou bee ?
 Since both I cannot, (for these Princes flaine)
 Sister I chuse, a mothers name disdaine :
 The fatall brand in which the murderers life
 Securely lies, I'le hurle into the fire
 And as it flames, so shall the flauue expire.
 Mischeife I'le heape on mischeife, bad on ill,
 Wrong pay with wrongs, and slaughter these that kill.
 And since the Gods would all our glories thrall,
 I will with them haue chiefe hand in our fall.
 But hee's my sonne : oh pardon me deere brothers,
 Being a mother if I spare his life;
 Though it be fit his sinne bee plaug'd with death,
 And that his life lie in yon fatall brand,
 'Twill not come fitly from a mothers hand.
 Is this the hope of all my ten months paine,
 Must he by th' hand that nurst him now be flaine ?
 Would he had perisht in his cradle, when
 I gaue him twice life : in his birth, and then
 When I the brand snatcht from the rauenous flame,
 And for this double good, hast thou with shame
 And iniury repaide me ? I will now
 A sister be, no mother, for I vow
 Reuenge and death ; Furies, affist my hand
 Whilst in red flames I cast his vitall brand.

Exit.

*A banquet, enter Meleager, Iason, Theseus, Castor,
 Pollux, Nestor, Peleus, Atreus, Atlanta.*

Meleag. For faire *Atlanta*, and your Honours,
 Lords

We banquet you this day : and to beginne
 Our festiuals we'le crowne this *Iouiall* health
 Vnto our brother, *Theban Hercules*,
 And *Deyaneira*, will you pledge it Lords ?

Iason. None but admire and loue their matchlesse
 worths,

Not faire *Atlanta* will refuse this health.

Atlan. You beg of mee a pledge, I'le take it
Iason,

As well for his sake that beginnes the round,
As those to whom 'tis vow'd.

Tell. Well spoke *Atlanta*, but I wonder Lords
What Prouince now holds *Theban Hercules*?

Thef. He is the mirrour and the pride of *Greece*,
And shall in after ages be renoun'd,
But we forget his health, come *Tellamon*
Aime it at mee.

A fire. Enter Althea with a brand.

Althea. Assist my rage you sterne *Eumenides*,
To you this blacke deed will I consecrate.
Pitty away, hence thou consanguine loue,
Maternall zeale, parentall piety.
All cares, loues, duties, offices, affections,
That grow 'weene sonnes and mothers, leauue this
place ;
Let none but furies, murders, paracides,
Be my assistants in this dam'd attempt :
All that's good and honest, I confine,
Blacke is my purpose ; Hell my thoughts are thine.

Mel. To bright *Atlanta* this lowd musicke fownd,
Her health shall with our loftiest straines be crown'd.

Althea. Drinke, quaffe, be blith ; oh how this
festiuie ioy
Stirs vp my fury to reuenge and death,
Thus, thus (you Gods aboue, abiect your eies
From this vnnaturall act) the murderer dies.

Shee fires the brand.

Mel. Oh, oh.

Atlan. My Lord.

Mel. I burne, I burne.

Iason. What fuddaine passion's this ?

Mele. The flames of hell, and *Pluto's* sightlesse
fires,

Are through my entrals and my veines dispierst,
Oh !

Tell. My Lord take courage.

Mel. Courage, *Tellamon*?

I haue a heart dares threate or challenge hell,
A brow front heauen; a hand to challenge both:
But this my paine's beyond all humane sufferance,
Or mortall patience.

Althea. What hast thou done *Althea*? slay thy fury,

And bring not these strange torments on thine owne.
Thou hast too much already, backe my hand,
And faue his life as thou conseruest this brand.

She takes out the brand.

Atlan. How cheeres the warlike Prince of *Calidon*?

Mel. Well now, I am at ease and peace within,
Whither's my torture fled? that with such suddennesse
Hath freed me from disturbance, were we ill?
Come fit againe to banquet, musicke fownd,
Till this to *Deyaneiraes* health go round.

Althea. Shall mirth and ioy crowne his degenerate head?

Whilst his cold Vnkles on the earth lie spread?
No, wretched youth whilst this hand can destroy,
I'le cut thee off in midst of all thy ioy.

She fires the brand.

Mel. Againe, Againe.

Althea. Burne, perish, wast, fire, sparkle, and consume

And all thy vitall spirits flie with this fume.

Mel. Still, still, there is at *Ætna* in my bosome
The flames of *Stix*, and fires of *Acheron*
Are from the blacke *Chimerian* shades remou'd,
And fixt heere, heere; oh for *Euenus* floud,
Or some coole streame, to shoothe his currents through
My flaming body, make thy channell heere
Thou mighty floud that streamest through *Calidon*
And quench me, all you springs of *Theffaly*
Remoue your heads, and fixe them in my veines
To coole me, oh!

Iafon. Defend vs heauen, what fuddaine extasy

Or vnexpected torture hath disturb'd
His health and mirth ?

Mel. Worse then my torment,
That I must die thus, thus, that the Boare had slaine
me

Happy *Anceus* and *Adonis* blest,
You died with fame, and honour crownes your rest ;
My flame increaseth still, oh father *Oeneus*
And you *Althea*, whom I would call mother
But that my genius prompts me th'art vnkind,
And yet farewell, *Atlanta* beauteous maide,
I cannot speake my thoughts for torture, death,
Anguish and paines, all that *Promethean* fire
Was stolne from heauen, the Thief left in my
bosome.

The Sunne hath cast his element on me,
And in my entralls hath he fixt his Spheare,
His pointed beames he hath darted through my
heart,

And I am still on flame.

Althea. So, now 'tis done,
The brand consum'd, his vitall threed quite spun.

Exit.

Meleag. Now 'gins my fire waste, and my naturall
heat
To change to Ice, and my scortch't blood to freeze.
Farewell, since his blacke ensigne death displayes,
I dye, cut off thus in my best of dayes. *He dyes.*

Fafon. Dead is the flower and pride of *Calidon*.
Who would displease the Gods ? *Diana's* wrath
Hath stretch't euen to the death, and tragicke ruine
Of this faire hopefull Prince, here stay thy ven-
geance

Goddesse of chastity, and let it hang
No longer ore the house of *Calidon* :
Since thou hast cropt the yong, spare these old
branches
That yet suruiue.

Enter Althea.

Althea. She shall not, *Fafon* no,
 She shall not : Do you wonder Lords of *Greece*,
 To see this Prince lye dead ? why that's no nouell,
 All men must dye, thou, he, and euery one,
 Yea I my selfe must : but Il'e tell you that
 Shall stiffe your haire, your eyes start from your heads,
 Print fixt amazement in your wondring fronts,
 Yea and astonish all : This was my sonne,
 Borne with sick throws, nurst from my tender brest
 Brought vp with feminine care, cherisht with loue :
 His youth, my pride ; his honour all my wishes,
 So deere, that little lesse he was then life.
 But will you know the wonder ('lasse) too true,
 Him (all my sonnes) this my inrag'd hand slue,
 This hand, that *Dians* quenchlesse rage to fill,
 Shall with the flaine sonnes sword the mother kill.

Althea kils herfelse with Meleagers fword.

Tela. The Queene hath flaine her selfe : who'l
 beare these newes
 To the sad King ?

Enter a feruant.

Seru. That labour may be spar'd :
 The King no sooner heard of his sonnes death,
 (Wrought by his mother in the fatall brand)
 But he funke dead : sorrow so chang'd his weakenesse,
 And without word or motion he expir'd.

Fafon. Wee'l see them (ere we part from *Calidon*)
 Inter'd with honour : But we fojourne long
 In this curst Clime ; oh let vs not incurre
Diana's fury, our next expedition
 Shall be for *Colchos*, and the golden Fleece,
 Vnto which (Princes) we invite you all.
 Our stately *Argoe* we haue rig'd and trim'd,
 And in it we will beare the best of *Greece*,
 Stil'd from our ship by name of *Argonauts*.

Great Hercules will with his company,
Grace our aduenture, and renowne all *Greece*,
By the rich purchase of the *Colchian Fleece*.

*Exit.***H O M E R.**

*Let not euен Kings against the Gods contest,
Lest in this fall their ruines be exprest.
Thinke Hercules, from clensing the fowle stall
And stable of Augeus, in which fed
Three hundred Oxen, (neuer freed at all,
Till his arriuē) return'd where he was bred,
To Thebes ; there Deianeira him receiuēs
With glad imbraces, but he staines not long,
Iason the Lady of her Lord bereauēs :
For in the new-rig'd Argoe, with the yong
And sprightly Heroes, he at Colchos aimes,
Where the rich Fleece must publish their high fames.*

Enter *Deianeira* and *Lychas* : to her Hercules, received
with ioy, after the presentment of some of his
labours. To them march in all the Argonauts,
Iason, *Telamon*, *Atreus*, *Castor*, *Pollux*, *Theseus*,
&c. *Iason* perswades Hercules to the aduenture ;
hee leaues *Deianeira*, and marcheth off with the
Argonauts.

*Imagine now these Princes vnder saile,
Stearing their course as farre as high-rear'd Troy,
Where King Laomedon doth much bewaile
His daughter, whom a Sea-whale must destroy.
Obserue this well : for here begins the iarre
Made Troy rack't after in a ten yeares warre.*

Sownd. Enter King *Laomedon*, *Anchises*, yong *Priam*,
Aeneas, *Hesione* bound, with other Lords and Ladys.

Laomed. Hesione, this is thy last on earth,

Whose fortunes we may mourne, though not preuent :
 Would *Troy*, whose walles I did attempt to reare,
 Had nere growne higher then their ground-sils, or
 In their foundation buried beene, and lost,
 Since their high struture must be thus maintain'd,
 With bloud of our bright Ladys : Oh *Hesione* !
 Th'onely remainder of these female dames
 Begot by vs, I must bequeath thy body
 To be the food of *Neptunes* monstrous Whale.

Priam. Had you kept troth and promise with the
 Gods,

This had not chanc't : You borrowed of the Priests
 Of *Neptune* and *Apollo*, Sea, and Sunne,
 That quantity of gold, which to this height
 And spacious compasse, hath immur'd great *Troy* ;
 But the worke finish't, you deny'd to pay
 The Priests their due, for which enraged *Neptune*
 Assembled his high tides, thinking to drowne
 Our lofty buildings, and to ruine *Troy* :
 But when the Moone, by which the Seas are gouern'd,
 Retir'd his waters by her powerfull wane,
 He left behind him such infectious slime,
 Which the Sunne poysoning by his perfant beames,
 They by their mutuall power, rais'd a hot plague.
 To slacke this hot pest, *Neptune* made demand,
 Monthly a Lady to be chus'd by lot,
 To glut his huge Sea-monsters rauenous iawes :
 The lot this day fell on *Hesione*
 Our beauteous sister.

Laom. *Priam* 'tis too true,
 Till now *Laomedon* nere knew his guilt,
 Or thought the Gods could punish.

Hesio. Royall father,
 Mourne not for me, the Gods must be appeas'd,
 And I in this am happy, that my death
 Is made the attonement 'tweene those angry powers
 And your afflicted people, though my Innocence
 Neuer deseru'd such rigor from the Gods.

Come good *Anchises*, binde me to this rocke,
And let my body glut th' infatiate fury
Of angry *Neptune*, and th' offended Sunne.

Anchis. A more unwilling monster neuer past
Anchises hand.

Laom. Now, now, the time drawes nye,
That my sweet childe by *Neptunes* whale must dye.

Priam. The very thought of it swallowes my
heart
As deepe in sorrow, as the monster can
Bury my sister.

A great shewt within.

Laom. Soft, what clamor's that?

Aeneas. A stately ship, well rig'd with swelling
failes,
Enters the harbour, bound (by their report)
For *Colchos*: but when they beheld the shores
Covered with multitudes, and spy'd from farre,
Your beauteous daughter fastned to the rocke,
They made to know the cause; which certified,
One noble *Greeke* amongst these Heroes stands,
And offers to encounter *Neptunes* whale,
And free from death the bright *Hesione*.

Laom. Thou hast (*Aeneas*) quickned me from
death,
And added to my date a second Age.
Admit them.

*Enter Hercules, Iason, Castor, Pollux, Theseus, and all
the Argonauts.*

Herc. 'Tis told vs that thy name's *Laomedon*,
And that thy beauteous daughter must this day
Feed a sea-monster: how wilt thou reward
The man that shall encounter *Neptunes* whale?
Tugge with that fiend vpon thy populous strand,
And with my club fowse on his armed scales!

Hast thou not heard of *Theban Hercules*?
 I that haue aw'd the earth, and ransack't hell,
 Will through the Ocean hunt the God of stremes,
 And chace him from the deepe Abismes below.
 Il'e dare the Sea-god from his watery deepes
 If he take part with this Leuiathan.

Laom. Thy name and courage warlike *Hercules*
 Assures her life, if thou wilt vndertake
 This hauty quest : two milke white steeds, the best
Asia ere bred, shall be thy valours prize.

Herc. We accept them ; keepe thy faith *Laomedon*,
 If thou but break'st with *Ioue*-borne *Hercules*,
 These marble structures, built with virgins bloud,
 Il'e raze euen with the earth. When comes the mon-
 ster?

Hesione. Now, now, helpe *Ioue*. *A cry within.*

Herc. I see him sweepe the seas along.
 Blow riuers through his nostrils as he glides,
 As if he meant to quench the Sunnes bright fire,
 And bring a palped darknesse ore the earth :
 He opes his iawes as if to swallow *Troy*,
 And at one yawne whole thousands to destroy.

Lao. Fly, flye into the City. *Exeunt the Troians.*

Herc. Take along
 This beauteous Lady, if he must haue pray,
 In stead of her *Alcides* here will stay.

Iason. The heartlesse Troians fly into the towne
 At fight of yon sea-duuell : here wee'l stand
 To wait the conquest of thy *Iouiall* hand.

Herc. Gramercy *Iason*, see he comes in tempest,
 Il'e meet him in a storme as violent,
 And with one stroke which this right hand shall
 aime,
 Ding him into th' abiffe from whence he came.

*Hercules kills the Sea-Monster, the Troians on the walles,
 the Greekes below.*

Priam. The monster's slaine, my beauteous sister
 freed.

Iason. Be euer for this noble deed renown'd,
Let *Asia* speake thy praise.

Telam. The *Argonauts*
Are glorifi'd by this victorious act.

Priam. All *Troy* shall consecrate to *Hercules*
Temples and Altars : lets descend and meet him.

Laom. Stay, none presume to stirre, wee'l parly
them
First from the walles.

Herc. Why doth not *Troy's* King from those wals
descend ?

And since I haue redeem'd *Hesione*,
Present my trauels with two milke-white steeds,
The prize of my indeuours ?

Lao. *Hercules*
We owe thee none, none will we tender thee,
Thou hast won thee honour, a reward sufficient
For thy attempt : our gates are shut against thee,
Nor shall you enter, you are *Greekish* spies,
And come to pry but where our land is weake.

Priam. Oh royll father !

Laom. Peace boy : *Greekes* away :
For imminent death attends on your delay.

Herc. The Sea nere bred a monster halfe so vile
As this Land-fiend. Darst threaten *Hercules* ?
Would vniuersall *Troy* were in one frame,
That I might whelme it on thy cursed head,
And crowne thee in thy ruine. Menace vs ?

Laom. Depart our walles, or we will fire your
Argoe,
Lying in our harbour, and preuent your purpose
In the atchieuement of the golden fleece.

Herc. *Laomedon*, Il'e tosse thee from thy walles,
Batter thy gates to shivers with my Club,
Nor will I leaue these broad Seamander plaines,
Til thy aspiring Towers of *Illium*
Ly euell with the place on which we stand.

Iason. Great *Hercules*, th' aduenture fals to me,
Our voyage bent for *Colchos*, not for *Troy*,

The golden fleece, and not *Laomedon* :
 Why should we hazard here our *Argonauts* ?
 Or spend our felues on accidentall wrongs ?

Telam. *Iason* aduifeth well, great *Hercules*,
 We should dishonour him, and th' expectation
Greece hath of vs, delude by this delay.

Thef. Then let vs from this harbour launch our
Argoe,
 To *Colchos* first, and in our voyage home
 Reuenge vs on this false *Laomedon*.

Herc. You fway me princes : farewell trecherous
 King,

Nought, faue thy bloud, shall satisfie this wrong
 And base dishonour done to *Hercules*.

Expect me ; for by *Olimpicke Ioue* I fweare
 Nere to set foot within my native *Thebes*,
 See *Deianeira*, or to touch in *Greece*,
 Till I haue scal'd these mures, inuaded *Troy*,
 Ransack't thy City, flaine *Laomedon*,
 And venge the Gods that gourne Sea and Sunne.
 Come valiant *Heroes*, first the fleece to enjoy,
 And in our backe returne to ranfacke *Troy*.

Exeunt.

Lao. We dread you not, wee'l answere what is
 done,
 As well as stand 'gainst *Neptune* and the *Sunne*.

*Enter Octes, King of Colchos, Medea, yong Absyrtus,
 with Lords.*

Octes. How may we glory aboue other kings
 Being (by our birth) descended from the Gods ?
 Our wealth renowned through the world tripartite,
 Most in the riches of the golden fleece,
 And not the least of all our happineffe,
Medea for her powerfull magicke skill,
 And Negromanticke exorcifmes admir'd,
 And dreaded through the *Colchian* territories.

Medea. I can by Art make riuers retrograde,
Alter their channels, run backe to their heads,
And hide them in the springs from whence they
grew.

The curled Ocean with a word I'lle smooth,
(Or being calme) raiſe waues as high as hils,
Threatning to swallow the vast continent.
With powerfull charmes I'lle make the Sunne stand
ſtill,

Or call the Moone downe from her arched ſpheare.
What cannot I by power of *Hecate*?

Absyrtus. Discouſe (faire ſister) how the golden
fleece

Came first to *Colchos*.

Medea. Let *Absyrtus* know,
Phrixus the ſonne of *Theban Athamas*,
And his faire ſister *Helles*, being betraide
By their curſt ſtep-dame *Ino*, fled from *Greece*,
Their Innocence pittied by *Mercury*,
He gaue to them a golden-fleeced Ramme,
Which bore them ſafe to the Sygean ſea,
Which swimming, beauteous *Helles* there was drown'd,
And gaue that ſea the name of *Helleſpont*,
That which parts *Sestus* and *Abidos* ſtill:
Phrixus arriues at *Colchos*, and to *Mars*
There ſacrific'd his Ramme in memory
Of his ſafe waftage, fauoured by the Gods.
The golden Fleece was by the Oracle
Commanded to be fixt there, kept and guarded
By two fierce Buls, that breath infernall fires,
And by a wakefull Dragon, in whose eyes
Neuer came fleſe: for in the ſafe conſeruing
Of this diuine and worthy monument,
Our kingdomes weale and safety moſt conſists.

Oetes. And he that ſtrives by purchafe of this
fleece,
To weaken vs, or ſhake our Royalty,
Muſt taſt the fury of these fiery fiends.

A shoote. Enter a Lord.

The nouell : speake.

Lord. Vpon the *Colchian* shores
A stately vessell, man'd it feemes from *Greece*
Is newly lancht, full fraught with Gentlemen
Of braue aspects and presence.

Oetes. Whose their Generall ?

Lord. *Iason,* he stiles himselfe a Prince of *Greece*
And Captaine o're the noble *Argonautes*.

Oetes. Vsher them in, that we may know their
quest
And what aduenture drew them to these shoares.

*Sound, Enter Iason, Hercules, Theseus, Castor,
Pollux, &c.*

Iason. Haile king of *Colchos*, thou beholdst in vs
The noblest Heroes that inhabite *Greece*
Of whom I, though vnworthiest, stile my selfe
The Generall ; the intent of this our voyage
Is to reduce the rich and golden prise
To *Greece*, from whence it came, know I am come
To tug and wrastle with the infernall Buls,
And in their hot fiers double guild my armes
To place vpon their necks the feruile yoake,
And bondage, force them plow the field of *Mars*,
Till in the furrowes I haue sowed the teeth
Of vipers, from which men in armour grow
To enter combat with the sleepeleffe Dragon,
And mauger him fetch thence the golden Fleece.
All this *Oetes*, I am prest to atchieue
Against these horrid tasks my life to ingage
Buls fury, Vipers poyson, Dragons rage.

Medea. Such a bold spirit, and noble presence
linkt
Neuer before were seene in *Phasis* Isle,
Colchos be proud, a Prince demands thy Fleece,

Richer then that he comes for ; let the *Greekes*
Our *Phasian* wealth and *Oetes* treasure beare,
So they in liew will leauue me *Iason* here.

Oetes. Princes, you aime at dangers more in
proffe

Then in report, which if you should behold
In their true figure, would amaze your spirits :
Yea, terifye the Gods ; let me aduise you,
As one that knowes their terour, to desist
Ere you enwrap your selfe into these perils,
Whence there is no euasion.

Herc. *Oetes,* know
Peril's a babe, the greater dangers threaten
The greater is his honour that breaks through.
Haue we in th' *Argoe* rowed with sixty oares
And at each Oare a Prince ; pierc't *Samo-thrace*,
The *Chersoneson* sea, the *Hellefpon*,
Euen to the waues that breake on *Colchos* shoares ?
And shall we with dishonour turne to *Greece* ?
Know *Oetes*, not the least of sixty *Heroes*
That now are in thy Confines, but thy monsters
Dare quell and battle.

Tellamon. Much more *Hercules*.

Oetes. *Hercules.*

Iason. Starts *Oetes* at the name of *Hercules*,
What would he do to see him in his eminence ;
But leauing that, this must be *Iasons* quest,
A worke not worthy him ; where be these monsters ?

Medea. May all inchantments be confinde to
hell,

Rather then he encounter fiends so fell.

Oetes. Princes, since you will needs attempt these
dangers

You shall ; and if atchieue the Golden Fleece
Transport it where you please, meane time, this
day
Repose your selues, wel'e feast you in our Pallace.
To morrow morning with the rising Sunne,
Our golden prize shall be conseru'd or wonne. *Exit.*

Medea. If he attempts he dies, what's that to mee ?
 Why should *Medea* feare a strangers life ?
 Or what's that *Iason* I should dread his fall ?
 If he o're-come, my fathers glory waines,
 And all our fortunes must reward his paines.
 Let *Iason* perish then, and *Colchos* flourish.
 Our pristine glories let vs still enioy,
 And these our braffe-head buls the Prince destroy.
 Oh ! what distraction's this within me bred,
 Although he die, I would not see him dead ?
 The best I see, the worst I follow still,
 Hee nere wrong'd mee, why should I wish him ill ?
 Shall the Buls tosse him whom *Medea* loues,
 A Tygresse, not a Princesse, should I proue ?
 To see him tortured whom I deereley loue ?
 Bee then a traitresse to thy fathers life,
 A robber of the clime where thou waft bred,
 And for some straggler that hath lost his way,
 Thy fathers Kingdome and his State betray.
 Tush, these are nothing, first his faith I'le craue,
 That couenant made, him by enchantments faue.

Enter Iason.

Iason. My task is aboue strength, Duke *Peleus*
 fent me
 Not to atchieue, but die in this pursuite,
 And to preuent the Oracle that told him
 I must succeed ; *Iason* bethinke thee then
 Thou com'st to execution, not to act
 Things aboue man ; I haue obseru'd *Medea*
 Retort upon me many an amorous looke,
 Of which I'le studly to make prosperous vfe.
 If by her art the Inchantments I can bind
 Immur'd with death, I certaine safety find.

Medea. Shall I o'rewhelme vpon my captiue
 head,
 The curse of all our Nation, the Crownes ruin ?

Clamours of men, and woemens loud exclaims.
Burnings of children ; the vniuersall curse
Of a great people, all to faue one man,
A straggler (God knowes whence deriu'd, where
borne,
Or whether Noble ?) let the proud *Greeke* die,
Wee still in *Colchos* sit instated hye.
Oh me ! that looke vpon *Medea* cast
Drownes all these feares, and hath the rest surpast.

Iason. Madam, because I loue I pitty you,
That you a beauteous Lady, art-full wife,
Should haue your beauty and your wisedome both
Inuelopt in a cloud of Barbarisme :
That on these barren Confines you should liue,
Confin'd into an Angle of the world.
And ne're see that which is the world indeed,
Fertile and populous *Greece*, *Greece* that beares men,
Such as resemble Gods, of which in vs
You see the most deiected, and the meanest.
How harshly doth your wisedome found in th'eares
Of these Barbarians, dull, vnapprehensible,
And such, in not conceiuing your hid Arts,
Deprive them of their honour ; In *Greece* springs
The fountaines of Diuine Phylosophy,
They are all vnderstanders ; I would haue you
Bright Lady with vs, enter to that world
Of which this *Colchos* is no part at all.
Shew then your beauty to these iudging eies,
Your wisedome to these vnderstanding eares.
In which they shall receiue their merited grace,
And leauue this barraine, cold, and stirrill place.

Medea. His presence without all this Oratory
Did much with vs, but where they both conioyne
To entrap *Medea*, shee must needs bee caught.

Iason. I long to see this *Colchian* Lady clad
In *Hymens* stateliest roabes, whom the glad Matrones,
Bright Ladies, and Imperiall Queenes of *Greece*
Shall welcome and applaud, and with rich gifts

Prefent, for fauing of their sonnes and kinsmen
 From these infernall monsters : As for *Iason*
 If you *Medea* shall despise his loue,
 He craues no other life then to die so,
 Since life without you is but torturing paine,
 And death to men distrest is double gaine.

Medea. That tongue more then *Medeas* spels in-
 chanters,
 And not a word, but like our exorcismes
 And power of charmes preuailes. Oh loue ! thy
 Maiesty
 Is greater then the triple *Hecates*,
 Bewitching *Circes*, or those hidden skils,
 Ascrib'd vnto the infernall *Proserpine*.
 I that by incantations can remoue
 Hils from their syts, and make huge mountaines
 shake,
 Darken the Sunne at noone, call from their graues
 Ghosts long since dead, that can command the earth,
 And affright heauen, no spell at all can find
 To bondage loue, or free a captiue minde.

Iason. Loue *Iason* then, and by thy Diuine aide,
 Giue me such power, that I may tug vnscorcht
 Amidst the flames with these thy fiery fiends,
 That I vnuenom'd may these Vipers teeth
 Cast from my hand, through *Morpheus* leaden
 charmes,
 Ouer that wakefull snake that guards the Fleece,
 For which liue *Iasons* happy Bride in *Greece*.

Medea. A match, what hearbs or spels, what Magicke
 can
 Command in heauen, earth, or in hell below,
 What either aire, or sea can minister,
 To guard thy person, all these helps I'le gather
 To girdle thee with safety.

Iason. Be thou then
 For euer *Iasons*, and through *Greece* renown'd
 In whom our *Heroes* haue such safety found,

Our bargaine thus I feale.

He kissteth her.

Meaea. Which I'le make good

With *Colchos* fall, and with my fathers bloud.

Enter Absyrtus.

Absyrtus. Prince *Iason*, all the *Heroes* at the banquet

Inquire for you, twice hath my father *Oetes*

Made search for you ; Oh sister !

Medea. No word you saw vs two in conference.

Absyrtus. Do you take me to be a woman, to tell all I see, and blab all I know, I that am in hope one day to lie with a woman, will once lie for a woman, Sister I saw you not.

Iason. Remember ; come Prince, will you leade the way ?

Absyrtus. I have parted you that neuer parted fray
Come sir will you follow. *Exit.* *Manet Medea.*

Medea. The night growes on, and now to my black Arts,

Goddesse of witchcraft and darke ceremony,
To whom the elues of Hils, of Brookes, of Groues,

Of standing lakes, and cauernes vaulted deepe

Are ministers ; three-headed *Hecate*

Lend me thy Chariot drawne with winged snakes,
For I this night must progresse through the Aire.

What simples grow in Tempe of *Theffaly*,

Mount *Pindus*, *Otheris*, *Offa*, *Appidane*,

Olimpus, *Caucas*. or high *Teneriff*,

I must select to finish this great worke,

Thence must I flye vnto *Amphrisus* Foords,

And gather plants by the swift *Sperchius* stremes,

Where rushy *Bebes*, and *Anthedon* flow,

Where hearbes of bitter iuice and strong fent grow ;

These must I with the haires of *Mandrakes* vse,

Temper with *Poppy-seeds* and *Hemlocke* iuice :

With *Aconitum* that in *Tartar* springs,

With *Cypresse*, *Ewe*, and *Veruin*, and these mix

With incantations, Spels, and Exorcismes
 Of wonderous power and vertue ; oh thou night,
 Mother of darke Arts hide mee in thy vaile,
 Whilst I those banks search, and these mountaines
 skale.

Sownd. *Enter King Oetes, Absyrtus, and Lords.*

Oetes. Vpon the safeguard of this golden Fleece
Colchos depends, and he that beares it hence
 Beares with it all our fortunes ; the *Argonautes*
 Haue it in quest, if *Iason* scape our monstres
 I'le rather at some banquet poyson him,
 And quaffe to him his death, or in the night
 Set fire vpon his *Argoe*, and in flames
 Confume the happy hope of his returne,
 This purpose we, as we are *Colchos* King,
Absyrtus, where's your sister ?

Absyrtus. In her chamber.

Oetes. When you next see her giue to her this
 noate,
 The manner of our practise, her fell hand
 Cannot be mist in this, but it shall fall
 Heauy on these that *Colchos* seekes to thrall.
 The howre drawes nigh, the people throng on heapes,
 To this aduenture in the field of *Mars*,
 And noble *Iason* arm'd with his good shield,
 Is vp already and demands the field.

Enter Iason, Hercules, and the Argonauts.

Iason. *Oetes*, I come thus arm'd, demanding com-
 bat
 Of all those monsters that defend thy Fleece :
 And to these dangers singly, I oppose
 My person as thou feest, when fetst thou ope
 The gates of hell to let thy deuils out ?
 Glad would I wrastle with thy fiery Buls,
 And from their throats the flaming dewlops teare.

Vnchaine them, and to *Iason* turne them loose,
That as *Alcides* did to *Achelous*,
So from their hard fronts I may teare their hornes,
And lay the yoake vpon their vntam'd necks.

Oetes. Yet valiant *Greeke* desist, I, though a stranger

Pitty thy youth, or if thou wilt persist
So dreadfull is the aduenture thou perfuest,
That thou wilt thinke I shall vnbowell hell,
Vnmanacle the fiends, and make a passage
Free for the Infernals.

Iason. I shall welcome all.

Medea now if there be power in loue,
Or force in Magicke ; if thou hast or will
Or Art, try all the power of Characters,
Vertue of Symples, Stones, or hidden spels,
If earth Elues, or nimble airy Spirits,
Charmes, Incantations, or darke Exorcismes,
If any strength remaine in Pyromancy,
Or the hid secrets of the aire or fire,
If the Moones spheare can any helpe infuse,
Or any influent Starre, collect them all
That I by thy aide may these monsters thrall.

Oetes. Discouer them.

Two fiery Buls are discouered, the Fleece hanging ouer them, and the Dragon sleeping beneath them : Medea with strange fiery-workes, hangs aboue in the Aire in the strange habite of a Coniuresse.

Medea. The hidden power of Earth, Aire, Water,
Fire,

Shall from this place to *Iasons* helpe conspire.
Fire withstand fire, and magicke temper flame,
By my strong spels the sauadge monster's tame :
So, that's perform'd, now take the Vipers teeth
And sow them in the furrowed field of *Mars*.
Of which strange seed, men ready arni'd must grow
To assault *Iason*. Already from beneath

Their deadly pointed weapons gin to appeare,
And now their heads, thus moulded in the earth,
Streight way shall teeme ; and hauing freed their
fate

(The stalkes by which they grow) all violently
Pursue the valiant *Greeke*, but by my sorcery
I'le turne their armed points against themselues
And all these flaues that would on *Iafon* flie *shoutes*.
Shall wound themselues and by sedition die.

Yet thrives the *Greeke*, now kill the sleeping snake
Which I haue charm'd, and thence the Trophy take,
These shoutes witnesse his conquest, Ile discend,
Heare *Iafons* feares and all my charmes take end.

Hercules. Oetes, now is this rich and pretious
Fleece,

By *Iafons* fword repurchaſt, and must turne
Vnto the place whence *Phrixus* brought his Ramme.

Oetes. That practise by your ruines Ile preuent,
And sooner then with that returne to *Greece*,
Your slaughtered bodies leaue with this rich fleece.

Iafon. Since our aduenture is atchieu'd and
done,

The prize is ours, we ceize what we haue wone.

Oetes. Enjoy it *Iafon*, I admire thy worth,
Which as it hath exceeded admiration,
So must we needs applaud it. Noble gentlemen,
Depart not *Colchos*, ere you worths and valour
We with ſome rich and worthy gifts preſent.

The conqueſt of our Buls, and Dragons death,
(Though we eſteem'd them) yet they fad vs not,
Since we behold the ſafety of this prince.
Enter our palace, and your praife found hye,
Where you ſhall eaſt, (or all by treaſon dye.)

Excunt.

Absyr. I haue not ſeen my ſister to day, I muſe
ſhe hath not beeene at this ſolemnity, me thinkes ſhe
ſhould not haue loſt this triumph; I haue a note to
deſtroy her from my father. Here ſhe comes.

Enter Medea.

Sister, peruse this briefe, you know the character,
It is my fathers. This is all. *Exit. She reads.*

Medea. *Iafon* with his *Argonauts* this night must
perish, the fleece not be transported to *Greece*—*Medea*
your assistance.

This is my fathers plot to ouerthrow
Prince Iafon, and the noble *Argonauts*,
Which Il'e preuent: I know the King is fudden,
And if preuention be delay'd, they dye:
I that haue ventured thus farre for a loue,
Euen to these arts that Nature would haue hid
As dangerous and forbidden, shall I now
Vndoe what I haue done, through womanish feare,
Paternall duty, or for filiall loue?
No *Iafon*, thou art mine, and my desire,
Shall wade with thee through bloud, through seas,
through fire.

Enter Iafon.

Iafon. Madam.

Medea. My Lord, I know what you would say,
Thinke now vpon your life, the King my father
Intends your ruine, to redeeme the fleece,
And it repurchase with your tragicke deaths:
Therefore assemble all your *Argonauts*,
And let them (in the silence of the night)
Lanch from the *Colchian* harbour; Il'e ass ociate you
As *Iafons* bride.

Iafon. You are my patronesse,
And vnder you I triumph: when the least
Of all these graces I forget, the Gods
Reuenge on me my hated periury.
Must we then lanch this night? you are my direc-
tresse,
And by your art Il'e manage all my actions.

Medea. Then flye, Il'e send to fee your Argoe
trim'd,
Rig'd and made tight: night comes, the time growes
on:

Hye then aboord.

Iason. I shall.

Exit.

Medea. Now populous *Greece*,
Thanke vs (not *Iason*) for this conquer'd fleece.

Enter Oetes.

Oetes. *Medea*, we are rob'd, despoil'd, dishonored,
Our Fleece rap't hence, we must not suffer it,
Since all our ominous fortunes it includes,
I am resolu'd *Iason* this night shall dye.

Medea. Should he furuiue, you might be held vn-
worthy

The name of King; my hand shall be as deepe
As yours in his destruction.

Oetes. A strong guard
I will selec τ t, and in the dead of night,
When they are funke in Lethe, set vpon them,
And kill them in their beds.

Medea. Il'e second you,
And laue my stain'd hands in their reeking blouds
That practise your dishonour.

Oetes. *Iason* then dyes,
When he most hopes for this rich *Colchian* prize.

Exit.

Medea. But ere the least of all these ils betide,
This Colchian strand shall with thy bloud be dy'd,
For *Iason* and his *Argonauts* I stand,
And will protec τ t them with my art and hand.

*Enter Iason with the Fleece, and all the Greeks
muffled.*

Iason. Madam *Medea*.

Medea. Leauē circumstance, away,
Hoyse vp your sayles, death and destruction
Attends you on the shoare.

Iason. You'l follow Madam.

Exit.

Medea. Instantly :
Blow gentle gales, assist them winds and tide,
That I may *Greece* see, & liue *Iasons* bride.

Enter Absyrtus.

Absyr. How now sister, so solitary ?

Medea. Oh happy met, though it be late *Absyrtus*,
You must along with me.

Absyr. Whither pray ?

Medea. I'le tell you as we walke.
This lad betweene me and all harme shall stand ;
And if the King pursue vs with his Fleet,
His mangled limbes shall (scattered in the way)
Worke our escape, and the Kings speed delay.
Come brother.

Absyr. Any where with you sister.

exeunt.

Enter HOMER.

Hom. Let none to whom true Art is not deny'd,
Our monstrous Buls, and magick Snakes deride.
Some thinke this rich Fleece was a golden Booke,
The leaues of parchment, or the skins of Rammes,
Which did include the Art of making gold
By Chymicke skill, and therfore rightly stild,
The Golden Fleece, which to attaine and compasse,
Includes as many trauels, mysteries,
Changes and Chymicke bodies, fires and monsters,
As euer Iason could in Colchos meet.
The sages, and the wife, to keepe their Art
From being vulgar : yet to haue them tasted
With appetite and longing, giue those glosses,
And flourishes to shadow what they write,
Which might (at once) breed wonder and dclight.

*So did th' Egyptians in the Arts best try'd,
In Hieroglyphickes all their Science hide.
But to proceed, the Argonauts are fled,
Whom the inrag'd Oetes doth pursue,
And being in sight, Medea takes the head
Of yong Abfyrtus, whom (vnkinde) she flue,
And all his other limbes strawes in the way
Of the old father, his perfute to stay.*

The Shew.

*In memory of this inhumane deed,
These Islands where his slaughtered limbes lye spred,
Were cal'd Absyrtides : But we proceed
With King Laomedon, 'gainst whom are led
The Argonauts, Troy by Alcides rac'd,
Askes the next place, and must in ranke be plac'd.*

*Enter Laomedon, Priam, Anchises, Ænca,
Hesione, &c.*

Lao. The Argonauts return'd ?

Anchi. They are my Lord.

Lao. And landed ?

Anchi. Landed.

Lao. Where ?

Anchi. At Tenedos.

Lao. Could not those Colchian monsters in their bowels

Bury the *Greekes*, but must they all furuiue
To threat vs with inuasion. Speake Anchises,
March they towards *Troy* ?

Anchis. In conduct of the mighty *Hercules*,
Wafting with sword and fire where ere they march :
Scamander fields they haue strew'd with carkasses,
And *Simois* streames already purpled are
With blood of *Troians*.

Priam. Let vs giue them battell.

Lao. In vaine, our forces are disperst abroad,

Nor haue we order to withstand their fury :
Best were we to immure our felues in *Troy*,
And trust vnto the vertue of our walles. *Shouts.*

Æneas. Do not delay your safety, you may heare
Their cryes, and lofty clamors, threatening *Troy* :
They dogge vs to our gates, and without speed
And expedition, they will enter with vs.
Come then, our threatened liues we will immure,
And thinke vs in our strong built walles secure.

Exeunt.

*After an alarme, enter Hercules, Iason, Thescus,
Telamon, and all the other Argonauts.*

Herc. Pursue the chace euen to the gates of *Troy*,
Then call th' ingrate *Laomedon* to parlee.

Iason. The periur'd King shall pay vs for the
wrong
Done to *Alcides* in his promis'd steeds.

Telam. Better he had the monster had deuour'd
His beauteous daughter, then t' abide our furies.

Neslor. He did exclude our vertue from the City,
And now therefore he shall admit our fury.

Castor. These wals first rear'd at the great Gods
expence,
Wee'l ruine to the earth : let's summon him.

Herc. We will call him to parlee. *A parlee.*

*Enter vpon the wals, Laomedon, Anchises, Æneas,
Priam, &c.*

Herc. *Laomedon*, we do not summon thee
To parlee, but to warne thee guard thy walles,
Which (without pause) we now intend to scale.

Laom. Wilt heare me *Hercules* ?

Herc. I listen'd thy periurious tongue too late.
Scale, batter, mount, assault, sache, and deface,
And leaue (of *Troy*) nought faue the name and
place.

*Alarne. Telamon first mounts the walles, the rest after,
Priam flyes, Laomedon is slaine by Hercules, Hesione
taken. Enter with victory.*

Herc. Thus is the tyrant, that but late aw'd *Troy*,
Buried amidst his ruines ; he chas'tis'd,
And we reueng'd : the spoyle of this rich Towne
Rated as high as *Iasons Colchian* prize,
You shall diuide : but first these lofty walles,
Builded by periury, and maintain'd by pride,
Wee'l ruine to the earth : Who saw yong *Priam* ?

Iason. Hee's fled, and tooke the way to *Samothrace*,
With him *Anchises*, that on *Venus* got
The yong *Eneas*, they are fled together,
And left the spoyle of all the towne to vs.

Herc. Which shall enrich *Thebes*, and the townes
of *Greece*,
And *Telamon*, to do thy valour right,
For mounting first ouer the walles of *Troy*,
The first and choyce of all the spoyle be thine.

Telam. Then let *Alcides* honour *Telamon*
With this bright Lady, faire *Hesione*,
Sister to *Priam*, daughter to *Laomedon*,
Whose beauty I preferre before the state
And wealth of *Troy*.

Herc. Receiue her *Telamon*.
Shee is thine owne by gift of *Hercules*.

Telam. A present more delighting *Telamon*,
Then were I made Lord of high *Illiums* Towers,
And heire vnto the dead *Laomedon*.

Hesio. I am a Princesse, shall my fathers ils
Fall on my head ? If he offended *Hercules*,
He hath made satisfaction with his life.
Oh be not so feuere, to stretch his punishment
Euen after life ; hast thou from death redeem'd me,
To giue me captiue, and to flauue my youth ?
Things worse then death : rather let *Hercules*
Expose me to the rocke, where first he found me,

To abide the wrath both of the Sea and Sunne.
Oh I rather make my body food for monsters,
Then brand my birth with bondage.

Telam. Faire *Hesione*,
I will not loose thy beauty, nor thy youth,
Nor part with this my honour, couldst thou giue me
For ransome of them, both our *Argoes* cram'd
With gold and gemmes ; you are my valours prize,
And shall with me to populous *Salamine*.

Hesione. Can you so wrong the daughter of a king,
To giue her as a Dukes base Concubine ?
Touch me not *Telamon*, for I deuine,
If ere my brother *Priam* re-build *Troy*,
And be the king of *Asia*, hee'l reuenge
This bale dishonour done *Hesione* ;
And for his sister, rauish't hence perforce,
Do the like out-rage on some *Grecian* Queene,
In iust reuenge of my iniurious wrong.

Herc. Should all the kings in *Asia*, or the world,
Take part with *Priam* in that proud designe,
Like fate, like fortune with *Laomedon*
They shall abide : renowned *Telamon*,
She is the warlike purchase of thy sword,
Enjoy her as the gift of *Hercules*.
And now braue *Grecian Hero's*, lets towards *Greece*
With al these honored spoiles from *Colchos* brought
And from the treasures of defaced *Troy*.
Faire *Deianeira* longs for vs in *Thebes*,
Whom we will visit next, and thence proceed
Vnto our future labours. *Cacus* liues
A bloody tyrant, whom we must remoue :
And the three-headed *Gerion* swayes in *Spaine*,
Notorious for his rapes and out-rages ;
Both these must perish by *Alcides* hand,
And when we can the earth from tyrants cleare,
In the worlds vtmost bounds our pillers rear. *Exit.*

H O M E R.

Loath are we (curteous auditors) to cloy

*Your appetites with viands of one taſt,
The beauteous Venus we must next imploy,
Whom we ſaw mourning for Adonis laſt.
Suppoſe her ſtill for the yong Adon ſad,
But cheer'd by Mars, their old loues they renuē,
And ſhe, that (whilſt he liu'd) preferd the Lad,
Hath quite forgot him, ſince the Boare him flue.
Mars is in graee, a meeting they deuife,
Jealous of all, but fearing moſt the Sunne,
Hee that ſees all things from his firſt vp-riſe,
And like a blaſt, tels all that hee knowes done.*

*Our mortals muſt a while their ſpleenes affwage,
And to the Gods, for this Act, leauē the Stage.*

Enter Mars and Venus.

Mars. I knew loues Queene could not be long
vnkind,
Though (whilſt I abſent, to teach Armes in *Thrace*)
You tooke th' aduantage to forget your *Mars*,
To doate on *Adon*, and *Anchifes* too ;
Yet (thoſe worne out) let vs renuē our loues,
And praetice our firſt amorous dalliance.

Venus. How can I hate, that am the Queene of
loue ?

Or praetice ought againſt my natuie power ?
As I one day, playd with my *Cupids* shafts,
The wanton with his arrow raz'd my ſkin.
Truſt me, at firſt I did negle&t the ſmart :
At length it rankled, and it grew vnsound,
Till he that now lies wounded, cur'd my wound.

Mars. Come ſhall we now, whilſt *Vulcan* plyes his
forge,
Sweats at his Anuill, choakes himſelfe with duft,
And labours at his bellowes, kiffe and toy ?

Venus. Why met we elſe ? Here is a place re-
mote,
An obscure caue, fit for our amorous ſport :
In this darke cauerne wee'l ſecurely reſt,

And *Mars* shall adde vnto my *Vulcans* crest.
But how if we be spy'd?

Mars. Whom need we feare?
Vnlesse the Sunne, who now the lower world
Lights with his beames; I meane the *Antipodes*,
The tell-tale blab is busie now else-where:
And I will set to watch at the caues doore,
My trusty groome, who (ere the Sunne shall rise
With his bright beames to light our Hemispheare)
Shall waken vs.

Venus. For all the world I would not haue the
Sunne

Discouer our sweet sport, or see whats done.

Mars. Be that my charge. Wher's *Gallus*?

Enter Gallus.

Gal. At hand sir: I am not that *Gallows* that is
made of three trees, or one that is neuer without
hangers on: nor that *Gallus* that is latine for a
French-man; but your owne *Gallus gallinacius*, ser-
uant and true squire to God *Mars*.

Mars. Syrrah you know this Lady.

Gallus. Yes, Mistresse *Vulcan*, shee is as well
knowne in *Paphos* here for her Meretrix, as any Lady
in the land, shee was the first that deuis'd stew'd meate,
and proclaim'd pickle-oysters to bee good for the
backe; shee is the first that taught wenches the trade
of Venery, and such as were borne to nothing but
beauty, she taught them how to vse their Talent: Yes,
I know her I warrant you.

Mars. Syrrah attend, this night yon Queene
and I
Must haue some priuate conference, in yon caue,
Where whilst we stay, 'tmust be thy care to watch
That no suspicioous eye pry through these chinks,
Especially I warne thee of the *Sunnes*.

Gallus. I smell knauery, if my Lady *Venus* play
the whoore

What am I that keepe the dore ?

Mars. See thou do call vs, e're the *Sunne* vprise,
But sleepe not, for by all my Armes I fweare,
If by thy carelesse sloth, or negligence
We be descride, thy body I'le translate,
To some strange Monster.

Gallus. I'me hard fauor'd enough already, you
need not make my face worse then it is.

Mars. Com enter then faire Queene, we are
secure,
Now safely maist thou claspe the God of warre,
Spight of *Sunne*, *Moone*, or any iealous starre.
Venus. Loue answers loue, desire with ardor
meete,
Both which this night shall tast a thousand sweetes.

Exeunt.

Gallus. I see you can make shifft to go too't without
sheetes : How shall I passe this night away till
morning, I am as drowsy as a dormouse, the very
thought that I must wake, charmes mee a sleepe
already, I would I durst venture on a nap ; Hey ho,
sure I may wake againe afore they rise, and neuer the
wiser, I will stand to't, there is not a more sleepy
trade in the world then a watchman, nor one that is
more acquainted with deeds of darkenesse, tell mee of
the *Sunne* ! the *Sunne* will not rise this two houres ;
well, let them watch that will, or can, I must haue a
nod or two, God night to you all, for here am I fast
till morning.

*Enter Aurora, attended with Seasons, Daises, and
Howers.*

Aurora. The day-starre shines and cals me blushing vp,
From *Tithons* bed to harnessse *Phœbus* Steeds.
My roseate fingers haue already stroakt
The element where light beginnes to appeare,
And straight *Apollo* with his glistering beames,

Will guild the East, the Seasons, Months, and Daies
Attend him in the pallace of the Sunne.
The Howers haue brought his Chariot to the gate
Of Christall, where the Sunne-God mounts his
throne,
His fiery Steeds haue all their traces set,
The vnruyl stalions fed with Ambrofy
(With their round hoofes shod with the purest gold)
Thunder against the Marble floores of Heauen,
And waite till *Phœbus* hath but don'd his beames,
Which I the blushing Morning still put on.
And now's the howre (for thus time fleeteth still)
That the Sunnes vp to clime the Easterne hill.

*Enter Phœbus to them, kisstes Aurora, and they all
exeunt.*

Phœbus. Beauteous *Aurora*, for full twice twelue
howers
Till in my spheare I haue compast round the world
Farewell, I with my beames will dry these teares
Thou shedst at parting ; we haue chac't hence night,
And frighted all the twinkling starres from heauen,
And now the steepe *Olimpus* we must clime,
Till from the high Meridian we peruse
The spacious bounds of this large vniuerse,
And thence decline our Chariot towards the West,
Till we haue washt our Coach-steeds and our selfe
In *Istres* icy streames : Wee with this eye
Can all things fee that mortals do on earth,
And what wee find inhumane, or to offend,
Wee tell to *Ioue*, that he may punish finnes.
For this I am term'd a tel-tale and a blab,
And that I nothing can conceale abroad.
But let spight spit the worst and wrong me still,
Day hateth finnes, and ligh despiseth ill.

Hee spies Mars & Venus.

And now behold a most abhorred deed,
Mars beds with *Venus*, shall not *Vulcan* know it ?

By my light hee shall ; I haue seene, and I will tell,
The Sunne hates sinne but crownes them that do well.

Exit.

Enter Mars.

Mars. Venus awake, wee haue ore-slept our felues,
The Sunne's aboue in his diurnall taske,
I saw his piercing beames pry through a cranny,
And cast his right eye full vpon our bed.

Enter Venus.

Venus. We are betraide, the blab will tell the
Smith,
Our loue will come to th' eare of *Jupiter*
And all the other Gods, what will *Diana*
Say when shee heares of our inchaftity ?
Or how will *Juno* take this spouse-breach from vs ?

Mars. Nay rather, how will *Vulcan* taft our
sport ?
He might suspect, but neuer proue till now,
Where is the villaine *Gallus* set to watch ?

Venus. See where he snorts, the flauie is dead
asleep.
Mars. Awake thou drowsy Groome, thy chafisement
Shall exceed torture.

Gallus. Hey ho, what's the matter there, ha ?
Mars. Looke, hast thou eies ? is not the Sun two
howres
Mounted aloft ? hath he not seene thee sleeping
At the Caues dore, Yea beheld vs too ?

Gallus. More shame for him to looke in at any
bodies window.

Mars. Speake, how canst thou excuse this ?
Gallus. Oh great God *Mars.*
Mars. Behold, this is thy doome, thy negligence
Thus I'le chaflice, thou shalt thy humane shape

Henceforth forgo, I will translate thy body
Into a bird shall euer beare thy name,
Bee *Gallus* still, a Cocke, and be thy nature
Euer hereafter this ; to watch the Sunne,
And by thy crowes and clamours warne the world
Two howres before he rise, that the Sunne comes
Clap with thy wings, and with thy shrieking loud,
Proclaime his comming when thou thrice hast crowed.

Gallus sinkes, and in his place riseth a Cocke and crowes.

Venus. The flaues right seru'd, let this his punishment

Liue to all ages, and let *Gallus* name
Thy iust reuenge to all the world proclaime.
But whither shall we now ?

Mars. I will to *Thrace*, go you to *Lemnos*.

Venus. Will you leauue me then
To *Vulcans* rage, no let vs once more meeete
In *Paphos*, and if *Vulcan* needs will chide
Giue him some cause.

Mars. Content faire Queene of loue.
For more, he cannot be much more displeas'd,
Let's score on still, and make our reckoning full,
As yet, alas faire Queene, the debts but small,
Make vp the summe, and answere once for all.

Venus. Content sweete *Mars*, and since that he
was borne
To be a Cuckold, let's augment his horne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vulcan with two Ciclops, Pyragmon, and Berontes.

Vulcan. Make haft with that shield, see't ham-
mer'd well,
For when 'tis done I'le giue't my father *Ioue*,
'Tis of the purest mettall *Lemnos* yeelds.

Pyrag. I shall sir, must the plate of two cubes
high,
Be put into the Forge ?

Vulcan. Pyragmon yes, that maffe must be wrought
well

And foundly temper'd, bid your fellow *Cyclops*
Worke lustily, it must be foone dispatcht.

Pyrag. When saw you my Lady *Venus* ?

Vulcan. No matter when, the Hufswiffe's too fine
finger'd,

And faith, the very smoake my Fordge doth cast
Choakes her, the very aire of *Lemnos* (man)
Blasts her white cheekes, she scarce will let me
kisse her,

But shee makes vergiffe faces, faith my visadge
Smug'd thus with cole-dust, doth infect her beauty,
And makes her weare a beard, shee's, sure, in
Paphos,

Cypreffe, or *Candy*, shee's all for play,
Whilst we *Ioues* thunders hammer hard all day.

Pyrag. I heard her once mocke that polt-foote of
yours

How came it pray ?

Vulcan. I'le tell thee man, I was when I was
borne

A pretty smug knaue, and my father *Ioue*
Delighted much to dance me in his lap.
Vpon a time as hee was toying with mee
In his high house aboue, that *Phaeton*
Had at that instant fet the world a fire,
My father when he saw heauens bases smoake,
Th' earth burne, and *Neptunes* broth to seeth with
heate ;

But startles vp to thunder-strike the lad,
And lets me fall : downe tumbled I towards the
earth :

I fell through all the Planets by degrees,
From *Saturne* first, so by the *Moone* at last :
And from the *Moone* downe into *Lemnos* Isle
Where I still liue, and halt vpon my fall,
No maruell ift lam'd mee, for, *Pyragmon*,
How high I tumbled, who can gesse aright,

Falling a Summers day from morne to night ?

Pyrag. 'Twas maruell you did not breake your
necke.

Vulcan. Had I not bene deriu'd from God-like
seed,

Trust me *Pyragmon* I had don't indeed.

The Cocke crows and enter Phæbus.

But to the Forge, for I *Appollo* spie,
Hee that sees all things with the daies bright eye.
Good Morrow *Phæbus*, whats the newes abroad ?
For thou feest all things in the world are done,
Men act by day-light, or the sight of Sunne.

Phæbus. Sometime I cast mine eie vpon the sea,
To see the tumbling *Seale*, or *Porpoise* play,
There see I Marchants trading, and their fayles
Big bellied with the wind ; sea fights sometimes
Rise with their smoake, thicke clouds to darke my
beames.

Sometimes, I fixe my face vpon the earth
With my warme seruour, to giue mettals, trees,
Hearbes, plants, and flowers life ; here in gardens
walke

Loose Ladies with their louers arme in arme,
Yonder the labouring Plow-man driues his Teeme.
Further, I may behold maine battels pitcht,
And whom I fauour most (by the winds helpe)
I can affist with my transparant raics.
Heere, spye I Cattell feeding, Forrests there
Stor'd with wilde beasts ; here Shepheards with their
lasses

Piping beneath the trees, whilst their flockes graze.
In Citties, I see trading, walking, bargening,
Buying, and selling, goodnesse, badnesse, all things
And shine alike on all.

Vulcan. Thrice happy *Phæbus*,
That whilst poore *Vulcan* is confin'd to *Lemnos*,
Hast every day these pleasures. What newes else.

Phæbus. No Emperour walks forth, but I see his State,
Nor sports, but I his pastimes can behold,
I see all Coronations, Funerals,
Marts, Faires, Asssemblies, Pageants, Sights, and Showes.

No hunting, but I better see the chace
Then they that rowse the game, what see not I ?
There's not a window but my beames breake in,
No chinke or cranny but my raies pierce through,
And there I see (oh *Vulcan*) wondrous things.
Things that thy selfe nor any God besides
Would giue beliefe to.

Vul. What, good *Phæbus* speake.

Phæ. Here, wantons on their day-beds, I see spread
Clasping their amorous louers in their armes,
Who euen before my face, are not sometimes
Asham'd to shew all.

Vulcan. Could not god *Phæbus* bring mee
To see this pastime.

Phæbus. Sometimes euen meane fellowes
A bed with noble Ladies whom they serue,
Seruant with seruant, married men with maides,
And wiues with Batchelours.

Vulcan. There's simple doing.

Phæbus. And shall I tell thee *Vulcan*, tother day
What I beheld, I saw the great God *Mars*.

Vulcan. God *Mars*.

Phæbus. As I was peeping through a cranny ;
a bed.

Vulcan. A bed ; with whom ? some pretty wench
I warrant.

Phæbus. Shee was a pretty wench.

Vulcan. Tell me good *Phæbus*,
That when I meete him, I may floute God *Mars*,
Tell mee, but tell me truely on thy life.

Phæbus. Not to dissemble *Vulcan*, 'twas thy wife !

Vulcan. Out on her whore, out on him Cuckold-maker,

Phæbus I'le be reuenged on great God *Mars*,
Who, whilst I hammer here his swords and shields,
Hammers vpon my head, I will complaine
To *Ioue*, and all the Gods, and tell them flat
I am a Cuckold.

Phæ. *Vulcan* be aduis'd,
I haue had notice where they vse to meeet,
Couldst not deuise to catch them by some wile ?
And lay their guilt, wide open to the Gods,
Then mightst thou haue fit colour of complaint.

Vulcan. Enough, I haue deuis'd a secret snare,
A draw-net, which I'le place vpon the Couch
Where they still vse to bed, a wire so temper'd,
And of such finenesse to deceiue the eie.
So catch them when they are at it, and by this
I may presume, and be sure I am Cuckold.

Phæbus. That's the way to be satisfied.

Vulcan. If I can catch them, all the Gods I'le call
To see my wrongs, their sports I'le neere to marre,
And venge me on that letcherous God of warre.

*Enter the Nymph, Cloris, with two more, with floures
in their laps.*

1. *Nym.* *Cloris*, you are the *Nymph* whose office is
To strow faire *Venus* bed with hearbes and flowers,
Here is the place shee meanes to sport her selfe.

Clo. I am the hand-maide to the Queene of loue,
And vnto all her pleasures minister,
When she drinkes *Nectar*, 'tis from *Cloris* hand,
If seede on sweete *Ambrotia*, or those fruits
That *Cornu-copia* yeelds, I ferue them vp,
Come let vs with fresh Roses strow her Couch,
With pances and the buds of Eglantine,
Her pillow is the purple Violet banke,
About whose verges the blancht Lillies grow,
Whose bodies twin'd about with wood-byne leaues

Make a confused sweetnesse, so 'tis well,
Come *Venus* when shee please to take her rest,
Her Arbour's dight, and all things well addrest.

Enter Vulcan and Pyragmon with his net of wire.

Vulcan. By her baud *Charis*, this I know the place,
Which with adulterate pastimes they pollute.
Here will I set my pitfall for these birds,
And catch them in the cloture of this wire,
So, so, al's fit, my snare in order plac't,
Happy the time, that I this *Charis* trac't.

Enter Mars and Venus.

Mars. Once more in spight of *Phæbus* and these eies,
That dog our pastimes, we are closely met,
And whilst the Cuckold *Vulcan* blowes the fire,
Our amorous soules their sportive blisse conspire.

Venus. Hee's limping thus, and like a cripple halts

From Forge to Fornace ; where were *Venus* eies,
When she made choise of that foule polt-foote Smith,
He smels all smoake, and with his nasty sweate
Tawnies my skinne, out on him vgly knaue,
Mars is my loue, and he my sweets shall haue.

Vulcan. Gramercy my kind wite.

Venus. Come God of warre,
I'le teach thee a new skirmish, better farre
Then thy sterne battails, meete me with a kisse
Which I retort thus, there's spirit in this,
What's he would play the coward and turne face,
When such sweete amorous combats are in place ?
My hot encounters, leaue me wound nor skarre
Yet naked I dare meete the God of Warre.

Vulcan. Out of her Whoore.

Mars. I am arm'd for thee, prepare thee, for this night

I'le breast to breast dare thee to singe fight.

Venus. Come tumble in my lap, great *Mars* I
dare

To do his worst. *Vulcan catcheth them fast in his net.*

Vul. 'Tis well, your sports are faire.

Mars. Betraide ? bound ? catcht ? release me, or by
Ioue,

Thou dy'st what ere thou art.

Vul. God *Mars*, good words ;

This is a fight in which you vse no fwords.

Your haue left you steele behinde.

Ven. Sweet *Vulcan.*

Vulc. No more.

Venus. Canst thou vse *Venus* thus ?

Vul. Away you whore,

I'le keepe you fast, and call the Gods to see

Your practise, *Neptune*, *Ioue*, and *Mercury*,

Phæbus and *Iuno*, from your spheares looke downe,

And see the cause I weare a forked crowne.

*All the Gods appeare aboue, and laugh, Jupiter, Iuno,
Phæbus, Mercury, Neptune.*

Mars. The Gods are all spectators of our shame,
And laugh at vs.

Venus. Oh ! I could cry for anger.

Sweet *Vulcan* let me loose.

Vulc. When Gods and men

Haue feene thy shame, but (trumpet) not till then.

Jup. See how *Mars* chafes.

Iun. But *Venus* weeps for rage.

Nept. Why should *Mars* fret ? if it fo tedious be,
Good God of warre bestow thy place on me.

Merc. By all the Gods, would she do me that
grace,

I would fall too't euen before *Vulcans* face.

Vul. To Gods and men let it be fully knowne

I am a Cuckold.

All. *Vulcan* is no leſſe.

Vul. Now since red shame your cheeks with bloud
hath dy'd,

I am reueng'd, and see my net's vnti'd.

Phæb. The Gods haue laugh't their fill, *Vulcan's*
reueng'd,

And now all friends : speake, are we ?

Iup. *Mars* still frownes.

Iuno. And *Venus* scarce well pleas'd.

Vul. For my part (oh you Gods !) what's past is
past,

And what is once done, cannot be recal'd :

If *Vulcan* in this ieast hath pleas'd the Gods,
All his owne wrongs he freely can forgiue.

Venus we are friends, to *Lemnos* we will hast,
And neuer more record what's done and past.

Ven. No foole, before I did offend with feare,
My guilt was but suspe~~c~~t~~e~~d, but not prou'd :

And therefore I sele~~c~~ted priuacy,
Closenesse of place, and bashfully transgreſt ;
But since both Gods and men now know my finne,
Why should I dread to fay I loue God *Mars* ?
What helpe hast thou in prouing thy wife false ?
Onely to make me doe with impudence,
What I before with feare did, on thy selfe
Brought a most certaine shame, where it before
Was but suspe~~c~~t~~e~~d.

Vul. *Venus* speakes good fence,
That's certaine now, which was before suspence.

Ven. Now farewell iealous foole, for my disgrace,
Him whom I loue, I blushlesse thus imbrace,
And may all such as would their wiues so take,
(Although they might) be feru'd thus for thy sake.

Vul. I am vndone, be warn'd by me oh men,
Although you know your wiues false, where and
when,

Take them not in the manner, though you may :
They that with feare before, now blushlesse stray,
Their guilt 'tis better to suspect then know,
So you may take some part of that you owe.

Where I by seeking her good name to thrall,
Haue made my selfe a scorne, and quite left all.

Iup. To Lemnos then, to make our Thunders fit,
Which against mortals we haue caufe to vse,
Mars, you to Thrace, *Venus* in Paphos stay,
Or where you please, we to our feuerall spheares.
Vulcan, thy morall this good vse contriues,
None search too farre th' offences of their wiues.

Exeunt.

H O M E R .

*Our last Act comes, which left it tedious grow,
What is too long in word, accept in shew.
Thinke Hercules his labours hauing ended,
The Spanish Gerion kild, and Cacus slaine,
As farre as Lydea he his palme extended,
Where beauteous Omphale this time doth raigne.
He that before to Deianeira fent,
As presents, all the spoyles that he could win,
Now fils her heart with iealous discontent,
She heares how Hercules doth card and spin
With Omphale, and serues her as a slave.
(She quite forgot in Thebes) her grieve to cheare,
Th' assembled Princes with their Counsels graue,
Are come to comfort and remoue her feare.
By these all his stor'd labours he hath fent
To call him home, to free her discontent.*

A shew. Enter Deianeira sad, with Lychas: to her Iason, Telamon, Castor, Pollux, Nestor, &c. They seeme to comfort her, she fends Lychas, who brings the Trophies of his twelue labours, she deliuers them to the Princes, to beare to her husband. They part feuerall waies.

*Hom. Iason, and the other Hero's for her sake,
Trauell to Lydia, to perswade him thence
And by his twelue knowne labours, undertake*

*To moue him, quite t' abandon his faire wenche.
Further then this her iealousie extends,
A farre worse present she by Lychas sends.*

Enter Deianeira, and her seruant Lychas.

Lych. Madam, these sorrowes are too violent
For your weake sex, I do not thinke tis true,
Your husband can preferre that *Omphale*
Before your beauty.

Deian. Hee's forgot in *Greece*.
Greece that was wont to clangor with his fame,
Is now all silent, who but *Iafon* now,
And *Telamon*, that scald'd the walles of *Troy*,
Alcides is a name forgot amongst vs,
And *Deianeira* too forgot with him.
Oh ! that I had the tempting strumpet here
That keepes my Lord away, confining me
Vnto the coldnesse of a widowed bed.

Lyc. Madam, these presents fent, and so wel
knowne
Coming from you, must needs preuaile with him.
These Princes haue great interest in his loue,
And can perfwade much.

Deia. But that strumpet more.
Lychas, he doates vpon her tempting lookes,
And is so much with her enchantments blear'd,
That hee's turn'd woman : woman *Lychas*, spinnes,
Cards, and doth chare-worke, whilst his mistres fits
And makes a cushion of his Lyons skin,
Makes of his club a rocke. I loofe my selfe
In this my sorrow, and forget the meanes
I still keepe by me, to restore my loue ;
Lychas, fetch me the shirt within my chamber,
I haue bethought me now.

Lych. Madam I shall.

Dei. This shirt (in bloud of Centaur *Nessus* dipt,
And since washt out) Il'e send my *Hercules*,
Which hath the power to make his hot loue dye
To any stranger, and reuiue to me.

This (as his last) the dying Centaur spake,
To this I'lle trust, all other hopes forsake.

Enter Lychas.

Lych. Madam the shirt.

Dei. This as my best and dearest,
Present me (trusty *Lychas*) to my Lord,
Intreat withall, that if he haue not quite
Put off my loue, hee'lle daine to put on this.
If he despise my gift, returne it backe,
And in it my death.

Lych. Feare not faire Princesse,
I hope to proue as fortunate as faithfull.

Dei. Farewell, proue as thou speakest. If my gift
faile,
I haue sentenced all my sorrowes to one death,
Whilst *Deianeira* hath a hand to vse,
Shee'l not liue hated where she once did chuse. *Exit.*

*Enter Omphale, Queene of Lydia, with 4 or 5 maids
Hercules attired like a woman, with a distaffe and
a spindle.*

Omph. Why so, this is a power infus'd in loue,
Beyond all magicke; Is't not strange to see
A womans beauty tame the Tyrant-tamer?
And the great Monster-maister ouer-match?
Haue you done your taske?

Herc. Beauteous Queene, not yet.

Omph. Then I shall frowne.

Herc. Before that (louely faire)
Augment my taske, vnto a treble chare.
For one sweet smile from beauteous *Omphale*,
I'le lay before thee all the monstrous heads
Of the grim tyrants that oppresse the earth.
I that before, at *Iuno's* stri& behest,
The hundred gyants of *Cremona* flue,
Will twice fwe hundred kill for *Omphale*.

Finde me a *Cacus* in a caue of fire,
 Il'e dragge him from the mountaine *Auentino*,
 And lay his bulke at thy victorious feet.
 Finde me another *Gerion* to captiue,
 All his three heads Il'e tumble in thy skirt.
 Bid me once more facke hell, to binde the furies,
 Or to present thee with the Gods in chaines,
 It shall be done for beauteous *Omphale*.

Omph. Leauue prating, ply your worke.

Herc. Oh what a sweetnesse

Liues in her lookes ! no bondage, or base flauery
 Seemes seruitude, whilst I may freely gaze
 (And vncontrold) on her : but for one smile,
 Il'e make her Empresse ore the triple world,
 And all the beauteous Queenes from East to West,
 The *Lydians* vassails, and my fellow-flaues.
 There is no Lord but *Loue*, no vastailage
 But in affection, and th' Emperious Queene
 Doth tyranize ore captiue *Hercules*.

Enter a maid.

Maid. Madam, some Dukes of *Greece* attend
 without,

And craue to see your captiue *Theban* here.

Omph. Admit them, they shall fee what pompe we
 haue,

And that our beauty can the loftiest flaue.

*Enter Iason, Telamon, Castor, Pollux, Nestor,
 Atreus, &c.*

Iason. Our businesse was to *Theban Hercules*,
 'Twas told vs he remain'd with *Omphale*,
 The *Lydian* Queene.

Tel. Speake, which is *Omphale*?
 Or which *Alcides* ?

Omph. We are queene of *Lydia*,
 And this our vassaile. Do you know him Lords ?

Stoope flaeue, and kisse the foot of *Omphale*.

Herc. I shall.

Nest. Oh wondrous alteration !

Cast. Till now I trusted this report was false,
And scarcely can I yet beleefe mine eyes.

Pol. Lady, our purpose was to *Hercules*,
Shew vs the man.

Omph. Behold him *Greekes* there.

Atreus. Where ?

Omph. There at his taske.

Iason. Alas ! This *Hercules* ?

This is some base effeminate groome, not hee
That with his puissance frightened all the earth :
This is some woman, some *Hermophrodite*.

Herc. Hath *Iason*, *Nestor*, *Castor*, *Telamon*,
Atreus, *Pollux*, all forgot their friend ?
We are the man.

Iason. Woman we know thee not.
We came to seeke the *Ioue*-borne *Hercules*,
That in his cradle strangled *Juno*'s snakes,
And triumpht in the braue *Olimpicke* games,
He that the *Cleonean* Lyon flue,
The *Eremanthian* Boare, the Bull of *Marathon*,
The *Lernean* *Hydra*, and the winged Hart.
He that drag'd *Cerberus* from hell in chaines,
And stownded *Pluto* in his *Ebon* Chaire,
That *Hercules* by whom the Centaurs fell,
Great *Achelous*, the *Stymphalides*,
And the *Cremona* giants ? Where is he ?

Tel. That traiterous *Neffus* with a shaft trans-fixt,
Strangled *Antheus*, purg'd *Augeus* stallies,
Won the bright Apples of the *Hesperides*,
And whilst the Giant *Atlas* eaf'd his limbes,
Bore on his shoulders the huge frame of heauen.

Herc. And are not we the man ? see *Telamon*.

Tel. A woman do this ? we would see the *Theban*
That *Cacus* flue, *Busiris* sacrific'd,
And to his horses hurl'd sterne *Diomed*
To be deuour'd.

Pol. That freed *Hesione*
From the Sea-whale, and after ransackt *Troy*,
And with his owne hand slue *Laomedon*.

Nest. He by whom *Dercillus* and *Albion* fell,
He that *Ocealia* and *Betricia* wan.

Atr. That monstrous *Gerion* with his three heads
vanquisht

With *Linus*, *Lichas* that vsurp't in *Thebes*,
And captur'd there his beauteous *Megara*.

Iason. He that the *Amazonian Baldricke* wan,
That *Achelous* with his club subdu'd,
And wan from him the pride of *Calidon*
Bright *Deianeira*, that now mournes in *Thebes*
The absence of that noble *Hercules*.

To him we came, but since he liues not here,
Come Lords, we wil returne these presents backe
Vnto the constant Lady, whence they came.

Herc. Stay Lords.

Iason. 'Mongst women ?

Herc. For that *Thebans* sake
Whom you professe to loue, and came to seeke,
Abide awhile, and by my loue to *Grecce*,
Il'e bring before you that lost *Hercules*,
For whom you came to enquire.

Iason. On that condition (Princes) lets stay a
little.

Tela. It workes, it workes.

Herc. How haue I lost my selfe ?
Did we all this ? where is that spirit become
That was in vs ? no maruell *Hercules*,
If thou beest strange to them, that thus disguis'd,
Art to thy selfe vnknowne. Hence with this distaffe
And base effeminate chares.

Omp. How flauie ? submit and to thy taske againe.
Dar'st thou rebell ?

Herc. Pardon great *Omphale*.

Iaf. Will *Telamon* perswade me this is *Hercules*
The *Libian* Conquerer, now a flauies flauie.
He liu'd in midst of battailes, this 'mongst truls :

This welds a distaffe, he a conquering Club.

Shall we bestow faire *Deianeiraes* presents

On this (heauen knowes) whether man or woman ?

Herc. Who nam'd my *Deianeira* ? *Iason* you ?
How fares my loue ? how fares my beauteous wife ?
I know these presents, did they come from her ?
What strumpet's this that hath detain'd my soule ?
Captiu'd my fame, transf-shap't me to a foole ?
Made me (of late) but little lesse then God,
Now scarce a man ? Hence with these womanish
tyres,

And let me once more be my selfe againe.

Tel. Keep from him *Omphale*, be that your charge,
Wee'l second these good thoughts.

Omph. *Alcides* heare me.

Cast. By your fauour madam.

Herc. Who spake ?

Iason. Thinke that was *Deianira's* voyce,
That cals thee home to dry her widowed teares,
And to bring comfort to her desolate bed.

Herc. Oh *Deianeira*.

Om. Heare me *Hercules*.

Herc. Ha *Omphale* ?

Pollux. You shall not trouble him.

Iaf. 'Twas she that made *Alcides* womanish,
But *Deianeira* to be more then man.

For thy wiues sake thou art renown'd in *Greece*,
This Strumpet hath made *Greece* forget thee quite,
And scarce remember there was such a man.

Thebes that was wont to triumph in thy glories,
Is now all silent. Tyrants euery where

Beginne to oppresse, thinking *Alcides* dead
For so the fame's already. Shall a Strumpet

Do this vpon the *Theban Hercules* ?

And *Deyaneira*, faire, chast, absolute

In all perfections, liue despis'd in *Thebes* ?

Herc. By *Ioue* she shall not, first I'le rend these eies
out,

That fotted with the loue of *Omphale*

Hath transhapt me, and deepeley iniur'd her.
 Come we will shake off this effeminacy
 And by our deeds repurchase our renowne.
Iason and you braue *Greekes*, I know you now,
 And in your honours I behold my selfe
 What I haue bene, hence Strumpet *Omphale*,
 I cast thee off, and once more will resume
 My natvie vertues, and to proue this good
 This day vnto the Gods I'le sacrifice,
 To grace which pompe, and that we may appeare
 The same we were, before vs shall be borne
 These of our labours twelue, the memory,
 Vnto *Ioues* Temple, grace vs worthy *Heroes*
 To assist vs in this high follemnity.
 Whilst we vpon our manly shoulders beare
 These massy pillars we in Gades must reare.

Exeunt.

Manet Omphale.

Omphale. We haue lost our seruant, neuer yet had
 Lady
 One of the like ranke. All King *Thespis*
 daughters,
 Fifty in number, childed all one night,
 Could not preuaile so much with *Hercules*
 As we haue done ; no not faire *Yole*
 Daughter to *Cacus*, beauteous *Megara*,
 Nor all the faire and amorous queenes of *Greece*,
 Could flauie him like the *Lydian Omphale*.
 Therefore where e're his labours be renown'd,
 Let not our beauty passe vnregistred.
 Bondaging him that captiu'd all the earth,
 Nor will we leaue him, or yet loose him thus.
 What either beauty, cunning, flattery, teares
 Or womans Art can, we will practise on him.
 But now the Priests and Princes are prepar'd
 For the great sacrifice, which we will grace
 With our high prefence, and behold aloofe

These rights vnto the gods perform'd and done
We're gaine by Art, what we with beauty won.

*Enter to the sacrifice two Priests to the Altar, sixe
Princes with sixe of his labours, in the midst
Hercules bearing his two brazen pillars, six other
Princes, with the other six labours, Hercules staies
them.*

Herc. Now *Ioue* behold vs from thy spheare of
Starres,
And shame not to acknowledge vs thy sonnes.
Thus should *Alcides* march amidst his spoiles,
Inquirt with slaughtered Lyons, Hydreaes, Whales,
Boares, Buls, grim Tyrants, Hel-hounds, Monsters,
Furies,
And Princes his spectators : oh you Gods,
To whom this day we consecrate our praiers,
And dedicate our sacred orisons,
Daine vs your eies, behold these shoulders beare
Two brazen pillars, trophies of our fame,
That haue eas'd *Atlas*, and supported heauen,
And had we shrunke beneath that heauenly structure
The Spheares, Orbs, Planets, Zeniths, Signes, and
Stars,
With *Ioues* high Pallace, all confusedly
Had shattered, falne, and o'rewhelm'd earth and sea,
Wee haue done that, and all these labours else,
Which we this day make sacred, *Juno* see
These we furrender to thy *Ioue* and thee.

set on.

*As they march ouer the Stage, enter Lychas with
the shirt.*

Lych. From *Deiancira* I present this guift,
Wrought with her owne hand, with more kind com-
mends
Then I haue measured steps to *Lydia*

From *Thebes*, which she intreats you weare for her.

Herc. More welcome is this guift to *Hercules*
Then *Iason's* Fleece, *Laomedon's* white Steeds,
Or should *Ioue* grace me with eternity.

Here stand our pillars, with *non ultra* infculpt,
Which we must reare beyond the Pyrene Hils
At *Gades* in *Spaine* (*Alcides* vtmost bounds)
Whilst we put on this shirt, the welcome present
Of *Deianeira*, whom we deerely loue,
Lychas thy hand, In this wee'le sacrifice
And make our peace with her and *Jupiter*.

Iason. Never was *Hercules* so much himselfe,
How will this newes glad *Deyaneiraes* heart,
Or how this fight inrage faire *Omphale*?

Tell. All his dead honours he reuiues in this,
And *Greece* shall once more echoe with his fame.

Hercules puts on the shirt.

Herc. With this her present, I put on her loue,
Witnesse heauen, earth, and all you Peeres of *Greece*,
I wed her once more in this ornament,
Her loue and her remembrance fit to me
More neere by thousands then this roabe can cleave.
So, now before *Ioues* Altar let vs kneele,
And make our peace with heauen, attone our selfe
With beauteous *Deyaneira* our chast wife
And cast away the loue of *Omphale*.

All the Princes kneel to the Altar.

Priest. Princes of *Greece* affist vs with your
thoughts,
And let your prayers with ours ascend the Speares,
For mortals orifons are sonnes to *Ioue*,
And when none else can, they haue free accesse
Vnto their fathers eare, haile sonne of *Saturne*,
To whom when the three lots of heauen, of sea,
And hell were cast, the high *Olimpus* fell.

Herc. Oh, oh.

Priest. That with a nod canst make heauens col-
lomes bend,
And th' earths Center tremble, whose right hand

Is arm'd with lightning, and the left with feare.

Herc. No more, are all the furies with their tortures,

Their whips and lashes crept into my skin ?

Hath any fightlesse and infernall fire

Laid hold vpon my flesh ? when did *Alcides*

Thus shake with anguish ? thus change face, thus shrinke ?

Shall torture pale our cheeke ? no, Priest proceed,
We will not feele the paine, thou shalt not breed.

Iason. What alteration's this ? a thousand pangues
I see even in his visage, in his silence
He doth expresse even hell.

Priest. Thou sacred *Ioue*
Behold vs at thy Altar prostrate here
To beg attonement 'tweene our fins and thee,
Lend vs a gracious eare and eye.

Herc. Priest no more,
I'le rend thy Typet, hurle *Ioues* Altars downe,
Hauock his Offerings, all his Lamps extinguish,
Raze his high Temples, and skale heauen it selfe
Vnlesse he stay my tortures.

Iason. Warlike *Theban*,
Whence comes this fury ? is this madnes forc't,
That makes *Alcides* thus blasphem the Gods.

Tell. Patient your selfe.
Herc. I will not *Iason*, cannot *Tellamon*,
A stipticke poyson boyles within my veines,
Hell is within me, for my marrow fries,
A vulture worse then that *Prometheus* feeles,
Fiers on my entrails, and my bulke in flames.

Iason. Yet be your selfe, renowned *Hercules*,
Strive with your torture, with your rage contend
Seek to o're-come this anguish.

Herc. Well, I will,
See *Iason*, see renowned *Tellamon*,
I will be well, I'le feele no poison boyle,
Though my bloud skal'd me, though my hot fuspires,
Blast where I breath like lightning, though my lungs

Seeth in my bloud, I will not pale a cheeke,
Nor change a brow, I will not, spight of torture
Anguish, and paine, I will not.

Omp. What strange fury
Hath late possest him to be thus disturb'd ?

Iason. Why this is well, once more repaire *Ioues*
Altar.

Kindle these holy Tapers and proceed.

Herc. To plucke the Thunderer from his Christall
throne,

And throw the Gallaxia, by the locks,
And amber tresses, drag the Queene of heauen.

Nestor. *Alcides.*

Herc. Princes, *Iason*, *Tellamon*,
Help me to teare of this infernall shrt,
Which rawes me where it cleaves, vnskin my brawnes,
And like one nak't rowl'd in a Tun of spikes
Of thousands, make one vniuerfall wound,
And such is mine : oh *Deyaneira* false,
Treacherous, vnknd, disloyall ; plucke, teare, rend
Though you my bones leaue naked, and my flesh
Frying with poyson you cast hence to dogs.
Dread *Neptune*, let me plundge me in thy seas,
To coole my body, that is all on flame.
Or with thy tri-sulke thunder strike me *Ioue*,
And so let fire quench fire, vnhand me Lords,
Let me spurne mountaines downe, and teare vp
rockes

Rend by the roots huge Okes, till I haue dig'd
A way to hell, or found a skale to heauen.

Something I must, my torments are so great,
To quench this flame and qualify this heate. *Exit.*

Iason. Let vs not leaue him Princes least this out-
rage

Make him lay violent hands vpon him selfe.

If *Deyaneiraes* heart, were with her hand,

Shee is her sexes scandall, and her shame

Euen whilst Time liues, shall euery tongue proclaime.

Exit.

Omph. I'le follow to, and with what Art I can,
Strive this his rage and torture to allay. *Exit.*

Lych. What's in this shirt vnknowne to me that
brought it ?

Or what hath iealous *Deyaneira* done ?
To employ me, an vnwilling mesflenger,
In her Lords death : well, whosoe're it proue
My innocence I know, I'le, if I may
Looke to my life, and keepe out of his way.

Enter Hercules.

Herc. *Lychas,*

Lychas, where's he that brought this poyson'd shirt,
That I may teare the villaine lim from lim,
And flake his body small as Winters snow,
His shattered flesh shall play like parched leaues,
And dance in th' aire, tost by the sommer winds.

Lychas. Defend me heauen.

Herc. Oh that with stamping thus,
I could my selfe beneath the Center finke,
And tombe my tortured body beneath hell.
Had I heauens massy columns in my gripes,
Then with one fway I would or'e-turne yon frame,
And make the marble Elementall sky
My Tomb-stone to enterre dead *Hercules*.
Oh father *Ioue* thou laist vpon thy sonne
Torments aboue supporture, *Lichas*, oh !
I'le chafe the villaine o're *Oetaes* rockes,
Till I haue nak't those hils, and left no shad'e
To hide the Traytor.

Lichas. Which way shall I flye
To scape his fury ? if I stay I dye. *Hercules sees him.*

Herc. Stay, stay, what's he that creeps into yon
caue ?
Is not that *Lychas Deyaneiraes* squire,
That brought this poysoned shirt to *Hercules* ?
I thanke thee *Ioue*, yet this is some allayment
And moderation to the pangues I feele,

Nay, you shall out sir *Lychas* by the heeles.

*Hercules swings Lychas about his head,
and kils him.*

Thus, thus, thy limbs about my head I twine,
Eubœan sea receiue him, for he's thine.

Enter Iason, Tellamon, and all the Princes, after them Omphale.

Ias. Princes, his torments are 'boue Phyfiche
helpe,
And they that wish him well, must wish his death,
For that alone giues period to his anguish.

Tell. In vaine we follow and pursue his rage,
There's danger in his madnesse.

Neſt. Yet aloofe,
Let's obserue him, and great *Ioue* implore
To qualifie his paines.

Phy. As I am *Philoctetes* I'le not leauue him,
Vntill he be immortall, Princes harke,

Hercules within.
Cannot these grones peirce heauen and moue to pitty
The obdure *Iuno*.

Omph. Beneath this rocke where we haue often
kift,
I will lament the noble *Thebans* fall,
The *Lydian* *Omphale* will be to him
A truer Mystrefsie, then his wife, whose hate
Hath brought on him this sad and ominous fate.
Nor hence, for any force or prayer remoue,
But die with him whom I so deereley loue. *cry within.*

Caſt. His torments still increase, heare oh you
Gods,
And hearing pitty.

*Enter Hercules from a rocke aboue, tearing downe
trees.*

Herc. Downe, downe, you shadowes that crowne
Oeta Mount,

And as you tumble beare the Rockes along.
I will not leaue an Oake or standing Pine
But all these mountaines with the dales make euen,
That *Oetaes* selfe may mourne with *Hercules*.
Hah ! what art thou ?

Omph. I am thy *Omphale*.

Herc. Art thou not *Deyaneira* come to mocke
Alcides madnesle, and his pangues deride ?
Yes, thou art she, thou, thou hast fier'd my bones,
And mak'st me boyle in poyson, for which (minion)
And for (by fate) thou hast shortned my renowne,
Behold, this monstrous rocke thy death shal crowne.

Hercules kills Omphale, with a peece of a rocke.
So *Deyaneira* and her squire are now
Both in their fins extin&t.

Thef. What hath *Alcides* done ? slaine *Omphale*,
A guiltlesse queene that came to mourne his death.

Herc. Torment on torment. Bnt shall *Hercules*
Dye by a womans hand ? No, ayd me Princes,
(If you haue in you any generous thoughts)
In my last fabricke : Come, tosse trees on trees,
Till you haue rear'd me vp a funerall pile,
Which all that's mortall in me shall consume.

Cast. Princes, let none deny their free assitance,
In his release of torture. Ther's for me.

Pol. My hand shall likewise helpe to bury him,
And of his torments give him ease by death.

*All the Princes breake downe the trees, and make a
fire, in which Hercules placeth himselfe.*

Her. Thanks, thus I throne me in the midst of
fire,
And with a dreadlesse brow confront my death.
Olimpicke thunderer now behold thy sonne,
Of whose diuine parts make a starre, that *Atlas*
May shrinke beneath the weight of *Hercules*.
And step-dame *Iuno*, glut thy hatred now,
That hast beene weary to command, when we
Haue not beene weary to performe and act.
I that *Busiris* flue, *Antheus* strangled,

And conquer'd still at thy vnkinde behest,
 The three-shap't *Gerion*, and the dogge of hell,
 The Bull of *Candy*, and the golden *Hart*,
Augeus and the fowles of *Stymphaly*,
 The *Hesperian* fruit, and bolt of *Thermidon*,
 The *Lernean Hydra*, and *Arcadian* Boare,
 The Lyon of *Næmea*, Steeds of *Thrace*,
 The monster *Cacus*; thoufands more then these,
 That *Hercules* in death dares thee to chide,
 And shewes his spirit, which torments cannot hide.
 Lye there thou dread of Tyrants, and thou skin,

He burnes his Club, and Lyons Skin.

Invulner'd still, burne with thy maisters bones :
 For these be armes which none but we can weild.
 My bow and arrowes *Philoctetes* take,
 Referue them as a token of our loue,
 For these include the vtmost fate of *Troy*,
 Which without these, the *Greekes* can nere destroy.
 You Hero's all fare-well, heape fire on fire,
 And pile on pile, till you haue made a struture
 To flame as high as heauen, and record this
 Though by the *Gods* and *Fates* we are ore-throwne,
Alcides dies by no hand but his owne.

Iupiter aboue strikes him with a thunder-bolt, his body
finkes, and from the heauens discends a hand in a
cloud, that from the place where Hercules was
burnt, brings vp a starre, and fixeth it in the
firmament.

Iafon. *Iuno* thou hast done thy worst ; he now
 defies
 What thou canst more, his fame shall mount the
 skies.

What heauenly musicke's this ?

Tel. His soule is made a star, and mounted
 heauen,
 I see great *Ioue* hath not forgot his fonne :
 All that his mothers was is chang'd by fire,

But what he tooke of *Iouc*, and was deuine,
Now a bright star in the high heauens must shine.

Enter Atreus.

Nef. We all haue seene *Alcides* deifi'd.
But what newes brings *Atreus*?

Atr. A true report of *Deianeira's* death,
Who when she heard the tortures of her Lord,
And what effect her fatall present tooke,
Exclaim'd on *Nessus*, and to proue herfelfe
Guiltlesse of treason in her husbands death,
With her owne hand she boldly flue herfelfe.

Pel. That noble act proclaim'd her innocent,
And cleares all blacke suspition : but faire princes,
Let vniuersall *Greece* in funerall blacke,
Mourne for the death of *Theban Hercules*.

Ias. Who now shal monsters quel, or tyrants
tame?
Th' oppressed free, or fill *Greece* with their fame.
Princes your hands, take vp these monuments
Of his twelue labours in a marble Temple
(We will erect and dedicate to him)
Reserue them to his lasting memory :
His brazen pillers shall be fixt in *Gades*,
On which his monumentall deeds wee'l graue.
Arm'd with these worthy Trophies lets march on
Towards *Thebes*, that claimes the honour of his birth.
His body's dead, his fame shall nere expire,
Earth claimes his earth, heauen shewes his heauenly
fire.

Exeunt omnes.

H O M E R.

*He that expects ffe short Aet can containe
Each circumstance of these things we present,
Me thinkes should shew more barrennesse then braine :
All we haue done we aime at your content,
Striuing to illustrate things not knowne to all,*

*In which the learnd can onely censure right :
The rest we craue, whom we vnlettered call,
Rather to attend then iudge ; for more then sight
We seeke to please. The vnderstanding eare
Which we haue hitherto most gracious found,
Your gnerall loue, we rather hope then feare :
For that of all our labours is the ground.*

*If from your loue in any point we stray,
Thinke H O M E R blind, and blind men misse their
way.*

FINIS.

The Iron Age:

Contayning the Rape of *Hellen*:

The siege of *Troy*: The Combate be-
twixt *Hector* and *Ajax*: *Hector* and
Troilus slayne by *Achilles*: *Achilles*
slaine by *Paris*: *Ajax* and *Vlißes*
contend for the Armour of
Achilles: The Death of
Ajax, &c.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodeſſe ſolent, aut delectare.



Printed at London by Nicholas Okes, 1632.



Drammatis Personæ.

Of the party of the Troians.

King *Priam*.
Hector.
Paris.
Troilus.
Æneas.
Anthenor.
Deiphobus.
Margareton.
Astianax, *Hectors sonne*.
Queene *Hecuba*.
Cassandra a Prophetesse.
Creßida, *Calchas* his
daughter.
Polixina, daughter to
Priam.
Oenon, *Paris* his first
loue.
Andromache, *Hectors wife*.
Hectors Armour-bearer.
Troian fouldiers.

Of the party of the Grecians.

King *Agememnon* Gene-
rall.
King *Menelaus*.
King *Diomed*.
Vlysses, King of *Ithacus*.
Achilles.
A *Spartan* Lord.
An Embassador of *Creete*.
Castor and *Pollux*, the
two brothers of *Hel-
lena*.
Ajax Duke of *Salamine*.
Thersites a raylor.
Queene *Hellena*.
Calchas, *Apolloes* Priest.
Patroclus, *Achilles* his
friend.
Achilles his Mermidons.
Grecian souldiers.
Attendants.





To my VVorthy and much Respected
Friend, Mr. Thomas *Hammon*,
of Grayes Inne Esquire.

SIR,

IF the noble Scholler *Nichod. Friscelimus*, thought that his labour in Transferring six of *Aristophanes* his Comedies out of the Originall *Greeke* into the *Roman* tongue, was worthy to be dedicated to six feueral, the most eminent Princes of his time, for Learning and Iudgement : Thinke it then no disparagment to you, to vndertake as well the Patronage, perusall of this Poem : Which as it exceeds the strict limits of the ancient Comedy (then in vse) in forme, so it transcends them many degrees ; both in the fulnesse of the Sceane, and grauity of the Subiect.

The History whereon it is grounded, hauing beeene the selected Argument of many exquisite Poets : For what Pen of note, in one page or

The Epistle Dedicatory.

other hath not remembred *Troy*, and bewayl'd
the facke and subuersion of so illustrious a Citty:
Which, although it were scituate in *Asia*, yet out
of her ashes hath risen two the rarest Phoenixes
in *Europe*, namely *London* and *Rome*. *Sir* my
acquaintance with your worth, and knowledge of
your iudgement, were the chiefe motiues, in-
ducing me to select you before many others:
accept it, I intreate you, as sauourably as hee
expofeth it willingly, who as he hath ante-
cedently long, so futurely euer,

Shall remayne yours:

Thomas Heywood.



To the Reader.

Courteous Reader : The Gold, Siluer, and Brasse Ages hauing beene many yeares since in the Presse, continuing the History from Iupiters Birth (the sonne of Saturne) to the Death of Hercules. This Iron Age (neuer till now Published,) beginneth where the other left, holding on, a plaine and direct course, from the second Rape of Hellen : (For she was in her minority rauished by Theseus the Friend of Hercules) not onely to the vtter ruine, and deuastation of Troy ; but it, with the second Part, stretcheth to the Deathes of Hellen, and all those Kings of Greece, who were the undertakers of that Ten yeares Bloody and fatall Seige. I perfume the reading thereof shall not prooue distastfull vnto any : First in regard of the Antiquity and Noblenesse of the History : Next because it includeth the most things of especiall remarke, which haue beene ingeniously Commented, and labouriously Recorded, by the Muses Darlings,

To the Reader.

*the Poets : And Times learned Remembrancers,
the Histriographers.*

*Lastly, I desire thee to take notice, that these
were the Playes often (and not with the least
applause,) Publickely Acted by two Companies,
vpon one Stage at once, and haue at sundry
times thronged three severall Theaters, with nu-
merous and mighty Auditories, if the grace they
had then in the A&elings, take not away the expected
luster, hoped for in the Reading, I shall then hold
thee well pleased, and therein, my selfe fully satis-
fied ; Euer remaining thine as studious*

Prodefse vt Delectare :

Thomas Heywood.



The Iron Age.

Aetus primus, Scœna prima.

*Enter King Priamus, Queene Hecuba, Hector, Troilus,
Æneas, Deiphobus, &c.*

Priamus.

Drincs and Sonnes of *Priam*, to this end
Wee cal'd you to this solemne Parleance.
There's a deuining spirit prompts mee still,
That if we new begin Hostility,
The *Grecians* may be forc't to make repayre
Of our twice ruin'd walls, and of the rape
Done to our sister faire *Hesione*.

Æneas. I am my princely Soueraigne of your
minde,
And can by grounded arguments approoue
Your power and potency : what they twice demolish't,
Is now with strength and beauty rear'd againe.
Your Kingdome growne more populous and rich,

The youth of *Troy* irregular and vntan'd,
 Couetous of warre and martiall exercife.
 From you and siluer tressed *Hecuba*
 Fifty faire sonnes are lineally deriu'd,
 All *Astae* Kings are in your loue and league,
 Their royalties as of your Empire held.
Hector and *Hectors* brothers are of power
 To fetch your sister from the heart of *Greece*,
 Where she remaines imbrac't by *Telamon*.

Pria. *Æneas*, your aduise assents with vs.
 How stand our sonnes vnto these wars inclin'd?

Hect. In mine opinion we haue no iust cause
 To rayfe new tumults, that may liue in peace:
 Warre is a fury quickly coniured vp,
 But not so foone appeased.

Par. What iuster cause
 When the whole world takes note to our disgrace,
 Of this our *Troy*, twice rac't by *Hercules*.

Troy. And faire *Hesione* rapt hence to *Greece*,
 Where she still liues coopt vp in *Salamine*.

Hect. *Troy* was twice rac't, and *Troy* deseru'd that
 wracke,

The valiant (halfe Diuine bred) *Hercules*,
 Redeem'd this Towne from blacke mortallity,
 And my bright Aunt from death, when he furcharg'd
 The virgin fedde Sea-monster with his club.
 For my owne Grand-sire great *Laomedon*,
 Denied the Heroe, both the meede propos'd,
 And (most ingratefull) shut him from the Gates:
Troy therefore drew iust ruine on it selfe:
 Tis true, our Aunt was borne away to *Greece*,
 Who with more iustice might transport her hence,
 Then he whose prise she was? bold *Telamon*
 For ventring first vpon the wals of *Troy*,
Alcides gaue her to the *Salmine* Duke.
 Detayning her? whom keepes he but his owne?
 Were she my prisoner I should do the like.
 By *Ioue* she's worth the keeping.

Par. Then of force,

Shee must be worth the fetching.

Hec. Fetch her that list: my reuerent King and father,

If you pursue this expedition,
By the vntaunted honor of these armes
That liue imblazon'd on my burnish't shield,
It is without good caufe, and I deuine
Of all your flourishing line, by which the Gods
Haue rectified your fame aboue all Kings,
Not one shal liue to meate your Sepulchre,
Or trace your funerall Heralds to the Tombes
Of your great Ancestours: oh for your honour
Take not vp vniust Armes.

Aene. Prince *Hector's* words
Will draw on him the imputation
Of feare and cowardesie.

Troi. Fie brother *Hector*,
If our Aunts rape, and *Troyes* destruction
Bee not reueng'd, their feuerall blemishes
The aged hand of Time can neuer wipe
From our succeſſion.

Par. 'Twill be registred
That all King *Priams* sonnes faue one were willing
And forward to reuenge them on the *Greekes*,
Onely that *Hector* durſt not.

Hec. Ha, durſt not didſt thou fay? effeminate boy,
Go get you to your Sheepe-hooke and your Scrip,
Thou look'ſt not like a Souldier, there's no fire
Within thine eyes, nor quills vpon thy chinne,
Tell me I dare not? go, rife, get you gone,
Th'art fitter for young *Oenons* company
Then for a bench of ſouldiers: here comes one,
Antenor is returned.

Enter Antenor.

Pri. Welcome *Antenor*, what's the newes from
Greece?

Ante. Newes of dishonour to the name of *Priam*,

Your Highnesse Sister faire *Hesione*:
 Esteem'd there as a strumpet, and no Queene ;
 (After complaint) when I propos'd your Maiesy
 Would fetch her thence perforce, had you but seene
 With what disdainefull pride, and bitter taunts
 They tost my threats : 'twould haue inflam'd your
 spleene
 With more then common rage, neuer was Princesse
 So basely vf'd : neuer Embassadour
 With such dishonour sent from Princes Court,
 As I was then from that of *Telamons*,
 Of *Agamemnons* and the *Spartan* Kings.

Priam. I shall not dye in peace, if these disgraces
 Liue vnreueng'd.

Heſt. By *Ioue* wee'le fetch her thence,
 Or make all populous *Greece* a Wildernesſe,
Paris a hand, wee are friends, now *Greece* ſhall finde
 And thou ſhalt know what mighty *Hector* dares.
 When all th' united Kings in Armes ſhall rue
 This base dishonour done to *Priams* blood.

Par. Heare Gracious fir, my dreame in *Ida*
 Mount,
 Beneath the shadow of a Cedar ſleeping.
 Celeſtiall *Iuno*, *Venus*, and the Goddeſſe
 Borne from the braine of mighty *Iupiter*.
 These three preſent me with a golden Ball,
 On which was writ, *Detur pulcherrimæ*,
 Giue't to the faireſt : *Iuno* proffers wealth,
 Scepters and Crownes : faith, ſhe will make me rich.
 Next ſteps forth *Pallas* with a golden Booke,
 Saith, reach it me, I'le teach thee Litterature,
 Knowledge and Arts, make thee of all moſt wife.
 Next ſmiling *Venus* came, with ſuch a looke
 Able to rauish mankinde : thus beſpake mee,
 Make that Ball mine ? the faireſt Queene that
 breathes,
 I'le in requitall, caſt into thine armeſ.
 How can I ſtand againſt her golden ſmiles,
 When beautie promiſt beauty ? ſhee preuayl'd

To her I gaue the prise, with which shhee mounted
Like to a Starre from earth shott vp to Heauen.
Now if in *Greece* (as some report) be Ladies
Peerelesse for beauty, wherefore might not *Paris*
By *Venus* ayde sayle hence to *Grecia*,
And quit the rape of faire *Hesione*,
By stealing thence the Queene most beautifull,
That feedes vpon the honey of that ayre ?

Pri. That amorous Goddesse borne vpon the
waues

Affist thee in thy voyage, we will rigge
A royll fleete to waft thee into *Greece*.
Aeneas with our sonne *Deiphobus*,
And other Lords shall beare thee company.
What thinke our sonnes *Hector* and *Troylus*
Of *Paris* expedition ?

Hecl. As an attempt the Heauens haue cause to
prosper.

Go brother *Paris*, if thou bring'ſt a Queene,
Hector will be her Champion ; then let's fee
What *Greeke* dare fetch her hence.

Fri. Straight giue order
To haue his Fleet made ready.

Enter Cassandra with her haire about her eares.

Caffan. Stay *Priam*, *Paris* ceafe, stay *Troian*
Peeres
To plot your vniuersall ouerthrow.
What hath poore *Troy* deseru'd, that you should
kindle
Flames to destroy it ?

Pa. What intends *Cassandra* ?
Caff. To quench bright burning *Troy*, to secure
thee,
To saue old *Priam* and his fifty sonnes.
(The royalſt iſſue, that e're King enioy'de)
To keepe the reuerent haires of *Hecuba*,
From being torne off by her owne ſad hands.

Pri. *Cassandra's* madde.

Caff. You are mad, all *Troy* is madde.
And railes before it's ruine.

Hecz. What would my fister?

Caff. Stay this bold youth my brother, who by
water

Would fayle to bring fire which shall burne all *Troy*.
Stay him, oh stay him, ere these golden roofes
Melt o're our heads, before these glorious Turrets
Bee burnt to ashes. Ere cleare *Simois* stremes
Runne with bloud royall, and *Scamander* Plaine,
In which *Troy* stands bee made a Sepulchre
To bury *Troy*, and *Troians*.

Pri. Away with her, some false deuining spirit
Enuying the honour we shall gaine from *Greece*,
Would trouble our designtments.

Hecz. Royall sir,

Cassandra is a Vestall Prophetesse,
And consecrate to *Pallas*; oft inspir'd.
Then lend her gracious audience.

Troil. So let our Aunt
Bee still a flaeue in *Greece*, and wee your sonnes
Bee held as cowards.

Aene. Let *Antenors* wrongs
Bee basely swallowed, and the name of *Troy*
Be held a word of scorne.

Caff. Then let *Troy* burne,
Let the *Greekes* clap their hands, and warme them-
selues

At this bright Bone-fire: dream'd not *Hecuba*
The night before this fatall Youth was borne,
That shee brought forth a fire-brand?

Hecu. 'Tis most true.

Caff. And when King *Priam* to the Preist reueal'd
This ominous dreame, hee with the Gods confulted,
And from the Oracle did this returne,
That the Childe borne should stately *Ilion* burne.

Par. And well the Prophet guest, for my desire
To visit *Greece*, burnes with a quenchlesse fire:

Nor from this flaming brand shall I be free,
Till I haue left rich *Troy*, and *Sparta* see.

Cass. Yet *Hecuba*, ere thou thy *Priam* loose,
And *Priam* ere thou loose thy *Hecuba*,

Pri. Away with her.

Cass. Why speakes not in this case *Andromache* ?

Thou shalt loose a *Hector*, who's yet thine.

Why good *Eneas* dost thou speech forbear ?

Thou hop'st in time another *Troy* to reare,

When this is fackt, and therefore thou standst mute,
All strooke with silence ; none assist my suite.

Pri. Force her away and lay her fast in hold.

Cass. Then *Troy*, no *Troy*, but ashes ; and a
place

Where once a City stood : poore *Priam*, thou
That shalt leauie fatherlesse fiftie faire sonnes,
And this thy fruitfull Queene, a desolate widdow,
And *Ilium* now no Pallace for a King,
But a confused heape of twice burnt bricke.
They that thy beauty wondred, shall admire
To see thy Towers defac'd with *Greekish* fire. *Exit.*

Pri. Thou art no Sibill, but from fury speak'st,
Not inspiration we regard thee not.
Come valiant sonnes, wee'le first prepare our ships,
And with a royll Fleet well rigg'd to sea
Seeke iust reuenge for faire *Hesione*.

*Exeunt omnes, manet Paris, to him Oenon who in his
going out plucks her backe.*

Oen. Know you not mee ?

Par. Who art thou ?

Oen. View mee well.

And what I am, my lookes and teares will teach thee.

Par. *Oenon* ? what brought thee hither ?

Oen. To see *Ida* bare

Of her tall Cedars, to see shipwrights square
The trunks of new feld Pines : Asking the cause,

So many Hatchets, Hammers, Plowes and Sawes
 Were thither brought: They gan mee thus to greeete,
 With these tall Cedars we must build a fleete
 For *Paris*; who in that must fayle to *Greece*,
 To fetch a new wife thence.

Par. And my faire *Oenon*,
 Know that they told truth, for 'tis decreed
 Euen by the Gods behest, that I should speed
 Vpon this new aduenture: The Gods all,
 That made mee iudge to giue the golden Ball.
 Harke, harke, the Saylers cry aboard, aboard;
 The Winde blowes faire, fare-well.

Oenon. Heare me one word.
 By our first loue, by all our amorous kisses,
 Courtings, imbraces, and ten thousand blisses
 I coniure thee, that thou in *Troy* may'ft stay.

Par. They cry aboard, and *Paris* must away.

Oen. What need'ft thou plowe the seas to seeke
 a Wife,

Hauing one here, to hazard thy sweete life,
 Seeking a Strumpet through warres fierce alarmes,
 And haue so kind a wife lodg'd in thine armes.

Par. Sweete *Oenon*, stay me not, vnclaspe thine
 hold.

Oen. Not for *Troyes* crowne or all the Sun-gods
 Gold.

Canst thou? oh canst thou thy sweete life indanger,
 And leaue thine owne wife to seeke out a stranger?

Pa. I can, farewell.

Oen. Oh yet a little stay.

Pa. Let go thine hold, or I shall force my way.

Oen. Oh do but looke on me, yet once againe.
 Though now a Prince, thou wast an humble swaine,
 And then I was thine *Oenon*. (Oh fad fate)

I craue thy loue, I couet not thy state;
 Still I am *Oenon*; still thou *Paris* art
 The selfe-same man, but not the selfe-same heart.

Par. Vntie, or I shall breake thy charming band,

Neptune assist my course : thou *Ioue* my hand. *Exit.*

Oen. Most cruell, most vnkind, hadst thou thus
faid

The night before thou hadst my Maiden-head,
I had beene free to chuse, and thou to wiue ;
Not widdowed now, my husband still alive.

*Enter King Menelaus, King Diomed, Thersites, a
Lord Embassadour with Attendants.*

Mene. King *Diomed, Sparta* is proud to see you,
Your comming at this time's more seafonable,
In that wee haue imployment for your wisedome
And royall valour.

Diom. The *Chritian Scepter* now in contrauerſie
(As this Embassadour hath late inform'd)
Despising that vſurping hand, which long
Hath against Law and Iustice swayd and borne it,
Offers it ſelfe to your protection.

Is it not fo my Lord ?

Embaffa. You truely vnderſtand our Embasie.

Ther. *Menelaus !*

Mene. What faith *Thersites* ?

Ther. That Heauen hath many Starres in't, but no
eyes,

And cannot ſee defert. The Goddefſe *Fortune*
Is head-winkt, why else ſhould ſhe proffer thee
Another Crowne that hath one : (Grand Sir *Ioue*)
What a huge heape of buinenefſe ſhalt thou haue,
Hauing another Kingdome ? being in *Creete*,
Sparta will go to wracke, being in *Sparta*,
Creete will to ruine : To haue more then theſe
Such a bright Laffe as *Hellen* : *Hellen* ? oh !
'Must haue an eye to her too, fie, fie, fie,
Poore man how thou'l bee puſl'd !

Mene. Why thinkes *Thersites* my bright *Hellen's*
beauty

Is not with her faire vertues equaliz'd ?

Ther. Yes, I thinke ſo, and *Hellen* is an aſſe,

But thou beleeu'ſt ſo too.

Diom. *Therſites* is a rayler.

Ther. No, I diſclaim't, I am a Counſellor. I haue knowne a fellow matcht to a faire wife, That hath had ne're a Kingdome : thou haſt two To looke to, (ſcarce a house) thou many Pallaces, Hee ſcarce a Page, and thou a thouſand ſeruants : Yet hee hauing no more, yet had too much To looke to one faire wife.

Diom. Were not the King Well grounded in the vertues of his Queene, Thy words *Therſites* might ſet odds betwixt them.

Mene. My *Hellen* ! therein am I happiest : Know *Diomed*, her beauty I preferre Before the Crownes of *Sparta*, and of *Creete*. Musicke ! I know my Lady then is comming,

Musicke within.
To giue kind welcome to King *Diomed*,
Strowe in her way ſweete powders, burne Perfume,
And where my *Hellen* treads no feete preſume.

Ther. 'Twere better ſtrowe horne-shauings.

Enter Hellen with waiting Gentlewomen and Seruants.

Hel. 'Tis told vs this Embaffadour doth stay To take my husband, my deare Lord away.

Men. True *Hellen*, 'tis a Kingdome calls me hence.

Hel. A Kingdome ! hath your *Hellen* ſuch ſmall grace, That you preferre a Kingdome 'fore her face ? You value me too cheape, and doe not know The worth and value of the face you owe.

Ther. I had rather haue a good Calues face.

Hel. *Theseus*, that in my non-age did affaile mee : And being too young for paſtime, thence did haile me :

Hee, to haue had the leaſt part of your bliſſe

Oft proffered mee a Kingdome for a kisse.
You surfeit in your pleasures, swimme in sport,
But sir, from henceforth I shall keepe you short.

Dio. Faire Queene, 'tis honour calls him hence away.

Hel. What's that to *Hellen*, if shee'le haue him stay?

Say I should weepe at parting, (which I feare)
Some for ten Kingdomes would not haue a teare
Fall from his *Hellens* eye, but hee's vnkind,
And cares not though I weepe my bright eyes blind.

Enter a Spartan Lord.

Sp. L. Great King, we haue discouer'd from the shoare
A gallant Fleete of ships, that with full sayle
Make towards the Port.

Mene. What number?

Sp. L. Some two and twenty Sayle.

Men. Discouer them more amply, and make good
The Hauen against them, till we know th' intent
Of their arriue.

Sp. L. My Royall Lord I shall.

Men. Embassadour this busines once blowne o're,
You shall receiue your answere instantly.

Hel. You shall not goe and leaue your *Hellen* here,
Can I a Kingdome gourne in your absence,
And guide so rude a people as yours is?
How shall I doe my Lord, when you are gone,
So many bleake cold nights to lye alone?
Y'haue vf'd mee so to fellowship in bed,
That should I leaue it, I should soone be dead:
Troth I shall neuer indure it.

Men. My sweete *Hellen*,
Was neuer King blest with so chaste a wife.

Enter the Spartan Lord.

Men. The newes? whence is their Fleete?

Sp. L. From *Troy*.

Men. The Generall ?

Sp. L. *Priams* fonne.

Men. Their expedition ?

Sp. L. To seeke aduentures and strange Lands abroad,

And though now weather-beat, yet brauer men

More rich in Iewells, costlier arайдe,

Or better featur'd ne're eye beheld,

Especiallly the Prince their Generall,

Paris of *Troy* one of King *Priams* fonnnes.

Hel. Brauer then these our *Lacedemons* are ?

Sp. L. Madam, by much.

Hel. How is the Prince of *Troy*

To *Menelaus* mighty *Spartans* King ?

Sp. L. Prince *Menelaus* is my Soueraigne Madam,

But might I freely speake without offence,

(Excepting *Menelaus*) neuer breath'd

A brauer Gallant then the *Troian* Prince.

Men. What Intertainment shall wee giue these strangers ?

Hel. What ? but the choyce that *Lacedemon* yeelds,

If they come braue, our brauery let vs show,

That what our *Sparta* yeelds, their *Troy* may know :

Let them not say they found vs poore and bare.

Or that our *Grecian* Ladies are leffe faire

Then theirs : giue them occasion to relate

At their returne, how wee excede their stafe.

Mene. *Hellen* hath well aduis'd, and for the best

Her counsell with our honour doth agree,

All *Spartaes* pompe is for the *Troians* free.

Hell. Oh had I known their Landing one day sooner,

That *Hellen* might haue trim'd vp her attire

Against this meeting, then my radiant beauty

I doubt not, might in *Troy* be tearm'd as faire,

As through all *Greece* I am reputed rare.

A flourish. Enter Paris, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, Menelaus and Diomed embrace Paris and the rest: Paris turnes from them and kiffeth Hellen, all way shée with her hand puts him backe.

Hell. 'Tis not the *Spartan* fashion thus to greet
Vpon the lips, when royll strangers meete.
I know not what your *Asian* Court-ship is.
Oh *Ioue*, how sweetely doth this *Troian* kiffe?

Par. Beare with a stranger Lady, though vn-
knowne;
That's practis'd in no fashion faue his owne.
Hee that his fault confesseth ne're offends,
Nor can hee iniure, that no wrong intends.

Hell. To kiffe mee ! why before so many eyes
The King could do no more : would fortune bring
This stranger there where I haue met the King.

Mene. Patience, sweet *Hellen*, *Troians* welcome
all,
You shall receiue the princeliest entertaine
Sparta can yeeld you, but some late affaires
About the *Cretan* scepter calls vs hence,
That businesse once determin'd wee are yours,
In the meane time faire *Hellen* bee't your charge
To make their welcome in my absence large.

*They all goe off with a flourish, onely Paris
and Hellen keepe the Stage.*

Par. Oh *Ioue* my dreame ! sweete *Venus* ayde my
prayer,
And keepe thy word : behold a face more faire
Then thou thy selfe canst shewe, this is the same
Thou promist me in *Ida*, this I claime.
Giue me this face faire *Venus*, and that's all
I'le aske in guerdon of the golden Ball.

Hel. Of what rare mettall is this *Troian* made ?
That one poore kiffe hath power so to perswade,
Here at my lips the sweetnesse did beginne,
And since hath past through all my powers within :
Oh kiffe mee if thou lou'st me once againe,

I feele the first kisse thrill through euery veine.

Par. Queene I must speake with you.

Hell. Must ?

Par. Hellen, I,

I haue but two wayes to take, to speake, or dye :
Grant my tongue pardon then, or turne your head
And say you will not, and so strike me dead.

Hel. Liue and say on, but if your words offend,
If my tongue can destroy, you're neare your end.

Par. Oh *Ioue*, that I had now an Angels voyce
As you an Angels shape haue, that my words
Might found as spheare-like musicke in your eare.
That *Ioue* himselfe whom I must call to witnesse,
Would now stand forth in person to approoue
What I now speake, *Hellen*, *Hellen* I loue.

Chide mee, I care not ; tell your husband, doe,
Fearelesse of death, behold, I boldly woe.

For let mee liue, bright *Hellen* to inioy,
Or let mee never backe refayle to *Troy* :
For you I came, your fame hath hither drien mee,
Whom golden *Venus* hath by promise giuen mee.
I lou'd you ere I saw you by your fame,
Report of your rare beauty to *Troy* came.
But more then bruite can tell, or fame emblazon
Are these diuine perfections that I gaze on.

Hel. Insolent stranger, is my Name so light
Abroad in *Troy*, that thou at the first sight
Shouldst hope to strumpet vs ? thinks *Priams* sonne,
The *Spartan* Queene can be so easily wonne ?
Because once *Theseus* rauisht vs from hence,
And did to vs a kind of violence :
Followes it therefore wee are of such price,
That stolne hence once, we should be rauish't twice ?

Par. That *Theseus* stole you hence (by Heauen)

I praiſe him,
And for that act I to the skies will raiſe him.
That hee return'd you backe by *Ioue* I wonder,
Had I beene *Theseus*, hee that ſhould aſunder
Haue parted vs, and ſnatcht you from my bed :

First from my shoulders should haue tane this head.

Oh that you were the prize of some great strife,
And hee that winnes might claime you as his wife,

Your selfe should finde, and all the world should see
Hellen, a prife alone ordain'd for mee.

Hel. I am not angry ; who can angry be
With him that loues her ? they that *Paris* see,
And heare the wonders and rare deedes you boast,
And warlike spoyles in which you glory most :
By which you haue attaing'd mongst souldiers grace,
None can beleue you that beholds your face.
They that this louely *Troian* see, will say ;
Hee was not made for warre, but amorous play.

Pa. Loue amorous *Paris* then.

Hel. My fame to endanger ?

Par. I can be secret Lady.

Hel. And a stranger ?

Say I should grant thee loue, as thou shouldest clime
My long wisht bed ; if at th' appointed time
The Winde should alter, and blow faire for *Troy*,
Thou must breake off in midd'st of all thy Ioy.

Par. Not for great *Spartaes* Crowne, or *Afiae*s
Treasure,

(That exceeds *Spartaes*) would I loose such pleasure.

Hel. Would it were come to that.

Par. Your Husband *Menelaus* hither bring,
Compare our shapes, our youth and euery thing,
I make you Iudgesse, wrong me if you can :
You needes must say I am the properer man.

Hel. I must confesse that too.

Par. Then loue mee Lady.

Hel. Had you then sett sayle,
When my virginity, and bed to enjoy
A thousand gallant princely Suiters came ?
Had I beheld thee first, I here proclaime,
Your feature should haue borne mee from the rest.
You come too late, and couet goods possest.

Par. I came for *Hellen, Hellen* loue I craue,
Hellen I loue, and *Hellen* I must haue :
 Or in this Prouince where I vent my mones,
 I'le begge a Tombe for my exiled bones.

A flourish. Enter Menelaus, Diomed, Thersites,
 with Spartan Lords : Aeneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, &c.

A banquet is brought in.

Men. Now Prince of *Troy*, our businesse being
 o're

This day in *Lacedemon*, you shall feast
Paris, wee are proud of such a Princely guest.

Ther. Thus euery man is borne to his owne
 Fate.

Now it raines Hornes, let each man shield his Pate.

Hel. This royalty extended to the welcome
 Of *Priams* sonne, is more then *Astae's* King
 Would yeeld vnto the greatest Prince of *Greece*.
 What is this *Paris*'s whom you honour so ?

Men. Why askes my Queene ?

Hel. May not this proud, this beauty wanting
Troian,

In a smooth browe hide blacke and rugged Treafon ?

Men. Hee such an one ? rather a giddy braine,
 A formall traueller. King *Diomed*
 Your censure of this *Troian* ?

Diom. A Capring, Carpet Knight, a Cushion
 Lord,
 One that hath stald his Courtly trickes at home,
 And now got leauue to publish them abroad
 Hee's a meere toy.

Men. *Thersites* your opinion.
 Didst euer fee wisdome thus attir'd ?

Ther. I haue knowne villany hath lookt as smooth
 As yon briske fellow.

Mene. I am a foole then say.

Ther. And so thou art,

To hugge the Serpent fraud so neere your heart.

Men. Shallow *Thersites*, my faire Prince of *Troy*
Welcome, come sit betwixt my Queene and mee.

Ther. Hee'lone day stand betwixt thy Queene
and thee.

I haue obseru'd, 'tis still the Cuckolds fate

To hugge that knave who helps to horne his
pate.

Men. Fill me a standing Bowle of *Greekish* wine :
Prince *Paris*, to your Royall Fathers health.

Par. Thankes *Menelaus*. Here King *Diomed*.

Dio. To you *Aeneas*.

Ane. *Thersites*, 'tmust go round.

Ther. Not I, full bowles make empty braines,
not I.

Mene. *Hellen*, the more to dignifie his welcome
Beginne a health to aged *Hecuba*.

Ther. Men may be drunke, but hee's a drunken
foole

That brings his wife vp in the Drinking-schoole.

Hel. Prince *Paris*, to the reuerent *Hecuba*.

Par. Will the *Spartan* King vouchsafe the pledge
of *Priams* Queene ?

Men. Prince *Diomed*, and so to you *Thersites*,
This health must needes passe round.

Ther. 'Twill make you all turne round before you
part.

Diom. To you *Thersites*.

Ther. 'Tis better liue in fire, then dye in wine :
That burnes but earth, this drownes a thing diuine.
I'le scald my soule no more.

Hel. You looke not well Prince *Paris*, on my
life

His Colour comes and goes, are you not sicke ?

Ther. Sicke ! and so many healths, how can that
bee ?

Par. Peace Cinicke, barke not dogge : King, by
your leaue

I'le haue one health to beauteous *Hellena*.

Men. It shall be pledg'd Prince *Paris*.

Ther. Drinke till you all drop downe, but when
you fall,

Looke that the Queene lie vnder-most of all.

Par. I'le haue *Thersites* pledge this.

Ther. I'le be no drunkard, Kings and Queene I'le
rise.

Par. Drinke this or eate my fword.

Ther. Say so, I'le kiffe the cup.

Hel. You are not well Prince *Paris*, walke with
mee.

Par. With you ! what you ? you are the Queene of
hearts.

Hel. This Chayre serue for your bed, lye downe
and sleepe.

Par. Thankes Queene : to all good night.

Hee sleepes.

Men. How now *Thersites* ? this your politition ?
A shallow weake braine Courtier.

Dio. Alas poore puny Prince, in troth *Thersites*
You were deceiu'd in him.

Ther. I knewe hee was either a politician or a
drunkard, your younger Brothers for the most part are
so.

Men. Well my faire Queene, whil'st wee prepare
for *Creece*,
Feast you the Prince : though his behauour's rude,
Let vs be royall, bounty of all things
Doth best exprefse the Maiefsty of Kings.

*Exeunt all, but Paris and Hellen, at which hee flarts vp
from his Chaire and takes her by the hand.*

Par. Are they all gone ? then pardon mee sweete
Queene,

I was not as I seem'd, but I am now
What once I vow'd, a Prince captiu'd to you.

Hel. No *Paris* no, I am the Queene of hearts.

Par. And so you are, the Emprefse of all hearts :

Celestiall *Hellen*, shall I bee eterniz'd
In the fruition of your heauenly loue ?

Hel. And you deserue it well : O Prince ! fie, fie,
Dissemble with your friends so cunningly ?

Par. My loue faire Queene exceeds the loue of
friends,

And therefore had the royll King your Husband
Exprest more loue to mee then euer Monarch
Did to a stranger Prince, it could not though
Leasen my zeale to you : speake fayrest Queene
That euer spake, this night shall we agree

To consecrate to pleasure and delights :

Your husband left me charge I should inioy
All that the Court can yeeld : if all ? then you
I would not for the world, but you should doe
All that the King your Lord commands you too :

Your King and husband, you finne doubly still
When you assent not to obey his will :

Speake beauteous Queene. No ? then it may be
Shee meanes by silence to accord with me :
I'le trye that presently, lend me your hand
'Tis this I want, and by the Kings command
You are to let me haue it: more then this,
I want your lips to helpe me make a kisse. *Kisseth her.*

Hel. Oh Heauen !

Par. Oh loue, a ioy aboue all measure,
To touch these lips is more then heauenly pleasure.

Hel. Beshrew your amorous rhetorick that did
proue

My husbands will commanded me to loue,
Or but for that iniunction, *Paris* know
I would not yeeld such fauours to beslow
On any stranger, but since he commands,
You may take more then eyther lips or hands.
Do I not blusht sweete stranger ? if I breake
The Lawes of modesty, thinke that I speake,
But with my husbands tongue, for I say still
I would not yeeld, but to obey his will.

Par. This night then without all suspition,

The rauishing pleasures of your royll bed
 You may affoord to *Paris* : bitter *Therstites*,
 King *Diomed*, and your seruants may suppose
 By my late counterfeite distemperature
 I ay me at no such happinesse, alas
 I am a puny Courtier, a weake braine,
 A braine-sicke young man ; but Deuinest *Hellen*,
 When we get safe to *Troy*.

Hel. To *Troy* ?

Par. Yes Queene, by all the gods it is decreed,
 That I should beare you thither ; *Priam* knowes it,
 And therefore purposely did rigge this Fleete,
 To waft me hether ; He and *Hecuba*,
 My nine and forty brothers, Princes all
 Of Ladies and bright Virgins infinite,
 Will meete vs in the roade of *Tenedos* :
 Then be resolu'd for I will cast a plot
 To beare you safe from hence !

Hel. This *Troyan* Prince

Will's more then any Prince of *Greece* dares pleade,
 And yet I haue no power to say him nay :
 Well *Paris* I beshrew you with my heart,
 That euer you came to *Sparta* (by my ioy
 Queene *Hellen* lyes, and longs to be at *Troy* :)
 Yet vse me as you please, you know you haue
 My dearest loue, and therefore cannot craue
 What Ile deny ; but if reproach and shame
 Purfue vs, on you *Paris* light the blame :
 Ile wash my hands of all, nor will I yeeld
 But by compulsion to your least demaund :
 Yet if in lieu of my Kings intertwaine,
 You bid me to a feast aboord your ship,
 And when you haue me there, vnknowne to me
 Hoysse sayle, weigh Anchor, and beare out to Sea :
 I cannot helpe it, tis not in my power
 To let fal sayles, or strieue with stretching oares
 To row me backe againe : this you may do,
 But foorth friend *Paris* Ile not yeeld thereto.

Par. You shalbe then compell'd, on me let all

The danger waiting on this practise fall.

Enter a Spartan Lord.

Sp. L. *Castor* and *Pollux* your two princely
brothers
Are newly landed, and to morrow next
Purpose for *Lacedemon*.

Hel. On their approach
Ile lay my plot to escape away with *Paris*.
I haue it : you fir for some speciall reason
Their comming keepe conceal'd, but when to mor-
row

You shal perceiue me neere the water port,
Euen when thou seest me ready to take Barge,
You apprehend me.

Sp. L. Gracious Queene I do.

Hel. Take that farwel : now my fayre princely
guest
All that belongs to you's to invite Queene *Hellen*
Aboord your ship to morrow.

Par. *Spartaes* mirrour,
Will you vouchsafe to a poore wandring Prince
So much of grace, will your high maiesty
Daigne the acceptance of an homely banquet
Aboord his weather beaten Barke ?

Hel. No Friend,
The King my husband is from *Sparta* gone,
And I, til his returne, must needs keepe home :
Vrge me not I intreat, it is in vaine
Get me aboord, Ile nere turne backe againe.

Par. Nor shall you Lady, *Sparta* nor all *Greece*
Shal fetch you thence, but *Troy* shal stand as high
On tearmes with *Greece*, as *Greece* hath stood with
Troy.

Exeunt.

Enter the Spartan Lord.

Sp. L. This is the Water-port, the Queenes royal

guest, hath bound me to attendance, till the Prince and shee bee ready to take Water: Methinkes in this there should bee some tricke or other, she was once stolne away by *Theseus*, and this a gallant smooth fac'd Prince. The Kings from home, the Queenes but a Woman, the *Troians* ships new trim'd, the wind stands fayre, and the Sailors all ready aboord, sweete meates and wine, good words and opportunity, and indeede not what? If both parties bee pleasde, but pleasde or not, the musicke giues warning, are they not now vpon their entrance.

Enter in state Paris, Hellen, Diomed, Thersites, Æneas, Antenor, Deiphebus, &c., with Attendants.

Sþ. L. Health to your Maiesties, your Princely brothers

Castor and Pollux, being within two Leagues of this great Citty, come to vistite you.

Hel. My brothers stolne vpon vs vnawares, Let me intreat thee royall *Diomed*, And you *Thersites*, do me so much grace, As giue them friendly meeting.

Diom. Queene we shall.

Exeunt.

Hel. Our entertainment shall be giuen aboord, Where I presume, they shall be welcome guests To princely *Paris*.

Pa. As to your selfe, faire Queene.

Hel. Set forwards then.

Pa. We'le hoysse vp sayle, neere to returne againe. *Exeunt the Troians with a great shout.*

Enter Castor, Pollux, Diomed, Thersites.

Cast. Our brother *Menelaus* gone for *Crete*?

Pol. Our loue to see him, makes vs loose much time:

Yet all our labour is not vainly spent,
Since we shall see our sister.

Enter the Spartan Lord in hast.

Sþ. L. Princes, the Kings betray'd, all *Greece* dis-honoured, the Queene borne hence, the *Troians* haue weigh'd anchor, and with a prosperous gale they beare from hence :

Shouting and hurling vp their caps for ioy,
They crye farwel to *Greece*, amayne for *Troy*.

Ther. Ha, ha, ha.

Dio. The Queene borne hence, with that smooth
traytor *Paris*.

See princes with what pride they haue aduanc'd
The Armes of *Troy* vpon their wauing pendants.

Cast. Rage not, but lets resolute what's to be done.

Dio. Let some ride post to *Crete* for *Menelaus*.

Sþ. L. That be my charge.

Dio. Who'le after him to Sea ?

Pol. That wil my brother *Castor* and my selfe,
And perish there, or bring my sister backe.

Dio. Princes be't so, and fairely may you speed :

Whilst I to *Agamemnon*, great *Achilles*,

Vlyffes, *Nestor*, *Ajax*, *Idomean*,

And all the Kings and Dukes of populous *Greece*,

Relate the wrongs done by this Rauisher.

Part, and be expeditious. *Exeunt seueral wayes.*

Ther. Ha, ha, ha,

I smel this Sea-rat ere he come a shoare,

By this hee's gnawing *Menelaus* Cheefe,

And made a huge hole in't : Ship-dyet pleaseth

'Boue all his Pallace banquets, much good doo't them :

They are at it without grace, by this both bare :

Cuckold ? no subiect with that name bee sorry,

Since Soueraignes may be such in all their glory.

Explicit Actus primus.

Aetus secundus Scœna prima.

Enter Troilus and Cresida.

Troi. Faire *Cresida*, by the honour of my birth,
As I am *Hectors* brother, *Priams* sonne,
And *Troilus* best belou'd of *Hecuba*,
As I loue Armes and souldiers, I protest,
Thy beauty liues inshrin'd heere in my brest.

Cre. As I am *Calchus* daughter, *Cresida*,
High Priest to *Pallas*, shee that patrons *Troy* :
Now sent vnto the *Delphian Oracle*,
To know what shal betide Prince *Paris* voyage,
I hold the loue of *Troilus* dearer farre
Then to be Queene of *Asia*.

Troi. Daughter to *Calchus* and the pride of
Troy,

Plight me your hand and heart.

Cre. Faire Heauen I doe.
Will *Troilus* in exchange grant me his too ?

Troi. Yes, and fast feal'd, you gods, you anger
wreak
On him or her, that first this vnion breake.

Cre. So protests *Cresida*, wretched may they dye,
That 'twixt our soules these holy bands untye.

Enter Margaretan one of Priams youngest sonnes.

Marg. My brother *Troilus*, we haue newes from
Greece,
Prince *Paris* is return'd.

Troi. And with a prife ?
Marg. *Asia* affoords none such.

Troi. What is shee worth our Aunt *Hesione* ?

Cre. Or what might be her name ?

Marg. *Hellen* of *Sparta*.

Troi. *Hellens* name

Hath scarce been heard in *Troy*.

Marg. But now her fame
Will bee eterniz'd, for a face more faire
Sunne never shone on, nor the earth e're bare.
Why stay you here ? by this *Paris* and shee
Are landed in the Port of *Tenedos*,
There *Priam*, *Hecuba*, *Hector*, all *Troy*
Meete the mid-way to attend the *Spartan* Queene.

Troi. In that faire Train, my *Cresida* shal be
sure
Of rarer beauty then the *Spartan* Queene.

A flourish. Enter at one doore, *Priam*, *Hecuba*, *Hector*,
Troilus, &c. At the other *Paris*, *Hellen*, *Æneas*,
Antenor, &c.

Pri. What Earth, what all mortality
Can in the height of our inuentions finde
To adde to *Hellens* welcome, *Troy* shall yeeld her.
Should *Pallas*, Patronesse of *Troy* descend,
Priam and *Priams* wife, and *Priams* sonnes
Could not afford Her god-head more applause,
Then amply wee bestow on *Helena* ?

Hecu. We count you in the number of our daugh-
ters,

Nor can wee doe Queene *Hellen* greater honour.

Hect. I was not forward to haue *Paris* sent,
But being return'd th'art welcome : I desired not
To haue bright *Hellen* brought, but being landed,
Hector proclaimes himselfe her Champion
'Gainst all the world, and shall guard thee safe
Despight all opposition.

Par. *Hectors* word
Is Oracle, hee'le feale it with his sword.
And now my turne comes to bid *Hellen* welcome.
You are no stranger here, this is your *Troy*,
Priam your father, and this Queene your mother :
These be your valiant brothers, all your friends.

Why should a teare fall from these heauenly eyes
Being thus round ingirt with your allyes.

Hel. I am I know not where, nor amongst whom,
I know no creature that I see faue you :
I haue left my King, my brothers, subiects, friends
For strangers, who should they forsake me now,
I haue no husband, father, brother neare.

Par. Haue you not all thesee, is not *Paris* heere ?
Harke how the people hauing *Hellen* seene
Applaud th' arriall of the *Spartan* Queene :
And millions that your comming haue attended,
Amazed sweare some Goddesse is descended.

Troi. No way you can your eyes or body turne,
But where you walke the Priests shall Incense burne.

Aene. The sacrificed beasts the ground shall
beate,
And bright religious fire the Altars heate.

Heet. Nor feare the bruite of warre or threatening
steele,
United *Greece* wee value not.

Troi. Alone, by *Hector* is this Towne well man'd,
Hee like an Army against *Greece* shall stand.

Par. And who would feare for such a royall wife
To set the vniuersall World at strife :
Bright *Hellens* name shall liue, and nere haue end,
When all the world about you shall contend.

Hel. Be as be may, sinc we are gone thus farre,
Proceede we will in spight of threatned warre,
Hazard, and dread ? both these we nothing hold,
So long as *Paris* we may thus infold.

Par. My father, mother, brothers, sisters all,
Istium and *Troy* in pompe maiesticall,
Shall solemnize our nuptials. Let that day
In which we espouse the beauteous *Hellena*,
Be held a holy-day, a day of ioy
For euer, in the Kalenders of *Troy*.

Pri. It shall be so, we haue already sent
Our high priest *Calchas* to the Oracle
At *Delphos* to returne vs the succeſſe,

And a true notice of our future warres,
Whilst we expect his comming, be't our care,
The *Spartans* second nuptials to prepare. *Exit.*

Enter after an alarum, King Agamemnon, Menelaus,
Achilles, Ajax, Patroclus, Thersites, Calchas, &c.

Aga. Thou glory of the Greekes, the great commander
Of the stout Mirmedons : welcome from *Delphos*,
What speakes the Oracle ? the facke of *Troy* ?
Or the Greekes ruine ? say shal wee be victors,
Or *Priam* tryumph in our ouerthrow.

Achi. The god of *Delphos* sends you ioyful newes,

Troy shal be fackt, and we be Conquerors :
Vpon your helmes weare triple spangled plumes :
Let all the lowdest instruments of warre,
With sterne alarums rowse the monster death,
And march we boldly to the wals of *Troy*,
Troy shall be fackt and we be conquerors.

Ajax. Thankes for thy newes *Achilles*, by that honor

My father wonne vpon the wals of *Troy*,
My warlike father *Ajax Telamon* ;
I would not for the world, *Priam* should send
Incestious *Hellen* backe on tearmes of peace.
May smooth *Vlisses* and bold *Diomed*,
Whom you haue sent on your late Embassie,
Be welcom'd as *Antenor* was to *Greece*,
Scorn'd and reuil'd, since th' Oracle hath sayd,
Troy shal be fackt, and we be Conquerors.

Achi. King Agamemnon heere's a *Troian* priest
Was sent by *Priam* to the Oracle :
The reuerent man I welcome, and intreat
The General with these Princes, do the like.

Agam. Welcome to Agamemnon reuerent *Calchas*.

Men. To Menelaus welcome.

Ajax. To Ajax welcome : father canst thou fight

As wel as pray, if we should want for men ?

Cal. By prayers I vse to fight, and by my
counsel

Giue ayde to Armes.

Aiax. Such as are past armes, father *Calchas*
still,

Say counsels good, but giue me strength at will,
When you with all your Counsel, in the field

Meete *Hector* with his strength, tel me who'le yeeld ?

Aga. The strong built walls of stately *Tenedos*
We haue leuel'd with the earth. It now remaines
We march along vnto the wals of *Troy*,
And thunder vengeance in King *Priams* eares,
Had we once answere of our Embassie.

Aiax. I euer held such Embassies as base,
The restitution of our rauisht Queene
On termes of parley bars our sterne reuenge,
And ends our VVar ere fully it beginne.

King *Agamemnon* no, *Aiax* sayth no,
VVhose sword as thirsty as the parched earth,
Shall neuer ride in peace vpon his thigh,
Whilst in the towne of *Troy* there breathes a foule
That gaue consent vnto the *Spartans* rape :
March, march, and let the thunder of our drummes
Strike terroure to the Citty *Pergamus*.

Achil. The sonne of *Telamon* speakes honourably,
Wee haue brought a thousand ships to *Tenedos*,
And euery ship full fraught with men at Armes :
And all these armed men with fiery spirits
Sworne to reuenge King *Menelaus* wrongs,
And burne skie-kissing *Illiūm* to the ground.
Therefore strike vp warres Instruments on hye,
And march vnto the Towne couragioufly.

In their march they are met by Vlysses and King Diomed, at which they make a stand.

Aga. Princes, what answere touching *Hellenā* ?

Dio. What answere but dishonourable tearme ?

Contempt and scorne pearcht on their leaders browes,
By *Ioue* I thought they would haue slaine vs both.
If euer *Hellen* bee redeem'd from thence
But by the facke of *Troy*, say *Diomed*
Is no true souldier.

Vlyff. Euen in the King

There did appeare such high maiesticke scorne
Of threatned ruine, that I thinke himselfe
Will put on Armes and meete vs in the field :
Wee linger time great *Agamemnon*, march,
That we may buckle with the pride of *Troy*.

Aga. *Priam* so insolent, his sonnes so braue
To intertaine so great Embassadours
With such vngentle vface.

Achil. They haue a Knight cal'd *Hector*, on whose
valour

They build their proud defiance, if I meete him,
Now by the azurd Armes of that bright goddesse
From whom I am descended, with my sword
I'le loppe that limbe off, and inforce their pride
Fall at *Achilles* feete, *Hector* and I
Must not both shine at once in warres bright Skie.

Ajax. When they both meete, the greater dimme
the lesse,
Great Generall, march, *Ajax* indures not words
So well as blowes, in a field glazd with swords.

Enter to them in Armes, Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris,
Æneas, Antenor, Deiphobus, &c.

Pri. *Calchas* a Traitor ?

Par. And amongst the *Greekes* ?

Hecl. Base runagate wretch, when we their Tents
surprise,

As *Hector* liues the traiterous Prophet dies.

Æne. Let not remembrance of so base a wretch
Make vs forget our safety, th' *Argive* Kings
Are landed, and this day rac't *Tenedos* :
And bid vs battaile on *Scamander* Plaines.

Tro. Whom we wil giue a braue and proud affront,
 Shall we not brother *Hector* ?
Hect. *Troilus* yes,
 And beate a fire out of their Burgonetts
 Shall like an earthy Commet blaze towards Heauen
 There grow a fixt starre in the Firmament
 To emblaze our lasting glory : Harke their Drums,
 Let our Drummes giue them parleance.

A parlie. Both Armies haue an enter-view.

Aga. Is there amongst your troopes a felon
 Prince
 Cal'd by the name of *Paris* ?
Par. Is there amongst your troopes a Knight so
 bold
 Dares meeete that *Paris* singlē in the field,
 And call him felon ?

Hect. Or insulting *Greeke*,
 Is there one *Telamon*, dares set his foote
 To *Paris* (here hee stands) and hand to hand
 Maintaine the wrongs done to *Hesione*,
 As *Paris* shall the rape of *Helena*.

Ajax. Know here is one cal'd *Ajax Telamon*,
 Behold him well, sonne to that *Telamon* :
 Thou faine would'st see, and hee dares set his foot
 To *Paris* or thy selfe.

Hect. Thou durst not.

Ajax. Dare not ?

Hect. Or if thou durst, by this my warlike hand
 I'le make thine head fall where thy foot should stand
 And yet I loue thee cuze, know thou hast parlie'd
 With *Troian Hector*.

Ajax. Wer't thou ten *Hectors*, yet with all thy
 might
 Thou canst not make my head fall to my feete,
 By *Ioue* thou canst not cuze.
Achil. I much haue heard

Of such a Knight cal'd by the name of *Hector*,
If thou bee'st hee whose sword hath conquerd King-
domes,

Pannonia, Illyria, and Samothrace,
And to thy fathers Empire added them :
Achilles as a friend wils thee to sheath
Thy warlike sword, retire from *Troyes* defence,
And spare thy precious life, I would not haue
A Knight so fam'd meete an vntimely graue.

Hecl. I meet thee in that honourable loue,
And for thine owne sake wish thee safe aboord.
For if thou stayeit thou sonne of *Peleus*,
I'd haue thee know thy fame is not thine owne,
But all ingrost for mee ; not all thy guard
Of warlike *Mirmidons* can wall it safe
From mighty *Hector*.

Dio. Shame you not great Lords
To talke so long ouer your menacing swords ?

All Greeks. Alarme then for *Greece* and *Helena*.

All Troians. As much for vs, for *Troy* and
Hecuba.

*A great alarme and excursions, after which, enter
Hector and Paris.*

Hecl. Oh brother *Paris*, thou hast this day lodg'd
Thy loue in *Hectors* soule, it did me good
To see two *Greekish* Knights fall in their blood
Vnder thy manly arme.

Par. My blowes were touches
Vnto these ponderous stroakes great *Hector* gaue.
Oh that this generall quarrell might be ended
In equall opposition, you and I
Against the two most valiant.

Hecl. I will try
The vertue of a challenge, in the face
Of all the *Greekes* I will oppose my felse
To single combate, hee that takes my gage
Shall feele the force of mighty *Hectors* rage.

*A turne. Both the Armies make ready to ioyne battaile,
but Hector steps betwixt them holding vp his Lance.*

Hect. Heare mee you warlike *Greekes*, you see
these fields

Are all dyde purple with the reeking gore
Of men on both sides flaine, you see my sword
Glaz'd in the sanguine moysture of your friends.
I call the sonne of *Saturne* for a witnesse
To *Hectors* words, I haue not met one *Grecian*
Was able to withstand mee, my strong spirit
Would faine be equal'd; Is there in your Troupes
A Knight, whose brest includes so much of valour
To meeete with *Hector* in a singele warre?
By *Ioue* I thinke there is not: If there be?
To Him I make this proffer; if the gods
Shall grant to him the honour of the day,
And I be flaine; his bee mine honoured Armes,
To hang for an eternall Monument
Of his great valour, but my mangled body
Send backe to *Troy*, to a red funerall pile.
But if hee fall? the armour which hee weares
I'le lodge as Trophies on *Apolloes* shrine,
And yeeld his body to haue funerall rights.
And a faire Monument so neere the Sea,
That Merchants flying in their sayle-wing'd ships
Neere to the shoare in after times may fay,
There lies the man *Hector* of *Troy* did slay,
And there's my Gantler to make good my challenge.

Men. Will none take vp his gage? shall this proud
challenge

Bee intertain'd by none? I know you all
Shame to deny, yet feare to vndertake it:
The cause is mine, and mine shall be the honour
To combat *Hector*.

Aga. *Menelaus* pawse,
Is not *Achilles* here, sterne *Ajax* here,
And Kingly *Diomed*? how will they scorne,
That stand vpon the honour of their strength,

Should you preuent them of this glorious combat.

Par. By *Ioue* I thinke they dare as well take vp
A poysonous Serpent as great *Hectors* gage.

Aga. Yes *Troian*, see'st thou not *Æacides*
Dart emmulous lookes on Kingly *Diomed*,
Least hee should stoope to take his Gantlet vp.
And see how *Diomed* eyes warlike *Aiax*,
Aiax, *Vlyffes*: euery one inflam'd
To answere *Hector*.

Achil. Is there any here
Dares stoope whilst great *Achilles* is in place?

Aiax. I dare.

Dio. And so dare I.

Achil. You are all too weake
To encounter with the mighty *Hectors* arme,
This combat soly doth belong to mee.

Aiax. Then wheresore do'st not thou take vp the
Gantlet?

Achil. To see if thou or any bolder *Greeke*
Dare be so insolent to touch the same,
And barre me of the honour of the combat.

Aiax. By all the gods I dare.

Achil. And all the diuell
I'le loppe his hands off that dares touch the gage.

Vlyff. Pray leauue this emulous fury: *Agamemnon*,
To end this difference, and prouide a Champion
To answere *Hectors* honourable challenge
Of nine the most reputed valiant:
Let feuerall Lots be cast into an Helme,
Amongst them all one prise, he to whom Fortune
Shall giue the honour: let him straight be arm'd
To encounter mighty *Hector* on this plaine.

Aga. It shal be so you valiant sonnes of *Priam*:
Conduet your warlike Champion to his Tent,
To breath a while, and put his armour on:
No sooner shal the prise be drawne by any,
And our bold Champion arm'd, but a braue Herald
Shall giue you warning by the trumpets sound,

Till when we will retire vnto our Tents.
As you vnto the Towne.

Par. Faint hearted *Greekes*,
Draw lots to answere such a noble challenge,
Had great *Achilles* cast his Gauntlet downe
Amongst King *Priams* sonnes, the weakest of fifty
Would in the heate of flames, or mouth of Hel,
Answere the challenge of so braue a King.

Hect. *Greekes* to your Tents, I to put armour on ;
Make hast, I long to know my Champion. *Exeunt all.*

Flourish. Enter aboue vpon the wals, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,
Hellena, *Polixena*, *Astianax*, *Margareton*,
with attendants.

Pri. Here from the wals of *Troy*, my reuerent
Queene,
And beautious *Hellen*, we will stay to see
The warlike combate 'twixt our valiant sonne,
And the *Greekes* champion. Young *Astianax*,
Pray that thy father may haue Victory.

Asta. Why should you doubt his fortune ? whose
strong arme
Vnhorst a thousand Knights all in one day ;
And thinke you any one amongst the *Greekes*
Is able to encounter with his strength ?

Pri. But howsoeuer child, vnto the pleasure
Of the high gods, we must referre the combate.

Enter Paris below.

Par. My royall father, *Hector* in his armes
Sends for your blessing, with the Queene my mother,
And craues your prayers to the all powerful gods,
To grant him victory.

Pri. Blest may he be with honor, all my orisons
Shall inuocate the gods for his succeſſe.

Par. I almost had forgot, faire *Hellena* ;

Dart me one kisse from these high battlements
To cheere him with : thanks queen, these lips are
charms
Which who so fights for, is secure from harmes.

Heralds on both sides : the two Champions Hector
and Ajax appare betwixt the two Armies.

Agam. None preffe too neere the Champions.

Troi. Heralds on both sides, keep the souldiers
back.

He&t. Now *Greekes* let me behold my Champion.

Ajax. Tis I, thy cousen *Ajax Telamon*.

Hec. And Cuz, by *Ioue* thou haft a braue aspect,

It cheeres my blood to looke on such a foe :
I would there ran none of our Troian blood
In all thy veines, or that it were diuided
From that which thou receiuest from *Telamon* :
Were I assured our blood posset one side,
And that the other ; by Olimpicke *Ioue*,
I'd thrill my Iauelin at the *Grecian* moysture,
And spare the *Troian* blood : *Ajax* I loue it
Too deare to shed it, I could rather wish
Achilles the halfe god of your huge army,
Had beene my opposite.

Aia. Hee keepes his Tent

In mournful passion that he mist the combate :
But *Hector*, I shal giue thee cause to say,
There's in the *Greekish* hoast a Knight a Prince,
As Lyon hearted, and as Gyant strong
As *Thetis* sonne : behold my warlickе Target
Of pondrous brasse, quilted with seauen Oxe hides,
Impenetrable, and so ful of weight,
That scarce a *Grecian* (saue my selfe) can lift it :
Yet can I vse it like a Summers fan,
Made of the stately traine of *Iuno*'s bird :
My fword will bite the hardest Adamant.
I'le with my Iauelin cleave a rocke of Marble :
Therefore though great *Achilles* be not here,

Thinke not braue cousen *Hector* but to finde,
Achilles equal both in strength and minde.

Alarum, in this combate both hauing lost their swords
 and Shields. *Hector* takes vp a great peece of a
 Rocke, and casts at *Ajax*; who teares a young
 Tree vp by the rootes, and affailes *Hector*,] at
 which they are parted by both armes.

Aga. Hold, you haue both shed blood too deare
 to loose,

In fingle opposition.

Par. Is your Champion,
 My cousen *Ajax* willing to leauie combate ;
 Will hee first giue the word.

Aia. Sir *Paris* no,
 'Twas *Hectors* challenge, and 'tis *Hectors* office,
 If we furcease on equal termes of valour,
 To giue the word.

Hec. Then here's thy cousins hand,
 By *Ioue* thou hast a lusty pondrous arme :
 Thus till we meete againe, lets part both friends ;
 For proofe whereof *Ajax* we'l interchange
 Somewhat betwixt vs, for alliance fake :
 Here take this sword and target, trust the blad,
 It neuer deceiu'd his maister.

Aia. Take of me
 This purple studded belt, I won it cousen
 From the most valiant prince of *Samothrace* :
 And weare it for my fake.

Enter an Herald.

He. *Priam* vnto the *Greekish* General
 This profer makes. Because these blood-stayn'd fields
 Are ouer-spread with slaughter, to take truce
 Till all the dead on both sides be interr'd :
 Which if you grant, he here invites the Generall,
 His nephew *Ajax*, and the great *Achilles*,

With twenty of your chiefe selected Princes,
To banquet with him in his royal Pallace :
Those reuels ended, then to armes againe.

Aga. A truce for burying of the slaughterd bodies
We yeld vnto : but for our safe returne
From *Troy* and you, what pledges haue you found ?

Hec. You shal not need more then the faith of
Hector

For *Priams* pledge, King *Agamemnon* take
My faith and honour, which if *Priam* breake,
Ile breake the heart of *Troy*.

Aga. We'le take your honor'd word, this night
we'le part,
To morrow morning when fit hower shal call, ¶
We'le meeete King *Priam* neere his Citties wall. ¶

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus Tertius Scœna prima.

Enter Thersites.

Ther. Braue time, rare change, from fighting now
to feasting :
So many heauy blades to flye in peeces
For such a peece of light flesh ? what's the reason ?
A Lasse of my complexion, and this feature
Might haue bin rapt, and stolne agayne by *Paris*,
And none of all this stirre for't : but I perceiue
Now all the World's turn'd wenchers, and in time

All wenches will turne witches : but these Trumpets
Proclaime their enter-view.

A flourish. Enter all the Greekes on one side, all the Troians on the other : Euery Trojan Prince intertaines a Greeke, and so march two and two, discoursing, as being conducted by them into the City.

Ther. See here's the picture of a polliticke state,
They all imbrace and hugge, yet deadly hate :
They say there are braue Lases in this *Troy*.
What if *Thersites* sprucely smug'd himselfe,
And striu'd to hide his hutch-backe : No not I.
Tis held a rule, whom Nature markes in show
And most deformes, they are best arm'd below.
I'le not conceale my vertues : yet should I venter
To damme my selfe for painting, fanne my face
With a dyde Ostritch plume, plaster my wrinkles
With some old Ladies Trowell, I might passe
Perhaps for some maide-marrian : and some wench
Wanting good eye-fight, might perhaps mistake me
For a spruce Courtier : Courtier ? tush, I from
My first discretion haue abhor'd that name,
Still suiting my conditions with my shape,
And doe, and will, and can, when all else fayle :
Though neither sooth nor speak wel : brauely rayle,
And that's *Thersites* humour.

Loud Musick. A long table, and a banquet in slate,
they are seated, a Trojan and Greeke, Hecuba,
Polixena, Cresida, and other Ladies waite, Calchas
is present whispering to his Daughter Cresida.

Pria. After so much hostility in steele,
All welcome to this peacefull intertwaine.

Aga. *Priam* wee know thee to be honourable,
Although our foe Treason is to be fear'd
In Pesants not in Princes.

They fit.

Hec. Ey so, now sit, a *Troian* and a *Greeke*.
Cousin *Ajax* neere mee, you are next in bloud,
And neere mee you shall sit : the strayne of honour
That makes you so renown'd, sprong from *Hesione*.
Tis part of *Hectors* bloud, your grosser spirits
Lesse noble are your father *Telamons*.

Welcome to *Troy*, and *Hector*, welcome all :

Ajax. In *Troy* thy kinsman, but in field thy foe :
Thy welcome Cousin here I pay with thanks,
The truice expir'd, with buffets, blowes and knocks.

Hect. For that wee loue thee Cuze.

Achil. Me thinks this *Troian Hector*
Out-shines *Achilles* and his polisht honours
Ecclipseth our bright glory, till hee set
Wee cannot rise.

Par. King *Menelaus*, we were once your guest,
You now are ours, as welcome vnto *Troy*,
As we to *Sparta*.

Men. But that these our tongues
Should be as well truce bound as our sharpe weapons,
We could be bitter *Paris* : but haue done.

Vlyff. *Menelaus* is discreet, such haynous wrongs
Should be discours'd by Armes and not by tongues.

Dio. Why doth *Achilles* eye wander that way ?

Achil. Is that a *Troian* Lady ?

Troi. Shee is.

Achil. From whence ?

Pri. Of vs.

Achil. Her name ?

Pri. *Polixena*.

Achil. *Polixena* ? she hath melted vs within,
And hath dissolu'd a spirit of Adamant.
Shee hath done more then *Hector* and all *Troy*,
Shee hath subdu'de *Achilles*.

Cal. In one word this *Troy* shall be sackt and
spoil'd,
For so the gods haue told mee, *Greece* shall conquer,
And they be ruin'd, leaue then imminent perill,
And flye to safety.

Cref. From *Troilus* ?

Cal. From destruction, take *Diomed* and liue,
Or *Troilus* and thy death.

Cref. Then *Troilus* and my ruine.

Cal. Is *Crefid* mad ?

Wilt thou forsake thy father, who for thee
And for thy safety hath forsooke his Countrey ?

Cref. Must then this City perish ?

Cal. *Troy* must fall.

Cref. Alas for *Troy* and *Troilus*.

Cal. Loue King *Diomed*

A Prince and valiant, which made Emphasis
To his Imperiall stile, liue *Diomeds* Queene,
Be briefe, say quickly wilt thou ? is it done ?

Cref. *Diomed* and you i'lle follow, *Troilus* shun.

Troi. Bee't *Ajax*, or *Achilles*, that *Greeke* lyes
Who speakes it, i'lle maintaine it on his person.

Ajax. Ha *Ajax* !

Achil. *Achilles* !

Dio. We speake it, and dares *Troilus* say we lie ?

Troi. And weare it *Diomed*.

Dio. Dar'st thou make't good ?

Troi. On *Diomed*, or the boldest *Greeke*
That euer manac'd *Troy* excepting none.

All Greekes. None ?

All Troians. None.

Hec. Excepting none.

Aga. Kings of *Greece*.

Pri. Princes of *Troy*.

Achil. *Achilles* bafled ?

Ajax. And great *Ajax* brau'd ?

Heet. If great *Achilles*, *Ajax*, or the Diuel
Braue *Troilus*, hee shall braue and buffet thee.

Pri. Sonnes.

Aga. Fellow Kings.

Pri. As wee are *Priam* and your father.

Aga. As wee are *Agamemnon* Generall
Turne not this banquet to a Centaurs feast,
If their be strife debate it in faire termes,

Show your felues gouern'd Princes.

Achil. Wee are appeas'd.

Ajax. Wee satisfied, if *Hector* be so.

Aga. How grew this strife ?

Hect. I know not, onely this I know.

Troilus will maintaine nothing against his honour,
And so farre, be it through the heart of *Greece*,
Hector will backe him.

Par. So will *Paris* too.

Pri. Mildly discourse your wrongs, faire Princes
doe.

Troi. King *Diomed* maintaines his valour thus,
He faith it was his Launce dismounted *Troilus*,
And not the stumbling on the breathlesse course
Of one new flaine that feld mee.

Par. 'Tis false.

Men. 'Tis true.

Par. It was my fortune to make good that field,
And hee fell iust before mee, *Diomed* then
Was not within sixe speares length of the place.

Men. How *Troian* rauisher ?

Par. Call mee not Cuckold maker. *They all rise.*
I care not what you terme me.

Men. I cannot brooke this wrong.

Par. Say'st thou mee so madde *Greeke* ?

Pri. *Paris.*

Aga. Gouerne you Kingdomes Lords, and cannot
fway

Your owne affection ?

Pri. *Paris,* forbear.

Mildly discourse, and gently wee shall heare.

Par. I say King *Diomed* vnhorſt not *Troilus*.

Dio. How came I by his horſe then ?

Par. As the vnbackt courſer hauing lost his rider,
Gallopt about the field you met with him,
And catch'd him by the raine.

Troi. Here was a goodly act
To boast on, and ſend word to *Crefida*.

Dio. Was no Prince neare when I encountred
Troilus?

Men. I was, and saw the speare of *Diomed*
Tumble downe *Troylus* but peruse his armour,
The dint's still in the vainbrace.

Aga. Bee't so, or not so, at this time forbearre
To vrge extreames. Kings let this health go round,
Pledge me King *Priam* in a cupful crown'd.

Hec. Now after banquet, reuels : Musicke strike
A pirhicke straine, we are not all for warre,
Souldiers their stormy spirits can appease,
And sometimes play the Courtiers when they please.

*A lofty dance of sixteene Princes, halfe Troians
halfe Grecians.*

Pri. I haue obseru'd *Achilles*, and his eye
Dwels on the face of fair *Polixena*.

Aia. Why is not *Hellen* here at this high feast ?
I haue sweat many a drop of blood for her,
Yet neuer saw her face.

Achi. I could loue *Hector*, what's our cause of
quarrel ?
For *Hellens* rape ? that rape hath cost already
Thousands of soules, why might not this contention
Twixt *Paris* and the *Spartan* King be ended,
And we leauie *Troy* with honour.

Aia. *Achilles* how ?

Achi. Fetch *Hellen* hether, set her in the midst
Of this braue ring of Princes, *Paris* here,
And *Menelaus* heere : she betwixt both :
They court her ore againe, whom she elects
Before these Kings, let him inioy her still,
For who would keepe a woman gainst her wil ?

Men. The names of wife and husband, th' inter-
change
Of our two bloods in young *Hermione*,
To whom we are ioynt parents, *Hellens* honor

All please on my part, I am please to stand
To great *Achilles* motion.

Par. So are we.

All that I haue for comfort is but this,
That in the day I shew the properer man,
Ith' night I please her better then hee can.

Hec. Are all the Greecian Kings agreed to this?

All. We are, we are.

Hec. Place the two reuall then, each bide his fate,
And vsher in bright *Hellen* in all state.

The Kings promiscuously take their places, Paris and
Menelaus are seated opposite, Hellen is brought in
betwixt them by Hecuba and the Ladies.

Hel. Oh that I were (but *Hellen*) any thing ;
Or might haue any obiect in my eye
Saue Menelaus : when on him I gaze,
My errour chides mee, I my shame emblaze.

Mene. Oh *Hellen*, in thy cheeke thy guilt appeares,
More I would speake, but words are drown'd in
teares.

Aia. A gallant Queene, for such a royll friend
What mortall man would not with *Ioue* contend ?

Mene. *Hellen* the time was I might call thee wife,
But that stile's changed ; I thou thy self art chang'd
From what thou wast : and (most inconstant Dame) !
Hast nothing left thee, saue thy face and name.

Pa. And I both these haue : hast thou not confess'd
Faire *Hellen*, thy exchange was for the best.

Mene. What can our *Sparta* value ?

Pa. *Troy.*

Mene. You erre.

Pa. Who breathes that *Sparta* would 'fore *Troy*
prefer.

Mene. Thou hast left thy father *Tendarus*.

Pa. To gayne
King *Priam*, Lord of all this princely trayne.

Mene. Thy mother *Læda* thou haft left who mournes,
And with her piteous teares laments thy losse :
Cannot this mooue thee ?

Hel. Oh I haue left my mother.

Pa. No *Hellen*, but exchang'd her for another :
Poore *Læda*, for rich *Hecuba*, a bare Queene
For the great *Asian Empresse*.

Men. From *Castor* and from *Pollux* thou hast
rang'd
Thy naturall brothers.

Hel. True, true.

Par. No, but chang'd,
For *HeCTOR*, *Troilus*, and the royall store
Of eight and forty valiant brothers more.

Men. If nothing else can moue thee *Hellen*,
Thinke of our daughter young *Hermione*.

Hel. My deare *Hermione*.

Men. Canst thou call her deare,
And leave that issue which thy wombe did beare ?
Shee's ours betwixt vs, canst thou ?

Par. Can shee ? knowing,
A sweeter babe within her sweete wombe growing
Begot last night by *Paris*.

Men. Looke this way *Hellen*, see my armes spread
wide,
I am thine husband, thou my *Spartan* bride.

Hel. That way ?

Par. My *Hellen*, this way turne thy fight,
These are the armes in which thou layest last night.

Hel. Oh how this *Troian* tempts mee !

Men. This way wife,
Thou shalt faue many a *Greeke* and *Troians* life.

Hel. 'Tis true, I know it.

Par. This way turne thine head,
This is the path that leades vnto our bed.

Hel. And 'tis a sweete smooth path.

Men. Heere.

Par. Heere.

Men. Take this way *Hellen*, this is plaine & euen.

Par. That is the way to hell, but this to Heauen :
Bright Comet shine this way.

Men. Cleare starre shoot this,
Here honour dwels.

Par. Here many a thousand kisse.

Hel. That way I should, because I know 'tis
meeter.

Men. Welcome.

Hel. But I'le this way for *Paris* kisses sweeter.

Par. And may I dye an Eunuch if ere morne
I quit thee not.

Men. I cannot brooke this scorne,
Grecians to Armes.

Heel. Then *Greece* from *Troy* deuide,
This difference armes, not language must decide.

All Greekes. Come to our Tents.

All Troians. And wee to man the towne.

Heel. These Tents shall swimme in bloud.

Greekes. Blood *Troy* shall drowne.

Exeunt diuers wayes.

Achil. Yet shall no stroke fall from *Achilles* arme,
Faire *Polixena*, so powerfull is thy charme.

Alarme. Enter *Troilus* and *Diomed*.

Troi. King *Diomed* !

Dio. My riuall in the loue of *Crefida*.

Troi. False *Crefida*, iniurious *Diomed*.

Now shall I prooue in hostile enter-change
Of warlike blowes that thou art all vnworthy
The loue of *Crefid*.

Dio. Why cam'st thou not on Horfe-backe,
That *Diomed* once againe dismounting thee
Might greete his Lady with another course
Wonne from the hand of *Troilus*.

Troi. *Diomed*,

By the true loue I beare that trothlesse Dame
I'le winne from thee, and send thy Horfe and Armour

Vnto the Tent of *Cresid* guard thy head,
This day by mee thou shalt be captiue led.

Alarme. *They fight and are parted by the army,*
Diomed lofeth his Helmet.

Troi. Another Horse for *Diomed* to flye,
Hee had neuer greater neede then now to runne,
Though hee be fled yet *Troilus* this is thine,
My Steede hee got by sleight, I this by force.
I'le send her this to whom hee sent my horse.

Enter Æneas and Achilles reading a Letter.

Achil. Is this the answere of the note I sent
To royall *Priam* and Queene *Hecuba*,
Touching their daughter bright *Polixema*?

Æne. Behold Queene *Hecubaes* hand, King *Priams*
feale,
With the consent of faire *Polixena*,
Condition'd thus, *Achilles* shall forbare
To dammage *Troy*.

Achi. Returne this answere backe,
Tell *Priam* that *Achilles* Arme's benumb'd,
And cannot lift a weapon against *Troy*.
Say to Queene *Hecuba* wee are her sonne,
And not *Achilles*, nor one *Mirmidon*
Shall give her least affront, as for the Lady
Bid her presume, we henceforth are her Knight,
And but for her *Achilles* scornes to fight.

Æne. Then thus faith *Priam*, but restraine thy
powers,
And as hee is a King, his daughter's yours.

Achi. Farewell.

Exit.

Alarme. *Enter Aiax.*

Ajax. *Achilles*, where's *Achilles*, what vnarm'd
When all the Champaigne where our battailes ioyne,

Is made a standing poole of *Greekish* blood,
Where horses plung'd vp to the saddle skirts,
And men aboue the waste wade for their liues,
And canst thou keepe thy Tent?

Achi. My Lute *Patroclus*.

A great Alarme. Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Let *Greekes*, let *Greekes*, let's bēd vnnaturall armes

Against our owne breifs, ere the conquering *Troians*
Haue all the honour of this glorious day.

Can our great Champion touch a womanish Lute,
And heare the grones of twenty thousand soules
Gasping their last breath?

Achi. I can.

Alarume. Enter Menelaus.

Rescue, some rescue, the red field is strowd!
With *Hectors* honours and young *Troilus* spoyles.

Achi. Yet all this moues not me.

Alarum. Enter Vlyffes.

Vlyff. How long hath great *Achilles* bin furname'd,
Coward in *Troy*, that *Hector*, *Troilus*, *Paris*,
Haue all that name so currant in their mouthes?
I euer held him valiant, yet will *Achilles* fight?

Achi. Vlyffes, no,

Beneath this globe *Achilles* hath no foe.

Vlyff. Then here vnarm'd be slaine, think'ſt thou
they'l spare

Thee more then vs?

Ajax. Or if thou wilt not arme thee,
Let thy *Patroclus* lead thy *Mirmidons*,
And weare thy Armour.

Vlyff. Thy Armour is sufficient
Without thy prefence being feard in *Troy*.

Achi. To faue our oath and keepe our Tents from
facke,
Patroclus don our Armes, lead forth our guard,
And wearing them by no Prince be out-dar'd.
Patro. *Achilles* honours me, what heart can feare,
And great *Achilles* sword proofe Armour weare?

Exeunt all the Princes, enter Thersites.

Ther. Where's this great fword and buckler man of
Greece?
Wee shall haue him one of sneakes noise,
And come peaking into the Tents of the *Greeks*,
With will you haue any musicke Gentlemen.
Achi. Base groome, I'l teare thy flesh like falling
Snow.
Ther. If I had *Hectors* face thou durst not doo't.
Achi. Durst not?
Ther. Durst not, hee's in the field, thou in thy
Tent,
Hector playing vpon the *Greekis* burgonets,
Achilles fingring his effeminate Lute.
And now because thou durst not meeete him in the
field, thou hast counterfeited an honour of loue.
Achilles? Thou the Champion of *Greece*, a meere bug-
bear, a scar-crow, a Hobby-horse.
Achi. *Vlisses* taught thee this, deformed slauē.
Ther. Coward thou durst not do this to *Hector*.
Achi. On thee Ile practife, til I meeete with him.
The. *Ajax* is valiant, and in the throng of the
Troians,
Achilles is turn'd Fidler in the Tents of the Grecians.

*Alarum. Enter Diomed wounded, bringing in
Patroclus dying.*

Dio. Looke here *Achilles*.
Achi. *Patroclus*?

Pat. This wound great *Hector* gaue :
Reuenge my death, before I meete my graue.

Enter Vlisses and Aiax wounded.

Vlij. Yet will *Achilles* fight ? see *Aiax* wounded,
Two hundred of thy warlike Mirmedons
Thou hast lost this day.

Aia. Let's beate him to the field.

Achi. Ha ?

Aia. Had I lost a *Patroclus*, a deere friend
As thou hast done, I would haue dond these armes
In which he dyed, sprung through the *Troian* hoast,
And mauger opposition, let the blow
Or by the same hand dy'd : come ioyne with me,
And we without this picture, statue of *Greece*,
This shaddow of *Achilles*, will once more
Inuade the *Troian* hoast.

Achi. *Aiax* ?

Aia. *Achilles* ?

Achi. Wee owe thee for this scorne.

Aia. I scorne that debt :
Thou hast not fought with *Hector*.

Achi. My honor and my oath both combate in
mee :

But loue swayes most.

Alarum. Enter Menelaus and Agamemnon.

Men. Our ships are fir'd, fие hundred gallant
vessels
Burnt in the Sea, halfe of our Fleete destroy'd,
Without some present rescue.

Achi. Ha, ha, ha.

Aga. Doth no man aske where is this double
fire,
That two wayes flyes towards heauen ?
Vpon the right our royll Nauy burns,
Vpon the left *Achilles* Tents on fire.

Achi. Our Tent?

Aga. By *Ioue* thy Tent, and all thy Mirmedons,
Haue not the power to quench it : yet great *Hector*
Hath shed more blood this day, then would haue
feru'd

To quench, both Fleet and Tent.

Achi. My fword and armour :
Polixena, thy loue we will lay by,
Till by this hand, that Troian *Hector* dye.

Aia. I knew he must be fired out.

Exit.

Alarum. *Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas,*
with burning staues and fire-bals.

At the Troians. Strike, stab, wound, kill, tosse fire-
brands, and make way,
Hector of *Troy*, and a victorious day.

Hec. Well fought braue brothers.

Enter Aiax.

Pa. What's hee ?

Troi. Tis *Ajax*, downe with him.

Hec. No man presume to dart a feather at him
Whilst we haue odds : coufен if thou feekest com-
bate ?

See we stand singe, not one Trojan here,
Shall lay a violent hand vpon thy life,
Saue wee our selfe.

Aia. Coufен th'art honorable,
I now must both intreate and coniure thee,
For my old Vnkle *Priams* sake, his sister
Hesione my mother, and thine Aunt :
This day leauue thine aduantage, spare our Fleet,
And let vs quench our Tents, onely this day
Stay thy Victoriouſ hand, tis *Ajax* pleades,
Who but, of *Ioue* hath neuer begg'd before,
And faue of *Ioue*, will not intreate againe.

Al Troians. Burne, still more fire.

Hec. I'le quench it with his blood
That addes one sparke vnto this kindled flame :
My cousin shall not for *Hesiones* sake
Be ought denide of *Hector*, she's our Aunt :
Thou, then this day hast sau'd the Grecian Fleete :
Let's found retreat, whose charge made al Greece
quake,
We spare whole thousands for one *Ajax* sake.

A Retreate sounded. *Exeunt the Troians.*

Aia. Worthiest a liue thou hast, Greece was this
day
At her last cast, had they purfude aduantage :
But I deuine, hereaster from this hower,
We neuer more shal shrinke beneath their power.

Exit.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus Scœna prima.

*Enter Hector, Troilus, Paris, Æneas, Hectors
armour bearer, with others.*

Hec. My armour, and my trusty *Galatee*,
The proudest steed that euer rider backt,
Or with his hoofes beate thunder from the earth.
The Sunne begins to mount the Easterne hill,
And wee not yet in field : Lords yesterday
Wee slipt a braue aduantage, else these ships
That floate now in the *Sanotracian* road,
And with their wauing pendants menace *Troy*
Had with their flames reflecting from the Sea,
Gilt those high towers, which now they proudly
braue.

Troi. On then ; *Achilles* is vnconquered yet,
 Great *Agamemnon* and the *Spartan King*,
Ajax the bigge-bond Duke of *Salamine*,
 With him that with his Lance made *Venus* bleed,
 The bold, (but euer rash) King *Diomed*,
 To lead these captiue through the *Scamander* Plaines,
 That were a taske worth *Hector*.

Par. Why not vs ?
 Yet most becomming him, come then *Aeneas*,
 Let each Picke one of these braue Champions out
 And singe him a captiue.

Aene. Twere an enterprize
 That would deserue a lasting Chronicle :
 Lead on renowned *Hector*.

Hect. Vnnimble flauue,
 Dispatch, make hast, I would be first in field,
 And now I must be cal'd on.

Enter Andromache and young Astianax.

Andro. Oh stay deare Lord, my royll husband
 stay,
 Cast by thy shidle, fellow vncase his armes,
 Knock off the riuets, lay that baldricke by,
 But this one day rest with *Andromache*.

Hec. What meanest thou woman ?
Andro. To faue my honoured Lord
 From a sad fate, for if this ominous day,
 This day disastrous, thou appear'st in field
 I neuer more shall see thee.

Hec. Fond *Andromache*.
 Giue me some reason for't.

Andro. A fearefull dreame,
 This night me thought I saw thee 'mongst the *Greekes*,
 Round girt with squadrons of thine enemies,
 All which their Iuelins thrild against thy brest,
 And stucke them in thy bosome.

Hec. So many Squadrons,
 And all their darts quiuerd in *Hectors* brest,

Some glanc't vpon mine armour, did they not ?

Par. Did none of these darts rebound from
Hector

And hit thee sister, for (my Lasse) I know,
Thou hast been oft hit by thine *Hector* so.

Andro. Oh doe not iest my husband to his death,
I wak't and slept, and slept and wak't againe :
But both my flumbers and my founde sleepes
Met in this one maine truth, if thou this day
Afront their Army or oppose their fleete,
After this day we ne're more shall meete.

He&t. Trust not deceptive visions, dreames are
fables,
Adulterate Sceanes of Anticke forgeries
Playd vpon idle braines, come Lords to horse
To keepe me from the field, dreames haue no force.

Andro. *Troilus, Æneas, Paris, young Astianax,*
Hang on thy fathers armour, stay his speed.

Asti. Father, sweete father do not fight to day.

He&t. Help to take off these burrs, they trouble
mee.

Andro. Hold, hold thy father, if thou canst not
kneele,

Yet with thy teares intreat him stay at home.

Asti. I'l hang vpon you, you shall beate me father
Before I let you goe.

He&t. How boy ? I'l whippe you if you stirre a
foot,

Go get you to your mother.

Pa. Come to horse.

Enter Priam, Hecuba, Hellen, &c.

Pri. *Hector,* I charge thee by thine honour stay,
Go not this day to battaile.

He&t. By all the gods
Andromache, thou dost abate my loue
To winne mee from my glory.

Ite. From thy death.

Troilus, perswade thy brother, daughter *Hellen*,
Speake to thy *Paris* to intreate him too.

Hel. *Paris* sweete husband.

Pa. Leaue your cunning *Hellen*.

My brother shall to the field.

Hel. But by this kiffe thou shalt not.

Pa. Now haue not I the heart to say her nay :
This kiffe hath ouercome mee.

Andro. My dearest loue,

Pitty your wife, your sonne, your father, all
These liue beneath the safeguard of that arme ;
Pitty in vs whole *Troy* all ready doom'd
To sinke beneath your ruine.

Pri. If thou fall,

Who then shall stand ? *Troy* shall consume with fire
(That yet remaines in thee) wee perish all,
Or which is worse, led captiue into *Greece* :
Therefore deare *Hector*, cast thy armour off.

Andro. Husband.

Hecu. Sonne.

Hel. Brother.

Hecl. By *Ioue* I am resolu'd.

Andro. Oh all yee gods !

Hecl. Not all the diuell
Could halfe torment me like these women tongues.

Pa. At my entreaty, and for *Hellens* loue,
Leaue vs to beare the iortunes of this day ;
Heres *Troilus* and my selfe will make them fweare ;
Ere the fight end there are two *Hectors* here.

Aene. Besides *Aeneus*, and *Deiphobus*
Young *Margareton*, and a thousand more
Sworne to set fire on all their Tents this day ;
Then *Hector* for this once resolute to stay.

Hecl. To horse then *Paris*, do not linger time.

Pa. To horse, come brother *Troilus*.

Hecl. Watch *Margareton*, if the youthfull Prince
Venter beyond his strength, let him haue rescue.

Troi. Hee shall be all our charge.

Pri. *Hector* let's mount vpon the walls of *Troy*,

And thence furueigh the battaile.

Hez. Well bee't fo.

But if one *Troian* shall for succour cry,
I'le leaue the walls and to his rescue flye. *Exit.*

Enter Troilus and Diomed after an alarum.

Troi. King *Diomed*.

Dio. *Cresids* first loue.

Troi. Yes *Diomed* and her last,
I'le liue to loue her when thy life is past.

Enter Menelaus both upon Troilus.

Men. Hold *Troian*, for no *Greeke* must be dis-arm'd.

Enter Paris.

Pa. Vnmanly odds, King *Menelaus* turne
Thy face this way, 'tis *Troian Paris* calls.

Men. Of all that breath, I loue that *Paris* tongue
When it shall call to Armes : now one shal downe.

Alarum. *Menelaus falls.*

Par. Thou keep'st thy word, for thou art downe
indeed.

Yet by the sword of *Paris* shalt not dye.
I flew thy fame when I first stole thy Queene,
And therefore *Spartan* will now spare thy life :
Achilles, Diomed, Ajax, one of three
Were noble prise, thou art no spoyle for mee.

Alarum. *Enter aboue Priam, Hector, Astianax, He-cuba, Hellen, &c. Below Achilles and Maretton.*

Achil. If thou bee'st noble by thy blood and
valour,
Tell mee if *Hector* bee in field this day.

Marg. Thy coniuration hath a double spell,
Hector is not in field, but here I stand
 Thy warlike opposite.

Achi. Thou art young and weake, retire and spare
 thy life.

Mar. I'm *Hectors* brother, none of *Hectors* blood
 Did euer yet retreite.

Achi. If *Hectors* friend,
 Here must thy life and glory both haue end.

Achilles kills him.

Heſt. Oh father, see where *Margareton* lyes
 Your sonne, my brother by *Achilles* flaine.

Pri. Thy brother *Troylus* will reuenge his death :
 But *Hector* shall not mooue.

Hec. *Troylus* nor all the *Troians* in the field
 Can make their fwordes bite on *Achilles* shield :
 'Tis none but *Hector* must reuenge his death.

P. But not this day.

Heſt. Before the Sunne decline,
 That terroure of the earth I'le make deuine.

Exit from the wals.

Alarum. Enter *Hector* beating before him *Achilles*
Mermidons.

Heſt. Thus flyes the dust before the Northern
 winds,
 And turns to Attoms dancing in the ayre,
 So from the force of our victorious arme,
 Flye armed squadrons of the boldest *Greekes*,
 And mated at the terroure of our name,
 So cleare the field before me, no mans fauour'd :
 The blood of three braue Princes in my rage,
 I haue sacrific'd to *Margaritons* soule.

Ajax Oilæus, Ajax Telamon,
Merionus, Menelaus, Idomea,
 Arch-dukes and Kings haue shrunke beneath this
 arme,
 Besides a thoufand Knights haue falne this day

Beneath the fury of my pondrous blowes :
And not the least of my victorious spoyles,
Quier'd my Iauelin through the brawny thigh
Of strong *Achilles*, and I seeke him still,
Once more to tug with him : my sword and breath
Assist me still, till one drop downe in death.

Enter Achilles with his guard of Mermidons.

Achi. Come cast your felues into a ring of terrour,
About this warlike Prince, by whom I bleede.

Hec. What meanes the glory of the *Grecian* hoast
Thus to besiege me with his Mermidons ?
And keepe aloofe himselfe.

Achil. That shall my Launce
In bloody letters text vpon thy breast,
For young *Patroclus* death, for my dishonours,
For thousand spoyles, and for that infinite wracke
Our Army hath indur'd onely by thee,
Thy life must yeeld me satisfaction.

Hec. My life ? and welcome, by *Apolloes* fire
I neuer ventred blood with more content,
Then against thee *Achilles*, come prepare.

Achil. For eminent death, you of my warlike
guard,
My Mermidons, for slaughterers most renown'd,
Now sworne to my desaignements, your steele polaxes,
Fixe all at once, and girt him round with wounds.

Hec. Dishonourable *Greeke*, *Hector* nere dealt
On base aduantage, or euer lift his fword
Ouer a quaking foe, but as a spoyle
Vnworthy vs, still left him to his feare :
Nor on the man, whom singly I strike downe,
Haue I redoubled blowes, my valour still
Opposde against a standing enemy.
Thee haue I twice vnhorft, and when I might
Haue slaine thee groueling, left thee to the field,
Thine armour and thy shield impenetrable,
Wrought by the god of *Lemnos* in his forge

By arte diuine, with the whole world ingrauen,
 I haue through pierc't, and still it weares my skarres :
 Forget not how last day, euen in thy tent
 I feasted my good sword, and might haue flung
 My bals of wild-fire round about your Fleete,
 To haue sent vp your Greekish pride in flames,
 Which would haue fixt a starre in that high Orbe,
 To memorize to all succeeding times
 Our glories and your shames, yet this I spar'd,
 And shall I now be flayne by treachery ?

Achi. Tell him your answer on your weapons
 points,
 Vpon him my braue fouldiers.

Hec. Come you flaues,
 Before I fall, Ile make some food for graues,
 That gape to swallow cowards : ceaze you dogges
 Vpon a Lyon with your armed phangs,
 And bate me brauely, where I touch I kill,
 And where I fasten teare body from soule,
 And soule from hope of rest : all *Greece* shall know,
 Blood must run wast in *Hectors* ouerthrow.

Alarum. *Hector* fals *flayne* by the Mermidons,
 then *Achilles* wounds him with his Launce.

Achi. Farwell the noblest spirit that ere breath'd
 In any terrene mansion : Take vp his body
 And beare it to my Tent : Ile straight to horse,
 And at his fetlockes to my greater glory,
 Ile dragge his mangled trunke that *Grecians* all,
 May deafe the world with shouts, at *Hectors* fall.

Enter Priam, Æneas, Troilus, Paris.

Pri. Blacke fate, blacke day, be neuer Kallendred
 Hereafter in the number of the yeare,
 The Planets cease to worke, the Spheares to mooue,
 The Sunne in his meridian course to shine,
 Perpetuall darknesse ouerwhelme the day,
 In which is falne the pride of *Asia*.

Troi. Rot may that hand,
And cuery ioynt drop peece-meale from his arme,
That tooke such base aduantage on a worthy,
Who all aduantage scorn'd.

Pa. Yet though his life they haue basely tane
away,
His body we haue rescued mauger *Greece*.
And *Paris*, I the meanest of *Priams* sonnes,
Haue made as many *Mermidons* weepe blood,
As had least finger in the Worthies fall.

Pri. What but his death could thus haue arm'd my
hand,
Or drawne decreped *Priam* to the field :
That starre is shot, his luster quite ecclips'd :
And shall we now, surrender *Hellena* ?

Pa. Not till *Achilles* lye as dead as *Hector*,
And *Ajax* by *Achilles*, not whilst *Istium*
Hath one stome rear'd vpon another's backe
To ouer-looke these wals, or those high wals
To ouer-peere the plaine.

Troi. Contrary Elements,
The warring meteors : Hell and *Elizium*
Are not so much oppof'd, as *Troy* and *Greece*,
For *Hector*, *Hectors* death.

Par. A most sad Funerall
Will his in *Troy* be, where shall scarse an eye
Of twice two hundred thousand be found drye :
These obets once past o're, which we desire,
Those eyes that now shed water, shall speake fire.

Aene. Now found retreat.

Pri. Wee backe to *Troy* returne,
Where every soule in funeral blacke shall mourne. *Exit.*

Par. *Hector* is dead, and yet my brother *Troilus*
A second terrour to the *Greekes* still liues.
In him there's hope since all his *Mermidons*
Hauing felt his fury, flye euen at his name.
But must the proud *Achilles* still insult
And tryumph in the glory of base deedes ?
No, *Hector* hee destroy'd by treachery,

And hee must dye by craft. But *Priams* temper
 Will nere bee brought to any base reuenge :
 A woman is most subiect vnto spleene,
 And I will vse the braine of *Hecuba* :
 This bloody sonne of *Thetis* doth still doate
 Vpon the beauty of *Polixena* ;
 And that's the base we now must build vpon.
 My mother hath by secret letters wrought him
 Once more to abandon both the field and armes :
 The plot is cast, which if it well succeede,
 He that's of blood infatiate, must next bleed. *Exit.*

Achilles discouered in his Tent, about him his bleeding
Mirmidons, himselfe wounded, and with him
Vlisses.

Vlif. Why will not great *Achilles* don his Armes,
 And rowfe his bleeding *Mirmidons*? shall *Troilus*
 March backe to *Troy* with armour, sword, and lance,
 All dyde in *Grecian* blood ? shall aged *Priam*
 Boast in faire *Illiump* that the sonne of *Thetis*,
 Whose warlike speare pierc't mighty *Hector*s brest,
 Lies like a coward slumbring in his Tent,
 Because hee feares young *Troilus*.

Achi. Pardon mee,
Vlisses, here's a Briefe from *Hecuba*,
 Wherein shee vowes, if I but kill one Troian,
 I neuer shall inioy *Polixena*.

Vlif. But thinks *Achilles*, if the *Greekes* be slaine,
 And forc't perforce to march away from *Troy*,
 That hee shall then inioy *Polixena* ?
 No, 'tis King *Priams* subtily, whilst thou
 Sleep'st in thy Tent, *Troilus* through all our Troupes
 Makes Lanes of slaughtered bodies, and will tosse
 His Balls of wild-fire as great *Hector* did
 O're all our nauall forces : But did this Prince
 Lye breathlesse bleeding at *Achilles* feet,
 Dispairing *Priam* would to make his peace
 Make humbly tender of *Polixena*,

And be much proud to call *Achilles* sonne ?

Achi. Were *Troilus* flaine ?

Vlif. Who else deales wounds so thicke and fast as
hee,

They call him *Hectors* ghost, he glides so quicke
Through our Battalions : If hee beate vs hence,
And wee bee then compel'd to sue to them ?
It will be answ'red, that great *Hectors* death's-man
Shall neuer wedd his sister : *Hectors* sonne
Will neuer kneele to him, by whose strong hand
His father fell ; but were young *Troilus* flaine,
And *Priams* sonnes sent wounded from the field,
Troy then would stoope, and send *Polixena*
Euen to *Achilles* Tent.

Achi. My sword and armour,
Arise my bleeding ministers of death,
I'le feast you with an Ocean of blood-royall :
Vlyffes, ere this Sunne fall from the skies,
By this right hand the warlike *Troilus* dyes.

Alarum. *Enter Troilus and Thersites.*

Ther. Hold if thou bee'st a man.

Troi. Stand if thou bee'st a souldier, do not
shrinke.

Ther. Art not thou *Troilus*, yong and lusty
Troilus.

Troi. I am, what then ?

Ther. And I *Thersites*, lame and impotent,
What honour canst thou get by killing mee ?
I cannot fight.

Troi. What mak'st thou in the field then ?

Ther. I came to laugh at mad-men, thou art one ;
The *Troians* are all mad, so are the *Greeks*,
To kill so many thousands for one drabbe,
For *Hellen* : a light thing, doe thou turne wise
And kill no more ; I since these warres began
Shed not one drop of blood.

Troi. But proud *Achilles*

Slew my bold brother, and you *Grecians* all
Shall perish for the noble *Hectors* fall.

Ther. Hold, the Pox take thee hold, whilst I haue
breath,
I am bound to curse thy fingers.

*Enter Achilles with his Mirmidons, after Troilus hath
beaten Thersites.*

Achil. I might haue flaine young *Troilus* when his
sword

Late sparkled fire out of the *Spartans* helme,
But that had stild my fame, but I will trace him
Through the whole Army, when I meete the *Troian*
Breathlesse and faint : I'le thunder on his crest
Some valour, but aduantage likes mee best.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Let Cowards fight with Cowards, and both
feare,
The base *Thersites* is no match for mee,
Oppose mee to the proudest hee in field,
Most eminent in Armes, and best approu'd,
To make the thirsty after blood to bleed,
And that's the proud *Achilles*.

Achi. Who names vs ?

Troi. Fate, thou haft now before me set the man
Whom I most fought, to thee whom I will offer
To appease *Hectors* ghost a sacrifice.
You widdowed Matrons who now mourne in teares,
And all you watry eyes furcease to weepe.
Fathers that in this warre haue lost your sonnes,
And sonnes your fathers, by *Achilles* hand ;
No more lament vpon their funerall Armes,
But from this day reioyce : posterity
From age to age this to succeßion tell,
Hee falls by *Troilus*, by whom *Hector* fell.

Achi. *Hectors* sad fate betyde him, souldiers on,

Both brothers shew like mercy, thy vaine sound
That boasted lyes now leuel'd with the ground.

Troilus is slaine by him and the Mirmidons.

Enter Therfites.

Ther. Achilles!

Achi. What's hee? *Therfites.*

Ther. Thou art a coward.

Achi. Haue I not sau'd thy life, and slaine proud
Troilus

By whom the *Greekes* lye pilde in breathlesse heapes?

Ther. Yes when he was out of breath so thou
flewtest *Hector*

Girt with thy *Mirmidons*.

Achi. Dogged *Therfites*,

I'le cleave thee to thy Nauell if thou op'ft

Thy venomous Iawes.

Ther. Doe, doe, good Dog-killer.

Achi. You flau'e.

Ther. I am out of breath now too, else bug-bare
Greeke

Thou durst not to haue touch't mee.

Achilles beates him off, retreate founded. *Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Vlysses, &c., all the other but Paris.*

Agam. To whom dost thou addresse thine Embasie?

Par. To Achilles.

Aga. And not the Generall? It concernes our
place

To heare King *Priams* embasie.

Pa. Let mee haue passage to Achilles Tent,
There *Agamemnon* (if you please) may heare
What *Priam* sends to your great Champion.

Aga. Let it bee so.

Ajax. The Generall wrongs that honour
Wee Princes in our loue conferre on him.

Had I th' imperiall mandat in my mouth,
 I would not loose one iot of my command
 For all the proud *Achilles's* on earth,
 Take him at best hee's but a fellow peere,
 And shold he lift his head aboue the Clouds
 I hold my selfe his equall.

Enter Achilles from his Tent.

Achi. Vntuterd *Ajax.*

Aia. Who spake that word ?

Achi. 'Twas I *Achilles*, let the sonne of *Priam*
 Bee priuat with vs.

Aga. It belongs to vs
 To bee partakers of his Embasie.

Achi. Dismisse then our Inferiours, you *Vlisses*
 Are welcome, *Menelaus*, *Diomed*.

Let *Ajax* stay without, and know his duty. *Exit.*

Ajax. Duty ? Oh you gods !
 Ha ? in what Dialect spake hee that language
 Which *Greece* yet neuer knew, wee owe to him ?
 I'le after him and dradge him from his Tent,
 And teach the insolent, manners : Giue mee way.

Vlisses, thou and all the world shal know,
 That faue the obedience that I owe the gods,
 And duty to my father *Telamon*,
Ajax knowes none, no not to *Agamemnon* :
 For what hee hath of mee's my courtesie,
 What hee claimes else, or the proud'ft *Greeke* that
 breaths,

I'le pay him in the poor'ft and basest scorne
 Contempt was ere exprest in.

Vlis. *Ajax* you are too bold with great *Achilles*,
 You beare your selfe more equall then you ought,
 With one so trophy'd.

Aia. Bold ? oh my merits,
 Are you soone forgot ? why King of *Ithaca*,
 What hath this Toy (aboue so talkt of) done,
 Sauing slaine *Hector*, which at best receiu'd

Was but scarce fairely, which the common tongues,
Voyces, with base aduantage.

Vlif. Yes, Prince *Troilus*

Surnam'd the second *Hector*, lyeth imbak'd
In his cold blood, slayne by *Achilles* hand :
The streme of glory now runnes all towards him :
Achilles lookes for't *Ajax*.

Aia. But when *Achilles* slumbred in his Tent,
Or waking with his Lute courted the ayre ;
Then *Ajax* did not beare himselfe too bold
With this great Champion : when I sau'd our Fleet
From *Hectors* wild-fire, I deseru'd some prayse,
But then your tongues were mute.

Vlif. You in these times
Did not affect ostent, but still went on :
But *Thetis* sonne lookes for a world of sound
To spread his attributes.

Aia. The proud *Achilles*
Shall not out-shine me long, in the next battaile,
If to kill Troians bee to dim his prayse,
I'le quench his luster by my bloody rayes.

*Enter Agamemnon, Achilles, Diomed, Menelaus,
and Paris, &c.*

Pa. Shall I returne that answere to King *Priam* ?

Achi. Say in the morning we will visite him :
So beare our kinde regreetes to *Hecuba*.

Aia. But will *Achilles* trust himselfe with *Priam*,
Whose warlike sonnes were by his valour slaine ?

Achi. *Priam* is honourable, see here's his hand,
His Queene religious, and behold her name :
Polixena deuine, reade here, her vowes,
Honor, religions, and diuinity,
All ioyntly promising *Achilles* safety :
Paris, you heare our answere, so returne it.

Pa. We shal receiue *Achilles* with al honor.

Exit.

Mene. Were I *Achilles* and had flaine great
Hector,

With valiant *Troilus*, *Priams* best lou'd sonnes,
I for the brightest Lady in all *Asia*,
Would not so trust my person with the father.

Achi. I am resolu'd, *Vlyffes* you once told mee
Priam would sleepe if *Troilus* once were slayne.

Vlyff. And I dare gage my life, the reuerent King
Intends no treason to *Achilles* person.
But meereley by this honourable League,
To draw our warlike Champion from the field.

Achi. But we'le deceiue his hopes : feare not great
Kings,
When to my Tent I bring *Polixena*:
The sooner *Troy* lyes leuell with the ground.
You vnderstand me Lords ; shall I intreate you
Affocate me vnto the sacred Temple
Of Diuine *Phœbus* ?

Aga. In me these Kings shall answere, wee in
peace
Will bring *Achilles* to *Apolloes* shrine,
Prouided, *Priam* ere we enter *Troy*,
Will giue vs hostage for our safe returne.

Achi. My honour'd hand with his.

Excunt.

Enter Paris and Hecuba.

Hecu. Oh *Paris*, till *Achilles* lye as dead,
As did thy brother *Hector* at his feete,
His body hackett with as many wounds,
As was thy brother *Troilus* when he fell.
I neuer neuer shall haue peace with Heauen,
Or take thee for their brother, or my sonne.

Par. Mother I hate *Achilles* more then you ;
But I haue heard hee is invulnerable :
His mother *Thetis* from the Oracle
Receiuing answere, hee should dye at *Troy* ;
(Being yet a childe,) and to preuent that fate,

She dipt him in the Sea, all saue the heele :
These parts she drencht, remayne impenetrable ;
But what her dainty hand (forbore to drowne)
As loath to feele the coldnesse of the wau,
That, and that onely may bee pierc'd with steele.
Now since I know his fellow Kings intend,
To be his guard to *Illiūm* : what's my rage ?
Or this my weapon to destroy a Prince,
Whose flesh no sword can bite off.

Hecu. Haue not I heard thee *Paris* praise thy selfe

For skill in Archery ? haue I not seene
A shaft sent leuell from thy constant hand,
Command the marke at pleasure ? maist not thou
With such an arrow, and the selfe-fame bow,
Wound proud *Achilles* in that vndrencht part,
And by his heele draw liues blood from his heart ?

Par. Well thought on, the rare cunning of this hand,

None saue the powers immortall can withstand :
When in the Temple hee shall thinke to imbrace
My sister *Polixena*, Ile strike him there.
The Greekes are entred *Troy*. Let's fill the trayne
To auoyde suspect, and now my shaft and bow,
Greece from my hand, receiue thine ouerthrow.

Enter at one doore Priam, Hecuba, Paris, Æneas, Antenor, Deiphobus, Hellena, and Polixena. At the other, Agamemnon, Achilles, Menelaus, Vlisses, Diomed, Thersites, and Ajax. They interchange imbraces, Polixena is giuen to Achilles, &c.

Pri. Though the dammage you haue done to *Troy*,
Might cease our armes, and arme our browes with wrath,
Yet with a fsmooth front, and heart vnfeigned,
Now bid *Achilles* welcome ; welcome all

Before these Kings, and in the sight of *Hellen*,
 The dearest of my daughters *Polixen*
 I tender thee : on to *Apolloes* shrine,
 The flamin stayes : these nuptiall rights once past,
 You of our best varieties shall taste. *Exeunt.*

Paris fetcheth his Bow and arrowes.

Par. My bow ! now thou great god of Archery.
 The Patron of our action and our vowes,
 Direct my shaft to wound bright *Thetis* sonne,
 And let it not offend thy deity,
 That in thy Temple I exhaust his blood,
 Without respect of place, reuenge seemes good. *Exit.*

A great crye within. Enter Paris.

Par. Tis done, *Achilles* bleedes, immortal powers
 Clap hands, and smile to see the Greeke fall dead,
 By whom the valiant *Hectors* blood was shed.

*Enter all the Troians, and the Greekes bringing in
 Achilles with an arrow through his heele.*

Aga. Priam, thou hast dishonourably broake
 The Lawes of Armes.

Pri. By all the gods I vowe,
 I was a stranger to this horrid act :
 It neuer came from *Priam*.

Vlyff. Call for your Surgeon then to stope his
 wound.

Mene. For if hee dye, it will be registred
 For euer to thy shame.

Pri. A Surgeon there.

Achi. It is in vaine for liue, that god of Physicke
 We Grecians honor in a Serpent shape ;
 He could not stanch my blood : know fellow Kings
 My mother *Thetis* by whose heauenly wisdome,
 My other parts were made invulnerable,
 Could not of all the gods obtayne that grace,
 But that my blood, vented as now it is,

The wound should be incurable : what Coward
That durst not looke *Achiles* in the face,
Hath found my liues blood in this speeding place ?

Par. 'Twas I, 'twas *Paris*.

Ajax. 'Twas a milke-sop then.

Diom. A Traytor to all Valour.

Par. Did not this bleeding Greeke kil valiant
Hector,

Incompast with his Guard of Mermidons ?

Pri. Degenerate *Paris*, not old *Priams* sonne,
Thou never took'st thy treacherous blood from me.

Aia. How cheeres *Achiles*, though thy too much
pride

Which held, the heart of *Ajax* from thy loue,
He'le be the formost to reuenge thy death.

Achil. Gramercy noble *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*,

Vlisses, *Diomed*, I feele my strength

Begins to fayle, let me haue buriall,

And then to Armes, reuenge *Achilles* death :

Or if proud *Troy* remayne inuincible,

To *Lycomedes* send to youthfull *Pirhus*,

My sonne begot on bright *Dedamia* ;

And let him force his vengeance through the hearts

Of these, by whom his father was betray'd.

I faint, may euery droppe of blood I shed,

Exhald by Phæbus, putrifie the ayre,

That every soule in *Afia* that drawes breath,

May poysoned dye for great *Achilles* death.

Aga. He's dead, the pride of all our Grecian
army.

Vlyss. Will *Priam* let vs beare his body hence ?

Par. Yes, and not drag it 'bout the wals of *Troy*,
As hee did *Hectors* basely.

Pri. Take it, withall truce, time to bury it.

Aga. Come Princes, on your shoulders beare him
then,

Brauest of souldiers, and the best of men.

*They beare him off. And to Priam enter
Æneas.*

Æne. Where's mighty *Priam*?

Pri. What's the newes *Æneas*?

Æne. Such as will make your highnes doff your age

And be as youthfull spirited as the Spring:

Penthisilea Queene of *Amazons*,

With mighty troopes of Virgin warriers,

Gallant Veragoes, for the loue of *Hector*,

And to reuenge his death, are entred *Troy*.

May it please you, to receiue the *Scithean* Queene.

Pri. What *Troy* can yeeld, or *Priam* can ex-preffe,

The *Amazonian* Princefse shall pertake:

Come *Hecuba*, and Ladies, let's prepare,

To bid her friendly welcome to this warre.

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus Quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Thersites with Souldiers, bringing in a table, with chayres and stooles plac'd aboue it.

Ther. Come, come, spread, spread, vp with the puplets straight,

Seates for the Judges, all the Kings of Greece.

Why when you lazy drudges? Is this place

For a whole Iury royall? where's the Armour,

The prize for which the crafty Fox *Vlisses*,

And mad Bull *Ajax*, must this day contend?

What, is all ready ? rare world, when insteade
Of smooth tong'd Lawyers, Souldiers now must
pleade.

Loud Musick. Enter all the Kings of Greece, the Armour of Achilles, borne betwixt Vlysses and Ajax, and plac'd upon the table, the Princes feate themselues, a chayre is plac'd at either end of the Stage, the one for Ajax, the other for Vlysses.

Aga. This Sessions valiant Duke of Salamine,
And King of Ithaca was cald for you :
Since great *Achilles* armour is the prise,
Due to the worthier, heere before these Kings,
And in the face of all the multitude,
You are appoynted for your feuerall pleaes,
That prince who to these armes can prooue most
right,

Shall weare his purchase in the armies fight.

Aia. If to the worthiest they belong to mee :
Could you select 'mongst all this throng of Princes,
None worthier then *Vlisses*, to contend
With *Ajax*? and in view of all our Nauy,
Of all these tall ships, gilt with *Heitors* flames,
Which when *Vlisses* fled into his tent,
I, I extinguisht, these twelue hundred ships
I sau'd at once, deseru'd *Achilles* armes,
Laertes sonne may thinke it grace enough,
That though hee misse his ayme, hee may be sayd
To haue stroue with *Ajax* : *Ajax* who excels
As much in armes, as hee in eloquence.
My hands performe more then his tong can speake,
A&t more then hee can talke : were I lesse valiant,
And had but halfe my vigour (like him) weake,
My royll birth would for this armour speake.
Duke *Telamon*, that in the Argoe fayl'd
To *Colchos* : and in *Illioms* second sacke,
First rear'd *Alcides* colours on the Wals
My father was : His father *Eacus*,

One of the three that judge infernall soules ;
 And *Eacus* was fonne to *Jupiter*.
 Thus am I third from *Ioue* ; besides *Achilles*
 By marriage was my brother, and I craue,
 Since hee is dead my brothers armes to haue.
 What hath *Vlisses* with our Kin to doe ?
 Beeing a stranger, not of *Peleus* blood :
 Graue Heroes, if not honour, prize my merit,
 I pleade both worth and blood, these armes to
 inherit.

Mene. Beleeue me, two found pleas on *Ajax* part,
 I feare the prize will be conferr'd on him.

Dio. His arguments are maximes, and found
 proofes

To winne him way, into the souldiers hearts.

Agam. Let him proceede.

Aia. Because I hasted to the siege of *Troy*,
 When hee feign'd madnes, must hee weare thefe
 armes ?

When in the *Phalanx*, with old *Nestor* charging,
 Thou at the name of *Hector* fledst the fielde,
 And left the good old man incompast round,
 Calling aloud *Vlisses*, *Vlisses* stay,
 The more hee cry'd the more thou mad'st thy way,
 Prince *Diomed* you saw it, and vpbrayded
 This *Ithacans* base flight, but see Heauens Iustice,
 Old *Nestor* scapt, great *Hector* was not there ;
 But meetes *Vlisses*, as hee fled from *Hector*,
 Hee that but late denide helpe, now wants helpe,
 For at the fight of *Hector* downe he fals,
 And cryes aloud for ayde, I came, and saw thee
 Quaking with terrour vnder *Hectors* arme,
 The pondrous blow I tooke vpon my Targe,
 And as the least of all my noble deedes,
 Sau'd these faint limbes from slaughter, which now
 sue,
 To don these glorious armes, nor doe I blame thee
 For fearing *Hector*: what is hee of *Greece*
 That sauing *Ajax*, quakt not at his name ?

Yet did I meete that *Hector* guil'd in blood
Of *Grecian* Princes, fought with him so long,
Till all the hoast deaft with our horrid stroakes,
Begirt vs with amazement : wilt thou know
My honour in this combate ? it was this,
I was not conquered : if thou still contendest ?
Imagine but that field, the Time, the foes,
Hector aliue, thee quaking at his feete.
And *Ajax* interposing his broad shield
'Twixt death and thee, and thou the armes must
yeeld.

Diom. What can the wife *Vlisses*, say to this ?
Ajax preuailes much with the multitude,
The generall murmur doth accord with him.

Men. I euer thought the sonne of *Telamon*
Did better merit th' *Achillean* Armes
Then the *Dulichian* King.

Agam. Forbeare to censure,
Till both be fully heard.

Ajax. Me thinkes graue Heroes, you should seeke
an *Ajax*
To weare these Armes, not let these Armes be
fought
By *Ajax*: what hath slye *Vlisses* done
To counteruiale my acts ? kild vnarm'd *Rhesus*,
And fet on sleepie *Dolon* in the night,
Stolne the *Palladium* from the *Troian* Fane.
Oh braue exploits ; nor hast thou these perform'd
Without the helpe of warlike *Diomed* :
So you betwixt you should deuide these spoyles.
Alas thou knowst not what thou seekst, fond man,
Thou that fightst all byd craft an in the night
The radiant splendor of this burnisht Helme
Shining in darknesse, as the Sun by day,
Thy theeuish spoyles and ambush would betray.
Thy politicke head's too weake to beare this caske,
This massie Helme ; thou canst not mount his Speare,
His warlike shield that beares the world ingrauen
Will tire thine arme, foole thou dolt aske a Speare,

A shidle a caske, thou hast not strength to weare.
 Now if these Kings, or the vaine peoples errour
 So farre should erre from truth to giue them thee,
 Twould be a meanes to make thee sooner dye :
 The weight would lagg thee that art wont to flye :
 Thou hast a shield vnscar'd, my feuen-fold Targe
 With thousand gashes peece-meald from mine arme,
 And none but that would fit mee : To conclude,
 Go beare these Armes for which we two contend
 Into the mid-ranks of our enemies,
 And bidde vs fetch them thence, and he to weare
 them
 By whom this royall Armour can be wonne,
 I had rather fight then talke, so I haue done.

A loud shout within crying Aiax, Aiax.

Vlif. If with your prayers oh *Grecian* Kings, my
 vowed
 Might haue preuail'd with Heauen, there had bin
 then
 No such contention, thou hadst kept thine Armes,
 And wee *Achilles* thee : But since the Fates
 Haue tane him from vs, who hath now more right
 To claime these Armes he dead, then hee that gaue
 them
 Vnto *Achilles* liuing ? nor great Princes,
 Let that smooth eloquence, yon fellow scornes,
 (If it bee any) bee reieected now,
 And hurt his maister, which so many times
 Hath profited whole *Greece*, if we plead blood
 Which is not ours, but all our Ancestours.
Laertes was my father, his *Arceſtus*,
 His *Ioue*, from whom I am third : beside I claime
 A ſecond god-head by my mothers name.
 What doe wee talke of birth ? If birth ſhould beare
 them,
 His father being nearer *Ioue* then hee
 Shoule weare this honour, or if next of blood,

Achilles father *Peleus* should inioy them,
Or his sonne *Pirhus*; but wee plead not kinred,
Or neare propinquity: let alliance rest,
His bee the Armour that deserues it best.

Achilles mother *Thetis* being foretold
Her sonne should die at *Troy*, conceal'd him from vs
In habite of a Lady, to this siege
I brought him, therefore challenge all his deeds
As by *Vlisses* done: 'Twas I sack't *Thebes*,
Chriscis, and *Sylla*, with *Lerneffus* walls,
I *Troilus* and renowned *Hector* slew:
First with this Helmet I adorn'd his head,
Hee gaue it liuing, who demands it dead?

Dio. 'Tis true, for like a Pedler being disguis'd,
And comming where *Achilles* spent his youth
In womanish habite, the young Ladyes they
Looke on his Glasles, Jewells and fine toyes:
Hee had a Bow too much *Achilles* drew,
So by his strength the *Ithacan* him knew.

Vliss. Had *Ajax* gone *Achilles* then had stayd,
Hector still liu'd, our ranfack't Tents to inuade:
What canst thou doe but barely fight? no more;
I can both fight and counsell, I direct
The manner of our battailes, and propose
For vi&tuall and munition, to supply
The vniuersall hoast, cheere vp the souldiers
To indure a tedious siege, when all the Army
Cry'd let's away for *Greece*, and rais'd their Tents.
Ajax among the formost had trust vp
His bagge and baggage: when I rated him,
And them, and all, and by my Oratory
Perswaded their retreat: What *Greece* hath wonne
From *Troy* since then, is by *Vlisses* done.
Behold my wounds oh *Grecians*, and iudge you
If they be cowards marks th' are in my brest:
Let boasting *Ajax* shew such noble skarres.
These *Grecian* Heroes tooke I in your warres.
I grant hee fought with *Hector*, 'twas well done,
Where thou deseru'st well I will giue thee due,

But what was the succeſſe of that great day ?
Hector of *Troy* vnwounded went away.

Men. Now ſure the priſe will to *Vliffes* fall,
 The murmuring ſouldiers mutter his deſerts.
 Preferring him fore *Aiax*: heare the reſt.

Vlif. But oh *Achilles*, when I view theſe Armes,
 I cannot but lament thine obſequies :
 Thou wall of *Greece*, when thou waſt baſely flaine
 I tooke thee on my ſhoulders, and from *Troy*
 Bore thee then arm'd, in the abillements
 I once more ſeeke to beare, behold that ſhield,
 Tis a deſcription Cosmographicall
 Of all the Earth, the Ayre, the Sea and Heauen.
 What are the *Hyades* ? or grim *Orion* ;
 Hee pleads, or what's *Arcturus* ? thy rude hand
 Would lift a ſhield, thou caſt not vnder fland :
 To omit my deeds of Armes, which all theſe know
 Better then I can ſpeake. When in the night
 I venter'd through *Troyes* gates, and from the
 Temple
 Rap't the *Palladium*, then I conquer'd *Troy*,
Troy whilſt that ſtood could neuer be ſubdu'd,
 In that I brought away their gods, their honours,
Troyes ruine and the triumphs of whole *Greece*.
 What hath blunt *Aiax* done to conteruail
 This one of mine ? Hee did with *Hector* fight,
 I tenne yeeres warre haue ended in one night.
 What *Aiax* did was but by my direcſion,
 My counſell fought in him, and all his honours
 (If they be any,) hee may thanke mee for
 What hee hath done, was ſince his flight I stayd,
 I therefore claime theſe Armes : fo I haue ſayd.

A shout within Vliffes, Vliffes. The Princes rife.

Agam. Such is the clamour of the multitude,
 And ſuch *Vliffes* are your great deſerts,
 That thoſe rich Armes are thine, the prize inioy.

Vlif. To the defence of *Greece* and ſack of *Troy*.

Dio. Come Princes, now this strife is well determin'd.

Men. To see how eloquence the people charmes,
Vlisses by his tongue hath gain'd these Armes.

Agam. Counsell preuailes 'boue strength, Heralds
proclaime
Through the whole Campe *Vlisses* glorious name.

Exeunt. *The Armes borne in triumph before Vlisses.*

Ajax. What dream'st thou *Ajax* ?
Or is this obiect reall that I see,
Which topsturnes my braine, base *Ithaca*
To fway desert thus : Oh that such rich Troophies
Should cloath a cowards backe, nor is it strange ;
I'le goe turne coward too, and henceforth plot,
Turne politicians all, all politicians.
A rush for valour, valour ? this is the difference
'Twixt the bold warrier, and the cunning states-man,
The first seekes honour, and the last his health :
The valiant hoord the knocks, the wise the wealth.
It was a gallant Armour, *Ajax* limbs
Would haue become it brauely ; the ditgrace
Of loosing such an Armour by contention,
Will liue to all posterity, and the shame
In *Stigian Lethe* drowne great *Ajax* name.
Oh that I had heere my base opposite,
In th'*Achillean* Armour briskly clad,
Vulcan that wrought it out of gadds of Steele
With his *Ciclopian* hammers, neuer made
Such noife vpon his Anvile forging it,
Then these my arm'd fists in *Vlisses* wracke,
To mould it new vpon the cowards backe.

Enter Thersites.

Ther. Why how now mad *Greeke* ?

Aia. And art thou come *Vlisses* ? thus, and thus
I'le hammer on thy proose steel'd Burganet.

Ther. Hold *Ajax*, hold, the diuell take thee,

hold ; I am *Thersites*, hell rot thy fingers off.

Aia. But art not thou *Vliffes* ?

Ther. No I tell thee.

Aia. And is not thine head arm'd ?

Ther. Hells plagues confound thee, no ; thou think'st thou hast *Menelaus* head in hand, I am *Thersites*.

Aia. *Thersites* ? Canst thou rayle ?

Ther. Oh yes, yes ; better then fight.

Aia. And curse ?

Ther. Better then either : rarely.

Aia. And spit thy venome in the face of *Greece* ?

Ther. Admirably.

Aia. Doe, doe, let's heare, prethee for heauens sake doe.

Ther. With whom shall I begin ?

Aia. Beginne with the head.

Ther. Then haue at thee *Menelaus*, thou art a king and a —

Aia. No more, but if on any, rayle on mee.

Desert should still be snarl'd at, vice passe free.

Ther. Who thou the son of *Telamon*, thou art a foole, an Asse, a very blocke. What makest thou here at *Troy* to ayde a Cuckold, beeing a Bachelor ? *Paris* hath stolne no wife of thine : if *Ajax* had beene ought but the worst of these, he might haue kept his Country, solac'd his father, and comforted his mother : what thankes hast thou for spending thy meanes, hazarding thy souldiers ? wasting thy youth, loosing thy blood, indangering thy life ? and all for a —

Ajax. Peace.

Ther. Yes peace for shame, but what thankes hast thou for all thy trauaile ? *Vliffes* hath the armour, and what art thou now reckoned ? a good moyle, a horse that knowes not his owne strength, an Asse fit for service, and good for burthens, to carry gold, and to feede on thistles : farewell Cox-combe. I shall be held to bee a Cocke of the same dunghill, for bearing thee company so long, Ile to *Vliffes*.

Aia. Base flauue, thou art for Cowards, not for men.
Ile stown'd thee if thou com'st not backe againe :
This vantage haue the valiant of the base,
Death, which they coldly feare, we boldly imbrace.
Help me to rayle on them too, or thou dyeſt.

Ther. Do't then, whilst tis hot.

Aia. What's *Agamemnon* our great Generall ?

Ther. A blind Iustice and I would he had kift For-
tunes blind cheekes, when hee could not see to doe
thee Iustice.

Aia. Well, and what's *Menelaus* ?

Ther. A King and a Cuckold, and a horne-plague
confume him.

Aia. Amen. What's *Diomed* ? he sat on the bench
too.

Ther. A very bench-whistler : and loues *Cresida*.
Hell and confusion swallow him.

Aia. Amen. Amongſt theſe what's *Thersites* ?

Ther. A Rogue, a rayling Rogue, a Curr, a barking
Dog, the Pox take mee else.

Aia. Amen. But what's *Vliffes* my base aduer-
ſary ?

Ther. A dam'd politician, *Scilla* and *Charibdis*
swallow him.

Aia. And greedily deuoure him.

Ther. And vtterly confume him.

Aia. And eate vp his posterity.

Ther. And rot out his memory.

Aia. In endlesſe infamy.

Ther. And euerlaſting oblique.

Both. Amen.

Aia. Inough, no more : ſhall he the Armes inioy,
And wee the shame ? away *Thersites*, flye,
Our prayers now fayd, we muſt prepare to dye.

Ther. Dye, and with them be dam'd. *Exit.*

*Enter ouer the Stage all the Grecian Princes, courting
and applaunding Vliffes, not minding Aiax.*

Aia. Not looke on *Aiax* ? *Aiax Telamon*,
Hee that at once ſau'd all your ſhips from fire,

Not looke on me ? ha ? are these hands ? this sword ?
 Which made the fame of *Troy* great *Hector* shrinke
 Below the ruines of an abiect scorne ?
 Sleighted ? so sleighted ? what base thing am I,
 To creepe to so dull *Greeke*, whom fame or blood
 Hath rair'd one step aboue ? *Ioue*, see this ;
 And laugh old Grand-sir : Ha, ha, ha, by hell
 I'le shake thy Kingdome for't : not looke on *Ajax* ?
 The triple headed-dog, the whippes of Steele,
 The rauenous Vulture, and the restlesse stone
 Are all meere fables ; heer's a trusty sword,
 'Tis mine, mine owne, who claimes this from me ? ha ?
 Cowards and shallow witted fooles haue slept
 Amidst an armed troupe safe and secure
 Vnder this guard : nay *Agamemnon* too.
 But see, see from yon Sea, a shoale of sands
 Come rowling on, trick't vp in brisled finnes
 Of *Porpusses* and *Dog-fish* ho my sword,
 I will encounter them, they come from *Greece*,
 And bring a poysonus breath from *Ithaca*
 Temper'd with false *Vlisses* gall, foh, foh ;
 It stinks of 's wife's chaste vrinal, looke, looke
 By yonder wood, how fliely in the skirts
 March policy and the diuell, on, I feare you not :
 Dare you not yet ? not one to fight with mee :
 Who then ? what's hee must cope with *Ajax* ?

Echo. Ajax?

Aia. Well sayd old boy, wa'ft *Nestor* my braue Lad ?
 I'le doot, I'le doot, come my fine cutting blade,
 Make mee immortall : liuely fountaine sprout,
 Sprout out, yet with more life, braue glorious streme
 Growe to a Tyde, and sinke the *Grecian* fleet
 In feas of *Ajax* blood : so ho, so ho.
 Lure backe my foule againe, which in amaze
 Gropes for a perch to rest on : Heart, great heart
 Swell bigger yet and spltit, know gods, know men,
 Furies, enraged Spirits, Tortures all,
Ajax by none could but by *Ajax* fall.

He kills himselfe.

Enter on the one part Agamemnon, Vlisses, Menelaus, Diomed, with the body of Hector borne by Gre-cian souldiers : On the other part, Priam, Paris, Deiphobus, Æneas, Anthenor, with the body of Achilles borne by Troian souldiers, they interchange them, and so with traling the Colours on both sides depart, Therfites onely stayes behinde and concludes.

The Epilogue.

Ther. A sweete exchange of Treasure, term't I
may,

Euen earth for ashes, and meere dust for clay :
Let *Ajax* kill himselfe, and fay 'twas braue
Hector, a worthy Call, yet could not faue
Poore foole his Coxcombe : *Achilles* beare him hye,
And *Troilus* boldly, all these braue ones dye.
Ha, ha, iudge you ; Is it not better farre
To keepe our selues in breath, and linger warre :
Had all these fought as I'ue done, such my care
Hath beene on both sides, that presume I dare,
These had with thousands more furui'd : Judge
th' hoast,
I shed no blood, no blood at all haue lost :
They shall not see young *Pirhus*, nor the Queene
Penthiselea, which had they but beene
As wife as I, they might : nor *Sinon*, hee
Famous of all men, to be most like mee.
Nor after these, *Orestes*, and his mother
Pillades Egisus with a many other
Our second part doth promise : These if I fayle,
As I on them ; you on *Therfites* rayle.

Explicit Actus Quintus.

F I N I S.



THE
Second Part of the Iron Age

Which contayneth the death of
Penthesilea, Paris, Priam, and Hecuba :
The burning of *Troy* : The deaths of
Agamemnon, Menelaus, Clitemnes-
tra, Hellena, Orestes, Egistus, Pil-
lades, King Diomed, Pyrhus,
Cethus, Synon, Thersites, &c.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodeffe solent, aut deleſſare.



Printed at London by Nicholas Okes, 1632.



Drammatis personæ.

New persons not presented in the former part of
this History.

Pyrhus the sonne of *Achilles*, furname *Neoptolemus*.

Synon a periured Greeke, by whose teares *Troy* was set on fire.

Chorebus a Prince, who came to the warres for the loue of *Cassandra*.
Laocoön, a priest of *Apollo*.
Polites, a young sonne of King *Priam*, and Queene *Hecuba*.

A *Troian* Citizen, & his wife.

A second *Troian*.

Souldiers of *Greece*.

Souldiers of *Troy*.

The Ghost of *Hector*.

A Lord of *Mycena*.

A Guard.

Penthesilea Queene of the *Amazons*, with her trayne of *Viragoes*.

Cethus sonne to King *Naulus*, and brother of *Palmides*.

Pillades the friend of *Orestes*.

Orestes sonne to King *Agamemnon*, and his Queene *Clitemnestra*.

Electra, sister to *Orestes*.

Hermione daughter to King *Menelaus* and Q. *Hellen*.

Clitemnestra wife and Queene to *Agamemnon*.

Egistus a fauorite to Queene *Clitemnestra*.

The Priest of *Apollo*.

Attendants.





To the Reader.



Ourteous Reader : *I commend vnto thee an intire History, from Iupiter and Saturne, to the vtter subuersion of Troy, with a faithfull account of the Deathes of all these Princes of Greece, who had hand in the Fate thereof, (Vlisses only excepted, to whom belongeth a further History.) Reade freely, and censure fauourably. These Ages haue beene long since Writ, and suited with the Time then : I know not how they may bee received in this Age, where nothing but Satirica Dictæria, and Comica Scommata are now in request : For mine owne part, I never affected either, when they stretched to the abuse of any person publicke, or priuate. If the three former Ages (now out of Print,) bee added to these (as I am promised) to make vp an handsome Volumne ; I purpose (Deo Assistente,) to illustrate the whole Worke, with*

To the Reader.

an Explanation of all the difficulties, and an Historicall Comment of euery hard name, which may appeare obscure or intricate to such as are not frequent in Poetry: Which (as the rest) I shall freely deuote to thy fauorable perusall, in this as all the rest industrious to thy pleasure and profit:

Thomas Heywood.



To my Worthy and much Respected
Friend, Mr. *Thomas Mannering*
Esquire.

Worthy Sir,

And my much respected Friend :
The Impression of your Loue, after so
many yeares acknowledgment, in-
forceth me that I cannot chuse, but in
my best recollection, to number you in the File
and List of my best and choycest Well-wishers.
True it is, that my vnable merit hath euer come
much short of your ample acknowledgement :
Howsoeuer, though you bee now absent in the
Countrey, vpon a necessary retyrement ; yet let
this witnesse in my behalfe, that you are not
altogether vnremembred in the Citty : Nor take
it vnkindly at my hands that I haue referued
your name to the Catastrophe and conclusion of
this Worke : Since being *Scena nouissima*, It
must be consequently the fresher in memory ; as

you hauē had euer a charitable and indulgent censure of such poore peeces of mine, as haue come accedentally vnto your view. So I intreat you now, (as one better able to iudge, then I to determine) to receiue into your fauourable patronage, this seconde part of the *Iron Age*. I much deceiue my selfe, if I heard you not once commend it, when you saw it Acted ; if you persist in the same opinion, when you shall spare some forted houres to heare it read, in your paynes, I shal hold my selfe much pleased : euer remaining

Yours, not to be chang'd :

Thomas Heywood.



The second Part of the IRON AGE: With the Destruction of *TROY.*

*Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Diomed,
Thersites. Drum, Colours, Soldiers, &c.*

Agamemnon.



Ou Terrors of the *Asian* Monarchy,
And *Europes* glory : Warlike Lords of
Greece :

Although the great Prince of the *Mirmi-*

dons,

And arme-strong *Ajax*, our best Champions,
Be by the gods bereft vs : yet now comes
A Phœnix out of their cold ashes rising :

Pyrhus, surnamed *Neoptolemus* :

On whom for his deceased fathers sake,
Wee must bestow some honours. *Menelaus,*

Vlisses, Diomed, giue the Prince meeting,
And be his conduct to the Generall.

*A flourish. Enter the Kings before named, bringing
in Pyrhus, Synon, with attendants.*

Aga. *Pyrhus* kneele downe, we girt thee with
this fword,
It was thy fathers. In his warlike hand
It hath cleft Troians to the nauell downe,
Par'd heads off faster then the haruest Sithe
Doth the thin stalkes, or bending eares of graine :
Weare it, and draw it to reuenge his death.
Princes, performe your feuerall ceremonies.

Dio. These golden spurs I fasten to thine heeles,
The same thy warlike father wonne in field,
When *Hector* tide with thonges to his steeds fet-
locks,

Was drag'd about the high built wals of *Troy*.

Vlif. This Armour, and this plumed Burgonet,
In which thy father, like a rampier'd wall,
Opposde the fury of his enemies,
(By generall consent of all these Princes
Attributed to me) loe I surrender
To youthful *Neoptolemus*, weare it Prince,
Not all the world yeeldes a more strong defence.

Mene. *Achilles* Tent, his Treasure, and his iewels,
We haue referu'd, inioy them noble *Pyrhus* ;
And lastly his strong guard of Mirmidons,
And with the honour hee with these haue wonne,
His Sword, Spurs, Armour, Guard, Pauileon,
Be by this valiant sonne much dignified.

Pyr. Before I touch the handle of his fword,
Or to my Knightly spurres direct my eyes,
Lace this rich Armour to my youthfull sides,
Or roofe mine head within this warlike Tent,
Make prooef of this his plumed Burgonet,
Or take on me the leading of his Guard :
Witnesse you Grecian Princes, what I vow :

By *Saturnes* sonne, the fire of *Aeacus*,
Begot on faire *Europa*; by their issue,
The seconde Judge, plac'd on the infernall bench
I will descend to *Peleus*, and from him,
Euen to my naturall father, with whose honours
I ioyne my mother *Deidamiae*
And in my vengefull oath include them all,
Till *Priam* be compel'd to shut his Gates
For want of men: Ile be as mercileffe
As vntam'd Lyons, and the flesh-fed Beares,
Blood shall looke brighter in young *Pyrhus* eyes
Then dissolu'd Christall, till old *Priams* haires
Be dy'de in goare: till *Hecub's* reuerent lockes
Be gul'd in slaughter; all their fonnes and daughters,
Subiects, and Citty quite confus'd in ruine,
Bow to our mercileffe fury: Ile not leauue
This blacke and fatall siege; and this I sweare
As I am Prince, and great *Achilles* heire.

Aga. Euen in thy lookes, I read the fack of
Troy,
And *Priams* Tragedy: welcome sweet *Pyrhus*,
And welcome you his warlike followers.

Syn. Where be these Troians? I would faine be-
hold
Their wing'd battalions grapple? I would see
The batter'd center flye about their eares
In cloudes of dust: I would haue horfes hoofes
Beate thunder out of earth: the chariot Trees
I would see drown'd in blood, *Scamander* plaines
Ore-spread with intrailes bak'd in blood and dust:
With terrour I would haue this day as blacke,
As when *Hyperion* leaping from his Spheare,
Cast vgly darknesse from his Chariot wheeles,
And in this vail'd confusion the faint Troians
Beate backe into the Towne: I'de see their Gates
Entred, and fire by their high Battlements
Climing towards heauen: the pauement of th' streets
I'de see pau'd ore with faces: infants tost

On Lances poynts : big-bellied Ladies flung
 From out their casements : I'de haue all their soules
 Set vpon wings, and *Troy*, no *Troy*, but fire,
 As if ten thousand Comets ioyn'd in one,
 To close the worl'd in red confusion.

Py. Wel spake bold *Synon*; and my Lords of
 Greece,

This fellowe boasts no more then with his fword,
 Hee will aduenture for, and shoulde that fayle,
 He'le set his braine to worke. I tell you princes,
 My Grandfire *Lycomedes* hath made prooef
 Of *Synons* policies, state-quaking proiects
 Are hand-maides to his braine : and he hath spirit
 To driue his plots euen to the doore of Death,
 With rare effects, and then not all the world
 Affoords a villaine more incomparable,
 Then *Synon* my attendant. Warlike Princes,
 I speake this to his praise : and I professe
 My selfe as sterne, bloody, and mercileffe.

Ther. I haue not heard a brauer Character
 Giuen to a Greeke : and had hee but my rayling,
 He were a man compleate.

Syn. Sure there is someting
 Aboue a common man in yon fame fellow,
 Whom nature hath so markt, and were his mind
 As crooked as his body, hee were one
 I could bee much in loue with.

Ther. Hee hath a feature
 That I could court, nay will : I would not loose
 His friendship and acquaintance for the world.
 Mee thinkes you are a comely Gentleman.

Syn. I euer held my selfe so : and mine eye
 Giues you no leffe : of all the *Grecians* here
 Thou hast a face like mine, that feares no weather,
 A shape that warre it selfe cannot deform :
 I best loue such complexions.

Ther. By the gods
 Wee haue two meeting soules : be my sweete Vrchin.

Syn. I will,
And thou shalt bee mine vgly Toade.

Ther. A match : be wee henceforth brothers and friends.

Syn. Imbrace then friend and brother : my deare Toade.

Ther. My amiable Vrchin.

Pyr. I long for worke, will not these Troians come,
To welcome *Pyrhus*, great *Achilles* sonne ?

Vlyff. Their drummes proclayme them ready for the field.

Enter Priam, Paris, Penthesilea, and her traine of
Viragoes, Aeneas, Choribus, Laocoön,
Anthenor, &c.

Aga. Perhaps King *Priam* hath not yet related
The newes of *Neoptolemus* arriue,
That hee presumes thus, weakened as he is,
To ope his Gates, and meete vs in the field.

Pyr. Tis like hee hath, because for want of men
Hee brings a troope of Women to the field :
Most sure hee thinkes, wee (like our warlike father)
Will be infnar'd with beauty : *Priam* no,
We for his death, are sworne vaine beauties foe.

Penth. Art thou *Achilles* sonne, beneath whose hand
Affisted by his bloody Mirmidons,
The valiant *Hector* fell ?

Pyr. Woman I am.

Penth. Thou shouldest be then a Coward.

Pyr. How ?

Penth. Euen so :
Thy father was a foe dishonourable,
And so the world reputes him.

Pyr. By all the gods——

Penth. Sweare not, for ere the cloasure of the bat-
taile,

If both the Generals please, with my good sword,
In singele combate Ile make good my word.

Pyr. O that thou wert a man ! but womens
tongues

Are priuiledg'd : come *Priam*, all his sonnes
The whole remayne of fifty, Ile make good
My fathers honour gainst sufficient oddes.
But for these scoulds, we leaue them to their sexe.
What make they amongst souldiers.

Penth. Scorn not proud *Pyrhus*
Our prefence in the field ; I tell thee Prince,
I am a Queene, the Queene of *Amazons*,
A warlike Nation disciplin'd in Armes.

Pyr. Are you those Harlots famous through the
world,
That haue vfurpt a Kingdome to your felues,
And pent your sweete hearts in a barren ifle,
Where your adulterate sportes are exercif'd.

Penth. Curbe thy irregular tong : we are those
women
That practise armes, by which we purchase fame.
All the yeare long, onely three monethes excepted,
Those wherein Phœbus driues his Chariot,
In height of splendor through the burning Cancer,
The fiery Lyon, and the Virgins signe :
Then we forfake our Sun-burnt Continent,
And in a cooler clime, sport with our men,
And then returne : if we haue issue male,
Wee nurse them vp, then send them to their Fathers.
If females, we then keepe them, and with irons
Their right paps we feare off, with better ease
To couch their speares, and practise feates of armes.
We are those women, who expel'd our Land
By *Ægypt* Tyrant : Conquered *Asia*,
Ægypt and *Cappadocia* : these two Ladies
Discend from *Menelippe* and *Hypolita*,
Who in *Antiopes* raigne, fought hand to hand
With *Hercules* and *Theseus* ; we are those
That came for loue of *Hector* to the field,

And (being murdere) to reuenge his death.

Py. Then welcome *Amazonians*, as I liue
I loue you though I hate you : but beware,
Hate will out-way my loue, and ile not spare
Your buskind squadrons : for my fathers fall,
Troians, and *Amazonians* perish all.

Exeunt.

Alarum. *Enter Pyrhus and Penthefilea.*

Py. Now Queene of *Amazons*, by the strong
spirit

Achilles left his fonne, I let thee know
My father was an honourable Foe.

Pent. Defiance *Pyrhus*, ile to death proclame,
Hector was by *Achilles* basely slayne :
And on his fonnies head, with my keene edg'd sword,
And thundring stroaks, I will make good my word.

Alarum. *They are both wounded, and diuided by the
two armes, who confusedly come betwixt them : to
Pyrhus enter Agamemnon, Vlisses, and Menelaus.*

Vlif. What ? wounded noble *Pirhus* ?

Pyr. Wounded ? no,
I haue not met one that can raze the skinne
Of great *Achilles* fonne.

Aga. Yet blood drops from your arme.

Pyr. Not possible !
Tis sure the blood of some slayne enemy.
Come let vs breake into the battailes center,
And too't pel mel.

Mene. But *Neoptolemus*,
Wee prize thy safety more then all aduantage :
Retire thy selfe to haue thy wounds bound vp.

Pyr. Cowards feare death,
Ile venge my blood, though with the losse of breath.

Alarum. *Enter Paris.*

Art thou a mad-man fellow, that aduenturest

So neere the blood of *Neoptolemus*,
Whose smalleſt drop muſt coſt a *Troians* life.

Par. Art thou the bleeding iſſue of that *Greeke* ?
I, in reuenge of noble *Hectors* death,
Slew in *Apolloes* Temple.

Pyr. Art thou then
That coward and effeminate *Troian* boy.

Pa. Arme wounded *Greek*, I flew the falſe
Achilles,

An a&t which I am proud of.

Aga. Fall on the murderer,
And flake him ſmaller then the *Lybean* fand.

Pyr. If any but my ſelfe offer one blow,
Ile on the *Troians* party oppoſe him.
Come *Paris*, though againſt the oddes of breath,
Achilles wounded fonne, will venge his death.

Paris is flayne by Pyrhus. *A retreate sounded.*

Ester then King Diomed, and Synon.

Dio. Why ſound the *Troians* this retreate ?

Syn. *Paris* is flayne, and *Penthisilea*
Wounded by *Pyrhus*.

Dio. Come then *Synon*
Goe with me to my Tent, this night we'le reuell
With beauteous *Cressida*.

Syn. Not I, I hate all women, painted beauty
And I am opposites : I loue thee leſſe
Because thou doatſt on *Troian Cressida*.

Dio. She's worthy of our loue : I tell thee *Synon*,
Shee is both conſtant, wife, and beautiſfull.

Syn. She's neither conſtant, wife, nor beautiſfull,
Ile prooue it *Diomed* : foure Elements
Meete in the ſtructure of that *Cressida*,
Of which there's not one pure : ſhe's compact
Meerely of blood, of bones and rotten flesh,
Which makes her Leaprous, where the Sun exhales
The moyst complexion, it doth putrifie
The region of th' ayre : there's then another,

Sometimes the Sunne fits muffled in his Cauē,
Whilst from the Clouds flye hideous showers of
raine,
Which sweepes the earths corruption into Brookes,
Brookes into riuers, Riuers send their tribute,
As they receiue it to their Soueraigne
The seething Ocean : Thus Earth, Ayre, and Water,
Are all infected, she then fram'd of these,
Can she be beautefull ? No *Diomed*,
If they seeme faire, they haue the helpe of Arte,
By nature they are vgly.

Dio. Leave this detraction.

Syn. Now for this *Cressids* wisedome, is she wife,
Who would forsake her birth-right, her braue friend,
The constant *Troylus*, for King *Diomed* ;
To trust the faith of *Greekes*, and to loue thee
That art to *Troy* a profest enemy ?

Dio. Canst thou disproue her constancy ?

Syn. I can.

Neuer was woman constant to one man :
For prooфе, doe thou but put into one scale
A feather, in the other *Cressids* truth,
The feather shall downe weigh it : *Diomed*
Wilt thou beleue me, if I win not *Cressid*
To be my sweete heart : yet haue no such face,
No such proportion, to bewitch a Lady ;
I neuer practis'd court-ship, but am blunt ;
Nor can I file my tongue : yet if I winne not
The most chast woman, I will cut it out.
Shall I make prooфе with her ?

Enter Cressida.

Dio. There shee comes,
Affront her *Synon*, Ile with-draw vnseene.

Syn. A gallant Lady, who but such a villaine
As *Synon* would betray her : but my vowe
Is past, for she's a *Troian*. *Cressida*,
You are well incountred : whether away sweet Lady ?

Cref. To meeete with Kingly *Diomed*, and with
kisses

Conduct him to his Tent.

Syn. Tis kindly done :
You loue King *Diomed* then ?

Cref. As mine owne life.

Syn. What feest thou in him that is worth thy
loue ?

Cref. He's of a faire and comely personage.

Syn. Personage ? ha, ha.

I prithee looke on me, and view me well,
And thou wilt find some difference.

Cref. True, more oddes
Twixt him and thee, then betwixt *Mercury*
And limping *Vulcan*.

Syn. Yet as fayre a blowfe
As you, sweete Lady, wedded with that Smith,
And bedded too, a blacke complexion
Is alwayes precious in a womans eye :
Leave *Diomed*, and loue me *Creffida*.

Cref. Thee.

Syn. Mee.

Cref. Deformity forbeare, I will to *Diomed*
Make knowne thine insolence.

Syn. I care not, for I, not desire to liue,
If not belou'd of *Creffid*: tell the King
If hee stood by, I would not spare a word.
For thine owne part, rare goddesse, I adore thee,
And owe thee diuine reuerence : *Diomed*
Indeed's *Aetolians* King, and hath a Queene.

Cref. A Queene ?

Syn. A Queene, that shal hereafter question
thee :

Or canst thou thinke hee loues thee really
Beeing a *Troian*, but for prefent vse :
Can *Greekes* loue *Troians*, are they not all sworne
To do them outrage ?

Cref. How canst thou then loue me ?

Syn. I am a pollitician, oathes with me

Are but the tooles I worke with, I may breake
An oath by my profession. Heare me further,
Think'st thou King *Diomed*, forgets thy breach
Of loue with *Troylus*? Ey or that he hopes
Thou canst be constant to a second friend,
That wast so false vnto thy first belou'd.

Cref. *Synon* thou art deceiu'd, thou knowst I
neuer

Had left Prince *Troylus*, but by the command
Of my old father *Calchas*.

Syn. Then loue *Diomed* ;
Yes, do so still, but *Cressid* marke the end,
If euer hee transport thee to *Ætolia*,
His Queene wil bid thee welcome with a vengance :
Hast thou more eyes then these ? she'l fal to work,
For such an other Vixen thou nere knewest.

Come *Cressida* bee wife.

Cref. What shall I doe ?

Syn. Loue me, loue *Synon*.

Cref. *Synon* loues not mee.

Syn. Ile sweare I do.

Cref. I heard thee say, that thou wouldst breake
thine oath.

Syn. Then Ile not sweare, because I will not breake
it :

But yet I loue thee *Cressida*, loue mee,
Ile leaue the warres vnfinisht, *Troy* vnfackt ;
And to my natvie Country beare thee hence :
Nay wench Ile do't : come kisse me *Cressida*.

Cref. Well, you may vse your pleasure ;
But good *Synon* keep this from *Diomed*.

Enter King Diomed.

Dio. Oh periured strumpet,
Is this thy faith ? now *Synon* Ile beleue
There is no truth in women.

Cref. Am I betrayed ? oh thou base vgly villaine,
Ile pull thine eyes out.

Syn. Ha, ha, King *Diomed*,
Did I not tell thee what thy sweet heart was.

Cref. Thou art a Traytor to all woman kinde.

Syn. I am, and nought more grieues me then to
thinke,

A woman was my mother.

Cref. A villaine.

Syn. Right.

Cref. A Diuell.

Syn. Little better.

Dio. Go get you backe to *Troy*, away, begon,
You shall no more be my Companion.

Syn. And now faire *Troian* Weather-hen adew,
And when thou next louest, thinke to be more true.

Exit.

Cref. Oh all you powers aboue, looke downe and
fee,
How I am punisht for my perury.

Alarum. *Enter Penthesilea with her
Amazonians.*

Penth. Stay, what sad Lady's this? whence are you
woman?

Of *Troy* or *Greece*?

Cref. I was of *Troy* till loue drew me from
thence,
But since haue soiourn'd in the Tents of *Greece*,
With *Diomed* King of *Etolia*:
Oh had I neuer knowne him.

Pent. Would you trust
Your honour amongst strangers? but sweete Lady
Discourse your wrongs.

Cref. I was betray'd:
It shames mee to relate the circumstance,
By a false Greeke, one that doth hate our fexe,
One *Synon*, if you meeet him in the battaile,
I with my teares intreate you be reueng'd.

Pent. How might wee know him?

Cref. His visage swart, and earthy ore his shou-
der
Hangs lockes of hayre, blacke as the Rauens
plumes :
His eyes downe looking, you shall hardly fee
One in whose shape appeares more treachery.

Pent. We loose much time : Lady hast you to
Troy,
And if we meete a fellow in the battaile
Of your description, by our honor'd names,
We'll haue his blood to recompence your shames.

Alarum. *Enter Thersites.*

Amaz. By her description this should be the man.

Ther. Compast with smockes and long coates :
Now you whoores.

Pent. Is thy name *Synon* ?

Ther. No, but I know *Synon*.
Hee is my friend and brother.

Ama. For *Synons* sake, prepare thy selfe for
slaughter.

Enter Synon.

Syn. Ho, who names *Synon* ?

Ther. Brother thou nere couldst come in better
time :

See, fee, how I am rounded.

Pent. Were euer such a payre of Diuels seene ?

They are so like, they needes must bee allied.

Syn. What can their Dammes say to vs ?

Pent. You betray Ladies, enuy all our sexe,
And that you now shall pay for, girt him round.

Syn. I recant nothing, backe me sweete fac'd
brother :

And now you witches, varlets, drabes, and queanes,
We'll cut you all to fragments.

Alarum. *Synon and Thersites beaten off by the Amazons.* Pyrhus enters, fights with Penthesilea, after this a retreat sounded, then enters Menelaus, Agamemnon, Vlisses, Diomed.

Aga. The Troians sound retreat.

Vliss. Who saw young Pyrhus?

Mene. I feare his too much rage hath spur'd him
on

Too farre amongst the *Amazonian* troopes.

Enter Synon and Thersites.

Syn. Why stand you idle here, and let the
Troians

Lead warlike Pyrhus prisoner to the Towne.

Agam. How Pyrhus prisoner?

Ther. Wee saw him compast by the *Amazons* :
Penthesilea with her sustain troopes

Layd load vpon his Helme.

Vliss. Then this retreate

Vpon the fuddaine argues that they lead him
Captiue to *Troy*.

Enter Pyrhus.

Pyr. Courage braue Princes, I haue got a prise
Worthy the purchase, on my Launces poynt
Sits pearcht the *Amazonians* lopt off head,
Vpon my warlike sword her bleeding arme,
At fight of which the *Troians* sound retreate :
The honour of this day belongs to vs.

Omnes. To none but *Neoptolemus*.

Pyr. *Synon* you play'd the coward : so *Thersites*.

Ther. If not so

I had not liu'd to see *Troyes* ouerthrow.

Syn. When didst thou euer see a villaine valiant ?
What's past remember not, but what's to come :

Priam hath shut his Gates, and will no more
Meete him in armes : can you with all your valour
Glide through the wals, if not what are you neerer
For all your Ten yeares siege ?

Pyr. Tis true, some stratagem to enter *Troy*
Were admirable : for Princes till I see
The Temple burne wherein my father dyde,
And *Troy* no *Troy* but ashes ; my reuenge
Will haue no sterne aspect, till I behold
Troyes ground-sils swim in pooles of crimson goare.
Ramnusid's Alter fild with flowing helmes
Of blood and braines : *Priam* and *Hecuba*
Drag'd by this hand to death, and this my fword
Rauish the brest of faire *Polixena*,
I shall not thinke my fathers death reueng'd.

Aga. To him that can contrive
A stratagem by which to enter *Troy*,
Ile give the whole spoile of *Apolloes* Temple.

Mene. I my rich Tent.

Vlis. I the Palladium that I brought from *Troy*.

Dio. I all my birthright in *Ætolia*.

Syn. Peace, tis here : I ha't.

Pyr. Ile hugge thee *Synon*.

Syn. Touch me not, away :

There're more hammers beating in my braine
Then euer toucht *Vulcans* Anuile, more Ideaes
Then Attomes, Embrions innumerable,
Growing to perfect shape ; and now 'tis good.
Call for *Endimions* bastard, where's *Epeus* ?
Ile set him straight a worke.

Pyr. Vpon some Engine *Synon*.

Syn. A horfe, a horfe.

Pyr. Ten Kingdomes for a horfe to enter *Troy*.

Syn. Stay, let me see :

Vlisses you haue the Palladium.

Vlis. I haue so.

Syn. Call for *Epeus* then, the Generall
Hath no command in him.

Agam. Lets know the project.

Syn. And that Palladium stood in *Pallas* Temple,
And Consecrate to her.

Vlif. It did so.

Syn. Call for *Epeus* then.

Pyr. Lets heare what thou intendeſt.

Syn. Ile haue an Horſe builte with ſo huge a bulke,
As ſhall contayne a thouſand men in Armes.

Pyr. And enter *Troy* with that?

Syn. Doo't you, you trouble mine inuention,
I am growne muddy with your interruption:
Good young man lend more patience, heare me out:
This Engine fram'd, and fluft with armed Greekes.

(Will you take downe your Tents, march backe to
Tenedos?)

Pyr. What ſhall the Horſe doe then?

Syn. Not gallop as your tongue doth: good
Vliffes

Lend me your apprehenſion; when the Troians
Finde you are gone aboord, theyle ſtraight ſuppoſe
You'l not weigh Anchor: till the gods informe you
Of your ſucceſſe at Sea: if then a villaine
Can drieue into their eares, the goddeſſe *Pallas*
Offended for her ſolne Palladium:
(Will you erect this Machine to her honour?)
Withall that were it brought into her Temple,
It would retayne the gilt Palladiums vertue.
Might not the forged tale mooue aged *Priam*,
To hale this Engine preſently to *Troy*,
Pull downe his wals for entrance, leauē a breach
Where in the dead of night, all your whole Army
May enter, take them ſleeping in their beds,
And put them all to ſword.

Agam. Tis rare!

Pyr. Tis admirable, I will aduenture
My perfon in the Horſe.

Syn. Do ſo, and get a thouſand ſpirits more.
King *Agamemnon*, if you like the proiect,
Downe with your Tent.

Agam. *Synon*, wee will.

Syn. Ile set a light vpon the wals of *Troy*
Shall giue the summons when you shall returne.
About it Princes : *Pyrhus* get you men
In readinesse, I will expose my selfe
To bewitch *Priam* with a weeping tale,
I cannot to the life describe in words,
What Ile expresse in action.

Agam. Downe with our Tents.

Pyr. Ile to picke out bold *Greeks* to fil the horfe :
Shine bright you lampes of Heauen, for ere't be long
We'le dim your radiant beames with flaming lights
And bloody meteors, from *Troyes* burning streetes.

Syn. Such fightes are glorious sparks in *Synons* eies,
Who longs to feast the Diuell with Tragedies.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus Secundus : Scœna prima.

Enter Æneas, and Choribus.

Æneas. The *Grecians* gone ?

Cho. All their tents raif'd, their ten yeares siege
remoou'd :

Now *Troy* may rest securely.

Æne. They may report at their returne to *Greece*
The welcome they haue had : what haue they wonne ?
But wounds, Times losse, shame, and confusion.

*Enter K. Priam, Anthenor, young Polytes, Polixena,
Hecuba, and Hellen, with attendance.*

Pri. We now are Lord of our owne Territories,

Ten yeares kept from vs by th' inuading *Greekes*:
 Now wee may freely take a full suruey
 Of all *Scamander* plaine, drunke with the mixture
 Of th' opposite bloods of Troians and of *Greekes*.

Hecu. And royll Husband we haue cause to ioy,
 That after so long siege the *Greekes* are fled,
 And you in peace may rest your aged head.

Aene. Vpon this East-side stood *Vlisses* Tent,
 The politicke Greeke.

Cho. There was old *Nestors* quarter,
 And *Agamemnons* that ; the Generall.

Pria. Vpon the north-side of the field, *Achilles*
 That bloody Greeke pitcht, and vpon this plaine,
 I well remember, was my *Hector* slayne.

Hel. This empty place being South from all the
 rest,
 The valiant *Diomed* hath oft made good,
 And here, euen here, his rich Paullion stood.

Hecu. But here, euen here, neere to Duke *Ajax*
 tent,
 Round girt with Mirmidons, my *Troilus* fell.

Cho. Then was this place a standing Lake of
 blood,
 Part of which moysture the bright Sunne exhal'd ;
 And part the thirsty earth hath quast to *Mars* :
 But now the fwords on eyther part are sheath'd,
 And after ten yeares tumults warres furceafe,
 They layding their shps home with shamefull peace.

Pria. For which we'l prayfe the gods, banquet
 and feast,
 Since by their flight, our glorious fame's increast.

The Horse is discouered.

Aene. Soft, what huge Engine's that left on the
 strond,
 That beares the shape and figure of an Horse.

Cho. What, shal we hew it peace-meale with our
 fwords ?

Pria. Oh be not rash, sure tis some mistery

That this great Architecture doth include.

Cho. But mine opinion is, this Steedes huge bulke
Is stuft with Greekish guile.

Aene. I rather thinke
It is some monumentall Edifice
Vnto the goddesse *Pallas* consecrate :
Then spare your fury.

Enter Laocoön with a Iauelin.

Lao. Why stand you gazing at this horrid craft,
Forg'd by the flye *Vlisses*, is his braine
Vnknowne in *Troy*? or can you looke for safety
From thosse who ten yeares haue besieg'd your wals ?
Either this huge swolne bulke is big with souldiers,
Longing to be deliuer'd of arm'd Greekes,
Whose monstrous fatall and abhorred birth,
Will be *Troyes* ruine : else this hill of timber
This horse-like structure stabled vp in *Troy*,
Wil spurne down these our wals, our towers demolish,
Which it shall neuer : come you *Troian* youth
That loue the publicke safety, no proud Greeke
Vpon this Steedes backe, o're *Troyes* wall shall ride.
First with this Iauelin Ile transpearce his fide.

Pria. What meanes *Laocoön* ?

Aene. Princes stay his fury.

Lao. Harke Troians, if a iarring noyse of Armes,
Sighed not throw these deep Cauernes, I devine
This gluttenous wombe hath swallowed a whole band
Of men in steele, then with your swwords and glaues
Rip vp his tough fides, and imbowell him,
That we may prooue how they haue lin'd his intrailes.

Enter two souldiers bringing in Synon bound.

Soul. Stay, and proceed, no further in your rage,
Till we haue learnt some nouell from this Greeke,
Whom in a ditch we found fast giu'd and bound.

Pria. *Laocoön* cease thy violence till we know

From that poore Grecian, what that Machine meanes.

Syn. Oh me, (of all on earth most miserably,) Whom neither Heauens will succour, earth preferue, Nor feas keepe safe, I, whom the Heauens despise, The Earth abandons, and the Seas disdaine : Where shal I shroud me ? whom, but now the Greekes Threatned with vengeance ; and escap'd from them, Falne now into the hands of Troians, menacing death :

'The world affoords no place, to wretched *Synon*, Of comfort, for where ere I fixe my foote, I tread vpon my graue : the foure vast corners Of this large Vniuerse, in all their roomes And spacious emptiness, will not affoord me My bodies length of rest : where ere I flye, Or stay, or turne, Death's th' obiect of mine eye.

Pria. What art thou ? or whence com'st thou ? briefly speake.

Thou wretched man, thou moou'st vs with thy teares : Vnbind him souldiers.

Syn. Shall I deny my selfe to be of *Greece* ? Because I am brought Captive into *Troy* ? No *Synon* cannot lye : Heauen, Earth, and Sea, From all which I am out-cast, witnesse with me That *Synon* cannot lye : thrice damn'd *Vlisses*, The black-hair'd *Pyrhus*, and horned *Menelaus* Crook-back'd *Thersites*, luxurious *Diomed*, And all the rable of detested Greekes, I call to witnesse, *Synon* cannot lye.

Could I haue oyl'd my tongue, and cring'd my ham,
Suppled mine humble knee to croutch and bend,
Heau'd at my bonnet, shrugg'd my shoulders thus,
Grin'd in their faces, *Synon* then had stood,
Whom now this houre must flue in his own blood.

Aene. The perfect image of a wretched creature,
His speeches begge remorse.

Pria. Alas good man,
Shake off the timerous feare of seruile death,

Though 'mongst vs Troians, and thy selfe a Greeke,
Thou art not now amongst thine enemies,
Thy life Ile warrant, onely let vs know
What this Horse meanes.

Syn. Greece I renounce thee, thou hast throwne
me off,

Faire *Troy* I am thy creature. Now Ile vnrip
Vliffes craft, my fatall enemy,
Who fold to death the Duke *Palamides*,
My Kinfman Troians (though in garments torne)
Synon stands here, yet is he nobly borne :
For that knowne murder did I haint his Tent
With rayling menaces, horrible exclaimes,
Many a blacke-saint, of wishes, oathes, and curses
Haue I fung at his window, then demaunding
Iustice of *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,
Duke *Nestor* with the other Lords of *Greece*,
For murder of the Prince *Palamides*,
And being denide it in my most vexation,
My bitter tongue spar'd not to barke at them :
For this I was obseru'd, lookt through and through
Vliffes braine had markt me, for my tongue
And fatted me for death by *Calchas* meanes,
He wrought so farre that I should haue bin offred
Vnto the gods for sacrifice, the Priest
Lifting his hand aloft to strike me dead,
I lept downe from the Altar, and so fled,
Pursuite and search was made, but I lay safe
In a thicke tuft of fedge, till I was found
By these your fouldiers, who thus brought me bound.

Pria. Thou now art free secur'd from all their
tyranny :

Now tell vs what's the meaning of this Horse ?
Why haue they left him here, themselues being gon ?

Syn. My new releaf'd hands, thus I heave on
hye,

Witnesse you gods, that *Synon* cannot lye.
But as a new adopted Troian now
By *Priams* grace ; I here protest by *Ioue*,

By these eternal fires that spangle Heauen,
 The Alter, and that sacrificing sword,
 Beneath whose stroake I lay, since my base Country
 Casts me away to death, I am now borne
 A sonne of *Troy*: not *Hector* whilst he liu'd
 More dammag'd *Greece* by his all wounding arme,
 Then I by my discouery: Well, you know
 How the Greekes honour *Pallas*, who incenſt
 Because *Vliffes* the Palladium stole
 Out of her Temple, and her Warders slew,
 In rage ſhe threatned ruine to all *Greece*:
 Therefore to her hath *Calchas* built this Horſe.
 (*Greece* pardon me, and all my Countrey gods
 Be deafe to *Synons* tale, and let it bee
 Henceforth forgot that I was borne in *Greece*,
 Leaſt times to come record what I reueale,
 The blacke conuision of my Natiue weale.

Priam. And what's that *Synon*?

Syn. Where left I? at the Horſe, built of that
 fize,

Leaſt you ſhould giue it entrance at your Gates:
 For know ſhould your rude hands dare to prophan
 This gift ſacred to *Pallas*: Rots and diſeases,
 Peſts and infections ſhall depopulaſe you,
 And in a ſmall ſhort ſeaſon, they returning,
 Shal ſee thy ſubiects ſlain, faire *Troy* bright burning.
 I'm euen with thee *Vliffes*, and my breath
 Strikes all *Greece* home for my intended death.

Pria. Thankes *Synon*, we ſhall bounteoufly reward
 thee.

Aene. And ſee my Leige, to make good his
 report,

Laocoön, he that with his Iauelin pierſt
 This gift of *Pallas*, round embrac'd with Snakes,
 That winde their traines about his wounded waſt,
 And for his late presumption ſting him dead.

Pria. We haue not ſeene ſo ſtrange a prodigy,
Laocoön hath offendeth all the gods,
 In his prophane attempt.

Syn. Then lend your helping hands,
To lift vp that Palladian monument
Into *Troyes* Citty : Leauers, Cables, Cords.

Cho. It cannot enter through the Citty Gates.

Syn. Downe with the wals then.

Cho. These wals that ten yeares haue defended
Troy,

For all their seruice shall wee ruine them.

Syn. But this shall not defend you for ten
yeares,

But make your Towne impregnable for euer.

Pria. Downe with the wals then, each man lend a
hand.

Cho. I heare a noyse of Armour.

Aene. Ha, what's that ?

Cho. I feare some treason in that Horse in-
closed :

Nor will I lend an hand to hale him in.

Omnes. Downe with the Wals.

Aene. And Troians now after your ten years
toile,

Dayes battailes, the fields trouble, and nights watch,
This is the first of all your rest, feast, banquet, ioy
and play,

Pallas is ours, the Greekes fayl'd hence away.

Pria. Here we release all Centries and commit
Our broken wals to her Celestiall guard :
We will reward thee *Synon*, the Greekes gone,
Priam may rest his age, in his soft throne. *Exe.*

Syn. So, so, so,

Synon I hope shall warme his hands annon,
At a bright goodly bone-fire : Here's the Key
Vnto this machine by *Epeus* built,
Which hath already with his brazen brest,
Tilted *Troies* wall downe, and annon being drunke
With the best blood of Greece, in dead of night
Hauing furcharg'd his stomacke, will spew out
A thousand men in Armes : sweet mid-night come,
I long to maske me in thy fable Wings,

That I may do some mischiefe and blacke deedes :
 We shall haue rare sport, admirable spoyle,
 Cutting of throats, with stabbing, wounding, killing
 Some dead a sleep, and some halfe sleep, halfe
 wake :

Some dancing Antickes in their bloody shirts,
 To which their wiues cries, & their infants shreeks,
 Play musicke, braue mirth, pleasing harmony :
 Then hauing spitt young children on our speares,
 We'le rost them at the scorching flames of *Troy* :
 Flye swift you winged minutes till you catch
 That long-wisht hour of stilnes : in which *Troy*
 Sleeps her last sleep, made drunk with wine and
 ioy.

In the receiuing of this fatall Steede,
 Sicke *Troy* this day hath swallowed such a pill,
 Shall search her intrayles, and her liues blood spill.

Exit:

*Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vlisses, with souldiers
 in a soft march, without noise.*

Aga. Soft, soft, and let your stilnesse suite with
 night,
 Faire *Phebe* keepe thy siluer splendor in,
 And be not seene to night.

Mene. Where *Phebe* in my case,
 She soone would blush to shew her horned face.

Vliss. We would not haue a starre cast it's cleare
 eye
 On our darke enterprise : too fast : so, still.
 Here Ambush, till you see the flaming Torch,
Synon this night vpon the wals of *Troy*,
 Will tosse about his eares, as a true signall,
 The great *Epean* stru~~c~~ture is receiu'd,
 And we may find safe entrance by the breach.

Aga. A stand, the word through all the Regi-
 ment.

Mene. A stand.

Enter Synon with a torch aboue.

Syn. Thy euerlasting sleepe, sleepe carelesse *Trov*,
This horrid night buried in Wine and mirth,
This fatall Horse spur'd by the braine of *Synon*,
Hath lept ore *Troys* high bulwarks great with Greeks,
Four times in raysing vp the monument,
A shaking sound of Armour harshly iar'd
In all the Princes eares, and had they not
Beene drunk in *Synons* teares, they'd found our
guile.

It is now mid-night. The black darknesse falne,
And rould o're all the world, as well the Poles,
As the great Ocean, and the earth : now's the time
For tragicke slaughter, clad in gules and fables,
To spring out of Hels iawes, and play strang reaks
In sleepy *Troy*, this bright and flaming brand
Which so often gire about mine eares,
Is signall for the Armies quicke returne,
And make proud *Ilium* like my bright torch burne,
Winke all you eyes of Heauen, or you shall be
Blood-shot to view *Troyes* dismall Tragedy. *Exit.*

Aga. The signals on the wal : forward braue souldiers,
The Horse is entred, *Synons* Tale beleeu'd.
And wee this night shall see the facke of *Troy*.

Men. March on then, the black darknes couers vs,
And we without suspition easily may
Disperse our felues about these high built wals :

Vlif. Now with a soft march enter at this breach
But giue no token of a loud Alarne,
Till we haue met with *Pyrhus* and the rest,
Whom the Steedes bulke includes.

They march softly in at one doore, and presently in at another. Enter Synon with a stealing pace, holding the key in his hand.

Syn. Soft, soft, ey so, hereafter Ages tell,

How Synons key vnlockt the gates of Hell.

*Pyrhus, Diomed, and the rest, leape from out the Horse.
And as if groping in the darke, meete with Agamemnon and the rest: who after knowledge imbrace.*

Pyrhus. The Generall ?

Agam. Pyrhus ?

Dio. Menelaus ?

Mene. Diomed ?

Ther. My Vrchin ?

Syn. What my Toad ?

Pyr. Well met in *Troy* great Lords.

Vlif. Where are wee now ?

Sy. In the high street, nere to the Church of
Pallas,

And this you past, the gate cal'd *Dardanus*.

Pyr. Then here begins *Troyes* fatall tragedy :
Princes of Greece, at once vnfeath your swords,
And heare protest with *Neoptolemus*,
By our fore-father *Peleus*, grandam *Thetis*,
The Emperious goddesse of the Sea, that made
Achilles, saue th' heele, invulnerable,
And by my father great *Aeacides*,
His glorious name, his Armour which I weare,
His bloody wounds, and his blacke sepulchre ;
I here abiure all respite, mercy, sleepe,
Vntil this Citty be a place confus'd :
This murall girdle that begirts it round
A Cawsey for the *Greekes* to trample on,
The place a stone-heape swimming in an Ocean
Of *Troian* blood, which shall from farre appeare
Like an high Rocke in the red Sea.

Syn. A braue show,
To see full Boats in blood of *Troians* rowe,
And [the poore labouring Snakes with armes spread
swimme
In luke-warme blood of their allies and kin.

Men. Whence must this Ocean flowe ? From thousand Springs
Of gentle and ignoble, base and Kings.

Pyr. Set on then, none retire ;
Wauie in the one hand steele, in the other fire.
Loud Drummes and Trumpets ring *Troyes* fatall peale,
That now lyes drawing on, the word be vengeance,
Alarum, at that watch-word fire, and kill,
And wide-mouth'd *Orchus* with whole legions fill.

A loude Alarum. Enter a Troian in his night-gowne all vnready.

Tro. Twas an alarum fure that frightened mee
In my dead sleepe, 'twas neare the *Dardan* port :
Ioue grant that all be well.

Enter his wife as from bed.

Wife. Oh Heauen ! what tumult's this
That hurries through the fatall streetes of *Troy* ?
I feare some treason.

Tro. Stay Wife, lay thine eare
Vnto the ground and list, if we can gather
Of what condition this strange vproare is
That riots at this late vnseasoned houre ?
Sure 'tis the noise of war, whence should it grow ?
The *Greekes* are sayl'd hence, *Troy* needes feare no foe.

Wife. The horrid stirre comes on this way towards
vs.

Troi. Oh whither shall we turne ?

A great cry within. Alarum. Enter Pyrhus with the rest their weapons drawn and torches.

Wife. Oh faue mee husband.
Troi. Succour me deere wife.

Omnes. Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*.

Pyr. So flye the word along, dye old and young,
Mourne *Troy* in ashes for *Achilles* losse,
Steele in one hand, in th' other fire-brands tosse.

Exeunt.

Enter *Chorebus* *at one doore*, *at another* *Æneas* *with their weapons drawne*.

Cho. This horrid clamour that hath cal'd mee vp
From my deepe rest, much, much amazeth mee ;
Tis on the right hand, now vpon the left,
It goes before me and it followes mee :
Oh *Ioue* expound the meaning of this horrour
Which the darke mid-night makes more terrible.

Æne. This streeete is cleare, but now I climb'd a
Turret,
And I might well discerne half *Troy* in fire,
And by the flame the burnisht Helmets glister
Of men in Armes, whence *Ioue Olimpicke* knowes.

Enter a seconde Troian.

2. *Tro.* Where shall I hide me ? Treason, *Troyes*
betray'd ;
The fatall horie was full of armed *Greekes*.

Chore. Of *Greekes* ? damn'd *Synon*.

2. *Tro.* Prince *Chorebus* fly,
Fly great *Æneas*.

Cho. Which way ? where ? or how ?
Are we not rounded with a quick-set hedge
Of pointed steele ? are not the gates posset
And strongly man'd with *Greekes* ? death euery
where,

Then whither should we flye ?

Æne. Into the throng.
Where blowes are dealt, where our inflamed Turrets
Burne with most fury.

Cho. Nobly speakes *Æneas*.

Ae. Then whither flames, and furies, shreiks and clamors,
Death, danger, and the deuils hurry vs,
Thither will we : follow where I shall lead,
Thousands shall fall by vs ere we be dead.

Enter Thersites, with other Greekes.

Ther. Charge on these naked Troians, and cry thus,
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*.
Cho. Charge on these armed Grecians, and thus cry,
We may yet liue to see ten thousand dye.

They charge the Greekes and kill them, Thersites runs away.

Cho. Well fought braue spirits in our vtter ruine,
We are Conquerours yet : let's don these Greekish habits,
And mixe our felues amongst their Armed ranks ;
So vnexpected murder all we meete :
The darkenesse will assist our enterprise.
These Greekish Armes this night by Troians worne,
Shall to the fall of many Grecians turne.

Enter all the Greekes.

Omnes. Burne fire, and kill, as you wound cry thus,
Vengeance for *Greece* and *Neoptolemus*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Æneas followed by Hectors ghost.

Aene. What art thou that with such a grim aspect,
In this black night so darke and turbulent,
Haunts me in euery corner of my house

Which yet burnes o're mine eares ?

Hecl. Doeſt thou not know me ?
Or can *Aeneas* ſo forget his friend ?
This face did fright *Achilles* in the field,
And when I ſhoote theſe lockes, now knotted all,
As bak't in blood ; all *Greece* hath quak't and trem-
bled.

Looke on mine Heeles, and thou maift ſee thoſe
thonges

By which ſo often I was dragg'd 'bout *Troy*,
My body made an vniuerſall wound
By the vnumbred hands of *Mirmidons*,
This th' hand that toſt ſo many wild-fire balls
Into the *Argive* fleete, and this the body
That deck't in *Aiax* and *Achilles* ſpoyles
Ridde from the fields triumphant thorow *Troy*.

Aene. Prince *Hector* ?

Hecl. Hence *Aeneas* poſt from *Troy*,
Reare that abroad the gods at home deſtroy.
The Citty burnes, *Priam* and *Priams* glory
Is all expir'd, and tumbled headlong downe :
Cassandraes long neglected propheſies
This night fulfiſ. If either strength or might
Could haue protected *Troy*, this hand, this arme
That fau'd it oft, had kept it ſtill from harme.
But *Troy* is doom'd, here gins the fatall Story
Of her sad facke and fall of all her glory.
Away, and beare thy Country gods along,
Thouſands shall iſſue from thy ſacred ſeede,
Citties more rich then this the Grecian ſpoyle.
In after times ſhall thy ſuccelfors build,
Where *Hectors* name ſhall liue eternally.
One *Romulus*, another *Bruite* reare,
These ſhall nor Honours, nor iuft Rectorſ want,
Lumbardies Roome, great Britaines *Troy-nouant*.
Hu fuge nate Dea ; *teque his pater eripe flammis* ;
Hostis habet muros, ruit alto a culmine Troia
Sacra, fuosque, tibi commendat Troia penates

*Hos cape fatorum comites, his mænia quære,
Magna pererrato statues quæ denique ponto.* *Exit.*

Æne. Soft lie thy bones and sweetly may they rest

Thou wonder of all worthyes, but *Troy* burnes :
Thousands of Troian Corfes blocke the streetes,
ome flying fall, and some their killers kill :
Where shall I meete thee death ? before I flye,
Some Conquerors yet, shall brauely conquered die.

Exit.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus Tertius : Scœna prima.

*Enter Priam in his night-gowne and slippers, after him
Hecuba, Hellena, Andrōmache, Cassandra, Po-
lyxena, Polites, Astianax.* *An Alarum.*

All La. Oh helpe vs father *Priam*, Oh the *Greeks*.

Pri. I haue done more then age would suffer me
They haue tilted masts against my Pallace gates,
And burst them open.

All La. Oh father *Priam*, whether shall we flye ?

Pri. We are incompast round with sword & fire,
'Las Daughters, 'las my young *Astianax*.

All La. Oh heauen, they come, where may we
hide vs safe ?

Pri. Safety and helpe are both fled out of *Troy*,
And left behind nothing but massacre :
My Pallace is surpris'd, my guard all flaine,
My selfe am wounded, but more with your shreeks,
Then by the swords of Grecians : come let's flie
Vnto the sacred Altar of the gods.

c c

All La. May we be safe there father ?

Pri. Safe ? Oh no ;

Safety is fled. Death hath our liues in chase,
And fince we needes must dye, let's chuse this place.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter at the one doore Hellen, at the other
Cresida.

Cref. Whither runnes *Hellen* ?

Hel. Whither should I fly ?

Cref. See, *Troy* is not it selfe, oh wretched *Hellen* !
To shun the Greekes to run into the fire,
Or flying fire, perish by Greekish steele :
Which hadst thou rather chuse ?

Hel. Death, in what shape foever hee appeares
To me is welcome, I'le no longer shun him ;
But here with *Cresida* abide him : here,
Oh, why was *Hellen* at the first so faire,
To beconie subiect to so foule an end ?
Or how hath *Cresids* beauty finn'd 'gainst Heauen,
That it is branded thus with leprosie ?

Cref. I in conceit thought that I might contend
Against Heauens splendor, I did once suppose,
There was no beauty but in *Cresids* lookes,
But in her eyes no pure diuinity :
But now behold mee *Hellen*.

Hel. In her I see
All beauties frailty, and this obiect makes
All fairenesse to show vgly in it selfe :
But to see breathlesse Virgins pil'd on heape,
What lesse can *Hellen* doe then curse these Starres
That shin'd so bright at her nativity,
And with her nayles teare out these shining balls
That haue set *Troy* on fire ?

Enter Pyrhus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, &c.

Pyr. Pierce all the Trojan Ladies with your
fwords,

Least 'mongst them you might spare *Polixena*.

Agam. Stay, I should know that face, tis *Helena*.

Mene. My Queene ?

Hel. I am not *Hellen*, but *Polixena* :

Therefore reuengfull *Neoptolemus*

Doe Justice on me for thy fathers death.

Pyr. *Polixena* ? by all *Achilles* honours
Ile part thee limbe from limbe.

Cref. *Pyrhus* forbeare,
It's the *Spartan* Queene.

Men. If *Hellen*, the adulterous strumpet dyes,
Ile be her deathf-man.

Hel. Strike home *Menelaus*,
Death from thy hand is welcome.

Aga. Hold I say,
Shee's *Citemnestras* sister, for her fake
Hellen shall liue, and Kingly *Menelaus*
Receiue her into fauour.

Pyr. *Agamemnon*
Is too remisfe, I haue sworne all blood to spill
I meet with, and this one will *Pyrhus* kill.

Men. And I this other.

Aga. For our fake *Menelaus* let her liue.
Was not our sister borne against her will
From *Sparta* ? for that wrong done by the Troians
Doth not *Troy* burne ? and are not all our swords
Stain'd in the blood of *Paris* slaughtered friends ?
You shall be reconcil'd to *Helena*,
And beare her backe to *Greece*.

Enter Thersites.

Ther. *Hellen* at shrift : alas poore penitent Queane,
Dost heare me *Menelaus* ? pardon her,
Take her againe to *Sparta*, thou'l else want
So kind a bed-fellow.

Men. Take backe my shame ?

Ther. Yes for thy pleasure.
There's in the world as rich and honourable

As thou, who lend the pleasures of their bed
To others, and then take them backe agayne
As they can get them.

Men. My brow shall neuer beare
Such Characters of shame.

Ther. Thy browes beare hornes already, but who
fees them ?

When thou return'st to *Sparta*, some will thinke
Thou art a Cuckold, but who is't dare say so ?
Thou art a King, thy finnes are clouded o're,
Where poore mens faults by tongues are made much
more.

Of all men liuing, Kings are last shall heare
Of their dishonours.

Aga. What inferiour Beast
Dares tell the Lyon of his Tyranny,
Who is not torne asunder with his pawes ?
The King of *Sparta* therefore needs not feare
The tongues of subiects, bid our sister rise
To safety in thine armes.

Ther. Doe *Menelaus*.

Men. But will my *Hellen* then by future vertue
Redeeme her long lost honour ?

Hel. If with teares
The Heauens may be appeas'd for *Hellens* finnes,
They shall haue penitent showers : If *Menelaus*
May with the spirit of loue be satisfied,
Ile ten times rectifie my forfeit honour
Before I touch his bed.

Men. Arise then *Hellen*, *Menelaus* armes
Thus welcome thee to safety.

Ther. Ha, ha, ha,
Why this is well, for he that's borne to dye
A branded Cuckold, huggs his destiny :
Goe, get you after *Pyrhus* to the slaughter,
Ile looke to *Hellen*.

Aga. Conueigh her to our guard.

Exit.

Ther. *Hellen*, hereafter see thou proou'ft more
wife,

If not more honest, yet be more precise.

Exit.

Enter Prince Chorebus with other Troians in Greekish habits.

Cho. These shapes thriue well, we haue guilt our
Greekish armes

With blood of their owne nation : some we haue sent
To euerlasting darknesse, some repulst
Backe to their ships : some we haue made to flye
Into their horses bulke, whence *Pyrhus* first
Lept downe vpon his speare.

Enter Synon, Thersites, and the Greekes dragging in Cassandra.

Syn. Come souldiers, this is stately tragicall,
The Greekes wade vp euен to the brawny thighes
In luke-warme blood of our despoyled foes.

Aboue *Melpomene's* huge buskind top
We plunge at euery stepp, and brauely fought
By *Troyes* bright burning flame: that's now our light.

Ther. More of our valiant mates, let's ioyne with
them,

This streete yet's vnassaulted and vnfir'd :
Some balls of wild-fire streight, and hurle this Lady
Into the fury of the burning flame.

Cho. My wife *Cassandra* ?

Syn. Courage, let none scape
Fire, vengeance, blood, death, murder, spoyle and
rape.

Cho. All these on *Greece* and twenty thousand
more,
Till they like *Troy* be drown'd in teares and goare.

Chorebus and the rest beate off the Greekes, and rescue Cassandra.

Cass. From Greekes to Greeks, from fire kept for
the sword,

From one death to another.

Cho. *Cassandra* no.

Cass. My Lord the Prince *Chorebus* ?

Cho. Yes the same,

Who hath preferu'd thee both from sword and flame.

Enter Æneas with his father, who taking Chorebus for a Grecian by reason of his habite, fights with him and kils him.

Æne. More Greekes and see *Cassandra* captiue made,

Assault them Troians, rescue the faire Princeſſe ;
This way deare father mount my backe againe.

Cass. Oh false *Æneas*, thou haſt flaine thy friend :
Many a Greeke (thus ſhapt) he ſent to hell,
And being a Troian by a Troian fell.

Æne. He dy'd not by my hand, but his owne fate.

Cass. And I forgiue thee good *Æneas*, flie,
Thou ſhalt furuiue, but *Troy* and wee muſt fall :
The hope of all our future memories
Are stor'd in thee, take vp thy ſacred load
Reuerent *Anchises* bed-rid through his age,
We are all doom'd, faire *Troy* muſt periſh here,
But thou art borne a greater *Troy* to reare.

Æne. The Heauens haue hand in all things, to
their pleasure

Wee muſt ſubſcribe : *Creuſa*, where's my wife ?
In looſing her I faue but halfe my life.

Come reuerent father, on my ſhoulders mount,
Though thouſand dangers dogge vs at the heeles,
Yet will wee force our paſſage.

Exeunt.

King Priam diſcouered kneeling at the Altar, with him Hecuba, Polixena, Andromache, Astianax : to them enter Pyrhus, and all the Greekes, Pyrhus killing Polytes Priams ſonne before the Altar.

Pyr. Still let your voyces to hye Heauen aspire

For *Pyrhus* vengeance, murdring steele and fire.

All the Ladies. Oh, oh.

Pri. My sonne *Polytes* ! oh thou more hard
hearted

Then fatall *Pyrhus* or his fathers guard,
That in the shadow of this sacred place
Durst sprinke the childs blood in the fathers face.

Pyr. *Priam* ! thanks sweet reuenge, through
swords and armour,

Through mures, and Counter-mures of men and
steele ;

Through many a corner, and blind entries mouth
I haue followed this thy bleeding sonne to death,
Whose swift pursuite hath traind me to this Altar
To be reueng'd on thee for the fad fate

Of great *Achilles*.

Pri. Thou art *Pyrhus* then ?

Pyr. My acts shall speake my name,
I am that *Pyrhus* who did mount yon Horse
Hyding mine armour in his deepe vast bulke,
The first that lept out of his spacious side,
And tost consuming fire in euery street,
Which climb'd, as if it meant to meeete the stars,
I am that *Pyrhus* before whom *Troy* falls :
Before whom all the Vanes and Pinacles
Bend their high tops, and from the battlements
On which they stand, breake their aspiring necks.
The proudest roofe and most imperious spyre
Hath vaild to vs and our all wafting fire.

Pri. *Pyrhus*, I know thee for my destin'd plague,
I know the gods haue left vs to our weaknesse,
I see our glories ended and extinct,
And I stand ready to abide their doome ;
Onely for pitty and for pieties fake
Be gracious to these Ladies.

Syn. *Pyrhus* no,

Such grace as they did to *Achilles* shew,
Let them all tast ; let grace be farre exil'd,
Kill from the elder to the fucking child.

Pri. Hee's prone enough to mischiefe of himselfe,
Spurre not that fury on which runnes too fast,
Nor adde thou to old *Priams* misery
Which scarce can be augmented tis so great.

Pyr. Dye in thy tortures then.

Hecu. Oh spare his life.

Asti. Good man kill not my Grandfire.

Pri. Good man doe.

Hecu. Kill mee for him.

Asti. No, shee's my Grandam too,
Indeed shee's a good woman, chuse some other
If you must needes kill.

Pyr. This then.

Asti. Shee's my Mother,
You shall not hurt her.

Pri. This boy had a father,
Hector his name, who had hee liu'd to see
A sword bent 'gainst his wife, this Queene, or me,
He would haue made all *Greece* as hot to hold him
As burning *Troy* is now to shelter vs.

Asti. Good Grandfire weepe not, Grandam, Mother,
Aunt,

Alas, what meane you ? If you be good men
Put vp your swords and helpe to quench these flames,
Or if in killing you such pleasure haue,
Praetise on him, kill that ill fauoured knaue.

Syn. Mee bratt ?

Pyr. *Vlysses, Agamemnon, Menelaus,*
Synon, Thersites, and you valiant *Greekes* ;
Behold the vengeance wrathfull *Pyrhus* takes
On *Priams* body for *Achilles* death :
Synon, take thou that Syren *Polixene*,
And hew her peece-meale on my fathers Tombe.
Therites, make the wombe of fifty Princes
A royll sheath for thy victorious blade :
Diomed, let *Cassandra* dye by thee,
And *Agamemnon* kill *Andromache* :
And as my sword through *Priams* bulke shall flie,
Let them in death confort him, and so dye.

Ther. When, when, for *Ioues* sake when ?

Syn. Some expeditious fate this motion further,
Me thinks tis long since that I did a murder.

Asti. Oh Heauen, oh *Joue*, Stars, Planets, fortune,
fate,

To thinke what I haue beeene, and what am now ;
Father of fifty braue Heroick sonnes,
But now no Father, for they all are flaine.
Queene *Hecuba* the Mother of so many,
But now no Mother : for her barren wombe
Hath not one child to shew, these fatall warres
Haue eate vp all our issue.

Asti. My deare Father,
And all my princely Vnkles.

Andr. My deare Husband,
And all my royll brothers.

Hecu. Worthy *Hector*,
And all my valiant sonnes.

Pri. And now that *Priam* that commanded *Ajia*,
And fate inthron'd aboue the Kings of *Greece*,
Whose dreaded Nauy scowerd the *Hellefpong*,
Sees the rich towers hee built now burnt to ashes ;
The stately walls he reard, leuel'd and euen'd ;
His Treasures rifled and his people spoyl'd :
All that he hath on earth beneath the Sunne
Bereft him, sauing his owne life and these,
And my poore life with these, are (as you fee)
Worse then the rest ; they dead, we dying bee.
Strike my sterne foe, and proue in this my friend,
One blow my vniuersall cares shall end.

Pyr. And that blow *Pyrhus* strikes, at once strike
all. *They are all flaine at once.*

Syn. Why, so, so, this was stately tragicall.

Asti. Where shall I hide me ?

Pyr. So nimble *Hectors* bastard ?
My father flew thy father, I the sonne :
Thus will I tosse thy carkas vp on hie,
The brat aboue his fathers fame shall flie.

He tosseth him about his head and kills him.

Syn. No, somewhate doth remayne,

Alarum still, the peoples not all slaine,
Let not one foule suruiue.

Pyr. Then Trumpets sound
Till burning *Troy* in Troian blood be drown'd.

Exeunt.

The Alarum continued, shreiks and clamours are heard within. Enter with Drumme, Colours, and Soul-aiers Agamemnon, Pyrhus, Vlyffes, Diomed, Menelaus, Hellen, Thersites, Synon, &c.

Pyr. What more remaines t' accomplish our re-
uenge ?

The proudest Nation that great *Asia* nurst
Is now extin^ct in *Lethe*.

Mene. All by *Hellen*,

Oh had that tempting beauty ne're beene borne,
By whom so many worthies now lie dead.

Syn. A hot Pest take the strumpet.

Ther. And a mischiefe.

Syn. Twas this hot whore that set all *Troy* a fire.

Hel. Forgiue me *Pyrhus* for thy fathers death,
Troy for thy fack, King *Priam* for thy sonnes,
Greece for an infinite slaughter, and you Husband
For all your nuptiall wrongs, King *Menelaus*,
I must confesse, my inconsiderate deed
Haue made a world of valiant hearts to bleed.

Dio. What note is that which *Pyrhus* eye dwels
on ?

Pyr. The perfect number
Of Greekes and Troians slayne on either part.
The siege ten yeares, ten moneths, ten dayes indur'd,
In which there perish't of the Greekes 'fore *Troy*
Eight hundred thousand & sixe thousand fighting
men :

Of Troians fell sixe hundred sixe and fifty thousand,
All souldiers ; besides women, children, babes,
Whom this night massacred.

Hel. All these I flew.

Syn. Nay, some this hand sent packing, that's not true.

Vlyf. *Aeneas*, with twenty two ships well furnish't,
(The selfe same ships in which young *Paris* sayl'd
When hee from *Sparta* stole faire *Helena*,)
Is fled to Sea.

Dio. *Anthenor* with ffe hundred Troians more
Scap't through the gate cal'd *Dardan*.

Pyr. Let them goe,
That of *Troyes* sack the world by them may know,
Where aboue thirty braue Heroick Kings
Haue breath'd their last : besides inferior Princes,
Barons and Knights, eighteene imperiall Monarchs
With his owne hands renowned *Hector* flew :
My father besides *Troilus* and that *Hector*,
Eight famous Kings that came in ayd of *Troy*,
Three Trojan *Paris* with his Arrowes flew,
Of which one was my father : *Diomed*
Foure Monarchs with his bright sword sent to death.
Our selfe the warlike Queene of *Amazons*,
And aged *Priam*.

Ther. Brauely boast he can,
A wretched woman and a weake old man.

Pyr. And now *Troyes* warres are ended, we in
peace
With glorious conquest to sayle backe to *Greece*.
Their Nation's vanish'd like their Citties smoake,
Our enemies are all ashes : worlds to come
Shall Cronicle our pittilesse reuenge
In Bookes of Brasse and leaues of Adamant.
Towards *Greece* victorious Leaders, our toyle's past ;
Troy and *Troyes* people we haue burn't in flames,
And of them both left nothing but their names.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus : Scœna prima.

Enter Prince Cethus the sonne of King Naulus, and brother to Palamides.

Ceth. With wondrous ioy they say, the Greekes returne

With Triumphes and ouations piercing Heauen,
Where e're they set but foot loude Pæans fung,
And Oades to spheare-like Notes tun'd in their
prayeſe :

Whilſt *Cethus* like a forlorne shadowe walkes
Dispis'd, disgrac't, neglected and debosht ;
Playing his melancholly, cares and sorrowes
On his discordant Hart-ſtrings. Oh my fate !
Shall I, that haue this body and this braine,
A royalty stamp't on mee in my birth :
Whose wrongs haue beeene of marke through all the world

Troubling each eare, and being disputable
By euery tongue that hath beeene taught to speake,
Euen in the mouthes of Babes, all rating mee
Of cowardeſie and floth : sleepe, an occasion
Being fairely offer'd ? No, awake reuenge,
Ile bring thee now to action.

Enter Pilades.

Pil. Heare you the newes.

Ceth. *Orestes* friend, the noble *Pilades* ?
Inſtruct mine ignorance, I know of none.

Pil. This day the Prince, great *Agamemnons*
heire

Orestes whom you truely call your friend,
Betroths the young and faire *Hermione*
Daughter to beauteous *Hellen*.

Ceth. *Hymens* ioyes.

Crowne them with all true pleasure.

Pil. Shall we haue your presence at the Contract?

Ceth. Who's within?

Pil. Onely *Egistus*, *Clitemnestra*s friend,
The Queene and faire *Electra*.

Ceth. Witnesse enough,
Then spare me for this time good *Pilades*,
Wee'le owe them greater seruice.

Pyl. But tis a duty that I owe my friend,
My absence would distast him.

Exit.

Ceth. Fare you well.

Doe, doe, contract and marry, ayme at Heauen,
But Hell is that they plunge in : Oh *Palamedes*
My basely betray'd brother, sold at *Troy*
As we would cheapen Horses, yet a Prince :
A Prince ? nay Generall of the Greekish host.
Emperour and Keyser, chose to that command
By a full Iury of Kings, and by them rated
The prime & worthiest : who being far from equal
Could find in whole *Greece* no competitor.
Yet this peculiar man, this God of men,

By false *Vlyffes* and *Atreus* sonnes
Agamemnon and *Menelaus*, basely supplanted ;
Who, for they would conferre among themselues
The soueraignty forg'd letters sent from *Troy*,
And coine withall mark't with King *Priams* stamp,
As if this father of his fame and Nation
Whose onely ends were aynd to honour *Greece*
Would haue betrayde his people : this suggested,
My brother was arraign'd, conuict, condemn'd ;
For which I haue vow'd the vniuersall ruine
Of all the Kings of that corrupted bench.

Palamedes thy blood in *Asia* shed
Shall make all *Europe* mourne since thou art dead.

Enter *Egistus*, *Clitemnestra*, *Orestes*, *Pilades*, *Hermione*, and *Electra*.

Cli. *Mecenaes* King and *Sparta*'s would be proud

To see this happy and blest vniion made
Betweene their royll Familyes.

Orest. This faire Virgine,
Second from *Læda* to whom *Ioue* vouchsaf't
The strict Imbrace of his immortall arme,
Vnspotted with her mothers prostitution,
Wee'le thus receiue.

Hermi. May my chaste innocence
Breake [through] the Cloud which hath ecclips'd her
fame,
Whose luster may out-shine my mothers fraileties,
And they through me may bee forgot in *Greece*.

Egi. *Hermione*, your words tast of your breeding
Vnder this Queene your faire and Princely Aunt,
Were young *Electra* but so well bestowed,
Great *Agamemnon* in so braue a match
Would thinke himselfe more grac'd, then in fruition
Of all the forraigne Trophies.

Ceth. May shee prooue
A whore like to her mother : Prince *Orestes*,
And you bright Lady *Spartans* second light,
May all the vertues of this potent Queene
Take life in you, to prooue hereditary
That the great Arch-duke crown'd with fame and
honour,
In his retурne may adde a surplusadge
To his already surfeſt : find his bed
By this adultrefſe basely ſtrumpetted,
And make the Downe they lye on quaffe their blood.

Orest. How doe you faire *Electra* in your iudgement.

Applaude your brothers choyce ?

Elect. As of a contract
Made by the gods aboue, and now by Princes
Here ratified on earth.

Orest. I would my friend
Were to you fister, but as fast betroth'd
As I to *Hellens* daughter : But deare *Pilades*,
Tis Time must perfect all things.

Pil. Madam you heare
This motion from your brother.

Elect. And I craue
Time to consider on't.

Orest. Tis on foote,
Pursue it then with all aduantages,
Command my free assistance to beginne :
Had you *Electra* friend, as I *Hermione* ;
We were at first as forraigne as you two,
And euery way as strange, but opportunity
That hath vnited vs, may make you one.
After some amorous parlance, let vs now
Vnto the Temple and there sacrifice
Vnto the gods, that *Greece* no more may mourne
But glory in our fathers safe returne.

Egisl. His safetys is our danger, for know Madam,
Our loue hath bin too publick.

Ceth. That's the ground
On which to build my proiect.

Cli. Grant it hath.
Cannot a more then nine yeares widdow-head
Excuse mee being a woman ? thinks the King
Wee can forget that lesson in our age,
Which was by him first taught vs in our youth ?
Or was't his ayme to shew vs choyce delights,
Then barre vs their fruition ? First to tast
Our pallat, next to make vs appetite ;
And when our stomacks are prepar'd and sharpen'd.
For Costly vionds plac't before our eyes,
Then to remoue the table ? hee's vnkind ;
And as hee hath dealt with vs, so must find.

Enter Synon.

Syn. The Queene ? to her my speed is.

Cli. Speake on souldier.

Syn. I am the herald of most happy newes,
Troy with the earth is leueld, fackt, and burnt ;

Priam with all his memory extin δ t,
 Queene, daughters, sonnes, and subiects ruin'd all.
 Now like the vapour of their Citties smoake,
 And of them no more found : And Madam now
 The King your Lord, the Elder of the *Atryd's*,
 Duke of the puissant and all conquering Host,
 His temples archt in a victorious orbe,
 And wreth'd in all the glories earth can yeeld
 Is landed in *Mycene* a Conquerour.

Ceth. How could they scape those fierce fires
Naulus made

In vengeance of his sonne *Palamides*
 To split their cursed Fleete vpon the rocks.

Cli. Make repetition of their ioyes againe,
 Beeing things that I cannot heare too oft,
 And adde to them : Is *Menelaus* safe
 My husbands brother ? *Hellen* how fares shee ?
 Or is shee thence repurchast ? fill mine eares
 With such sweete Tones, 'tis all I can desire.

Syn. Take your full longing then, for though the
 Seas
 With tempests, stormes, rocks, shipwracks, shelues and
 fands
 More dammag'd them then all the Troian siege.
 Although the Beacons fir'd to draw their Fleete
 Distresed and disperst vpon the rocks
 Sunke many a goodly bottome : Yet the Generall
 Scap't by the hand of *Ioue*, with him King *Diomed*,
Vlyffes, and great *Neoptolimus*,
 With *Spartan Menelaus* late attend
 With beauteous *Hellen* cause of all these broyles ;
 All these attend vpon the Generall
 To bring him home victorious, and this night
 Will lodge in the Kings Pallace.

Cli. Souldier thanks,
 These twice fие yeares I haue a widdow b  ene,
 Thy newes haue now new married mee : giue order
 For the Kings intertainment, all the stafe

Mycene can yeeld shall freely be expos'd
In honour of these Princes : your great haft
Doth aske some rest, therefore repose your selfe,
And for your fortunate newes expect reward.

Syn. The Queene is royll.

Ceth. And now to that diuell
Which I must coniure vp : Is the Queene mad ?
Or thou *Egillus* fottish ? see you not
The stake and scaffold, nay the Hang-man too ;
And will you blind-fold run vpon your deaths
When there is way to 'scape them ?

Egill. What horrid fright
Is this propos'd by *Cethus* ?

Ceth. The King's return'd,
And doth not your veines gush out of your temples
In sanguine blushes ? are not your adulteries
Famous as *Hellens* ? nay, more infamous,
There was a rape to countenance what shée did,
You nought faue corrupt lust and idlenesse :
Tis blab'd in the City, talk't on in the Court,
All tongues furcharg'd, all eyes are fix't on you,
To see what fearefull vengeance he will take
For that your prostitution.

Cli. Hee's a King.

Ceth. True *Clitemnestra*, so he went from hence,
But is return'd a Tyrant flesht in blood :
Think'st thou that he who queld his foes abroad,
Will spare at home domestick enemies ?
That was so prone to punish others wrongs,
And can forget his owne ?

Cli. If *Menelaus*

Haue pardon'd *Hellen*, may not he his brother
Make *Spartaes* King his noble president,
To doe the like to me ?

Ceth. Tush shallow Queene,
How you mistake ; see imminent fate affront you,
And will not shun it comming ? If his brother
Be branded as a scandall to the world,
What consequence is it that he will grone

Vnder the selfe same burden? rather thinke
 He hath propos'd a vengeance dire and horrid
 To terrifie, not countenance such misdeeds:
 And this must fall on you, lest time to come
 Should Chronicle his family for a broode
 Of Cuckolds and of Strumpets.

Egist. This thy language
 Strikes me with horrour.

Cli. And affrights mee too.

Ceth. Is hee not King? hath he not Linxes
 eyes,

And Gyants armes, the first to see farre off,
 The last as farre to punish? was hee so poore
 In friends at home, to leau no *Argus* here
 To keepe his eyes still waking? thinke it not
 But that he knew the treason of his bed,
 Hee had not faire *Brifeas* snacht perforce
 From th' armes of great *Achilles*.

Cli. That I heard.

Ceth. Why hath he a new mistresse brought from
Troy,
 But to state her in *Clitemnestraes* stead,
 And make her *Micenes* Queene whilst you poore
 wretches
 Like malefactors suffer, mark't for the Stag
 And most ridiculous spectacles.

Cli. You shew the danger,
 But teach vs no preuention.

Egist. Set before vs
 The obiects of our feares and difficulties,
 But not the way to auoyde them.

Ceth. Heare me then,
 Preuent your death's by his.

Cli. How? kill the King?
 So we heape sinne on sinne and basely adde
 Vnto adultery murder.

Ceth. *Per scelus semper tutum sceleribus iter.*
 Boldly you haue begun, and being once in,
 Blood will cure lust, and mischiefe phisick sinne.

Cli. Perhaps our guilt lies hid.

Ceth. In a Kings Pallace

Can lust in such great persons be conceald ?

Cli. The first offence repents mee, and to that ,
I should but adde a greater.

Ceth. Perish, doe.

Or what concernes this mee ? I shall be safe,
I haue strumpeted no *Agamemnons* Queene,
Nor bastarded the issue of the *Atrides* :
Or why should I thus labour their securities
Who study not their owne ?

Egiff. Resolute then Queene,
The Kings austere, and will extend his Iustice
Vnto some sad example.

Cli. Oh but my husband.

Ceth. After ten yeares widdow-hood
Can *Clitemnestra* thinke of such a name ?

Cli. You haue halfe wonne me, when shall this be
done ?

Ceth. When but this night ? delays are ominous :
Ere he haue time to thinke vpon his wrongs,
Or finde a tongue to whisper, ere suspicione
Can further be instructed or least cenfure,
To call his wrongs in question : instantly,
Euen in his height of ioy, fulnesse of complement
With th' Argive Kings : whilst cups are brim'd with
healths,

Whilst iealousies are drown'd in *Bacchus* boles.
This night before he sleepe, or that his pillowe
Can giue him the least counsell, ere he can spare
A minute for the smallest intelligence,
Or moment to consider : I haue done
If you haue either grace in apprehension
Or spirit in performance.

Egiff. I haue both
What answers *Clitemnestra* ?

Cli. I am swayd,
And though I know there's difference of Iustice
In Princes sitting on the skarlet bench,

And husbands dallying in the priuate bed :
 I'le hold him as one fits vpon my life,
 Not one that lies inclos'd within mine armes ;
 Hee's now my Judge, not Husband, here I vow
 Assitance in his death.

Ceth. And so furuiue
 Secure and fortunate.

Egist. This night ?

Cli. 'Tis done.

Ceth. The project I haue cast with all security,
 And safety for your person : smooth your browes,
 And let there shine a welcome in your looks
 At the Kings intertainment : nay begone,
 By this time you are expected ; what remaines
 Is mine in forme, but yours in action. *Exeunt.*
 Now father stile me a most worthy sonne
Palamides, a brother, what neither fires,
 Nor rockes could doe, what neither *Neptunes* rage,
 Nor *Mars* his fury, what the turbulent Seas,
 Nor the combustious Land, that *Cethus* can :
 Hee that succeedes my brother in his rule,
 Shall first succeede in death : none that had hand
 Or voyce in his subuersion that shall stand. *Exit.*

Enter Therfites and Synon.

Ther. Well met on Land kind brother, wee are
 now
 Victorious : let's be proud on't.
Syn. Thou say'st true,
 Wee are Conquerours in our basest cowardise,
 Wee had not beene here else.

Ther. Valiant *Hector*,
Achilles, *Troilus*, *Paris*, *Ajax* too,
 They are all falne, we stand.

Syn. Yes, and will stiffe
 When all the Grecian Princes that furuiue
 Are cramp't and ham-string'd.

Ther. Waſt thou not ſea-ficke brother ?

Syn. Horribly, and feard
In the rough feas to haue disgorg'd my heart,
And there to haue fed Haddockes.

Ther. Troians were fellowes
In all their fury to be parlied with :
But with the tempests, gusts, and *Furicanes*,
The warring windes, the billowes, rocks and fires
There was no talking : these few times we pray'd,
The gods would heare no reason.

Syn. Twas because
The billowes with their roaring, and the winds
Did with their whistling keepe them from their
eares :
But now all's husht, could wee finde time to pray,
They might find time to heare vs.

Ther. Shall wee be
SpeCtators of the royll inter-view
Betwixt the King and Queene ?

Syn. Ten yeares diuorft
Should challenge a kind meeting, let's obserue
The forme and slate of this Court-complement,
(Things I did neuer trade with :) Harke loud musicke
Giues warning of their comming.

Loude musicke. Enter at one doore Agamemnon,
Vlysses, Diomed, Pyrhus, Menelaus : Synon and
Thersites falling into their trayne. At the other
Egistus, Clitemnestra, Cethus, Orestes, Pylades,
Hermione, EleCtra, &c.

Aga. Vnto our Country and our Houshold-gods
Wee are at length return'd, trophied with honours,
With *Troyes* subuersion and rich *Asiae* spoyles,
This is a sacred day.

Egist. Such *Troy* had once.

Aga. Vnto the gods wel'e sacrifice.

Ceth. So *Priam* fell
Before the holy Altar.

Aga. This Citty is not *Troy*.

Ceth. Where *Hellen* treads,
I hold the place no better.

Aga. See our Queene,
Orestes and *Elektra*, for our sake,
Princes of *Greece* daigne them your best salutes,
Deare *Clitemnestra*.

Clit. Royall King and Husband.

After their salute. All the rest complement as strangers,
but especially *Pyrhus* and *Orestes*.

Aga. What's he that kneeles so close vnto our
Queen?

Clit. *Egistus* and your seruant.

Aga. Hee was young
When we at first set sayle from *Aulis* Gulfe,
Now growne from my remembrance; we shall finde
Fit time to search him further.

Ceth. Marke you that.

Egist. Yes, and it toucht me deepeley.

Mene. Our sister, and this young *Hermione*,
Daughter to vs and *Hellen*.

Ther. Prity puppy,
Of such a common brach.

Men. Young *Neoptolemus*,
This is the Lady promis'd you at *Troy*,
For your great seruice done there: she's your owne,
Freely imbrace her then.

Syn. I see we are like
To haue a iolly kindred.

Orest. *Pyrhus*, inioy
Her whom I haue in contract?

Pyr. Beauteous Lady,
The great'ſt ambition *Pyrhus* aymes at now,
Is how to know you farther.

Her.
Hath beeene so mighty to reuenge the wrongs
Of my faire mother, can from *Hermione*
Challenge no leſſe then welcome.

Orest. Oh you gods,

Pyrhus, thou wert more safē in burning *Troy*
With horrour, fury, blood, fires about thee.
Then in my fathers court.

Ceth. Another Collumne
On which to build my slaughterers. Patience Prince,
This is no time for braues and Menaces,
I further shall instruct you.

Orest. I haue done.

Ther. See now the two Queenes meete, and smack
in publick,
That oft haue kist in corners.

Syn. *Therfites?*

Thou art growne a monster, a strange thing scarfe
knowne

'Mongst souldiers, wiues and daughters.

Ther. They are two sisters.

Syn. Yes, and the two King-brothers royally
Betweene them two cornuted.

Ther. We are to loud.

Dio. Princes of *Greece*, since we haue done a
duty

To see our Generall mid'st his people safē,
And after many dreadfull warres abroad
In peace at home. 'Tis fit we shoulde disperse
Vnto our feuerall Countries instantly,
I purpose for *Aetolia*, where my Queene
With longing waites my comming.

Aga. Not King *Diomed*,

Till you haue seene *Mecena*'s pompe and state
In ampliest royalty exprest at full,
Both tasted of our feasts and Princely gifts.
The faire *Egiale*, who hath so long
Forborne your presence, will not I presume
Deny to spare you to vs some few dayes,
To adde to the yeares number, though not as Gene-
rall

Yet will I lay on you a friends command
Which must not be deny'de.

Dio. Great Agamemnon

With mee was euer powerfull, I am his.

Cli. And now faire sister welcome back from
Troy,

Be euer henceforth *Spartaes.*

Hel. Your great care

In my enforced absence (gracious Queene)

Exprest vnto my deare *Hermione,*

Hath much obliged me to you. Oh my fate,

How swift time runnes : *Orestes* growne a man,

Whom I left in the Cradle ! Young *Elettra*

Then (as I tak't) scarce borne, and now growne ripe,

Euen ready for an husband !

Syn. In whose absence

If but one handsome sweete-heart come in place,

Shee'l not turne tayle for't, if shee doe but take

After mine old Naunt *Hellen.*

Enter a Lord.

Lord. The great and solemne preparation
Of the Court, state and glory mighty Princes,
Attend for you within.

Aga. All are consecrated
Vnto your royll welcomes, enter then,
Wee'l feast like earthy gods, or god-like men.

Loud musick. *They posseſſe the Stage in all state,*
Cethus stayeth behind.

Ceth. My brayne about againe, for thou hast
found

New project now to worke on, and 'tis here,
Orestes hath receiu'd *Hermione*

From *Clitemnestra's* hand, her foule is his,
And hee her Genius, two combind in one :

Yet shee is by the fathers Oath conferd
On *Pyrhus*, which shall breed a stormy flawe

Ne're to peec't againe, but by the deaths
Of the two hopefull youths : perhaps the hazard
Of all these Kings if my reuenge strike home.
(Of that at leasure) but the bloody stage
On which to act, Generall this night is thine,
Thou lyest downe mortall, who must rise diuine.

*Enter Orestes to Cethus. Musick and healthing
within.*

Orest. Oh *Cethus* what's this musicke vnto me,
That am compos'd of discords ? what are healths
To him that is struck heart-sicke ? all those ioyes
Whose leaders seeme to pierce against the roofes
Of these high structures, to him that is struck
downe

Halfe way below the Center ?

Ceth. Were you lower,
Yet here's a hand can rayse you, deeper cast
Then to the lowest Abisme : It lyes in me
To aduance you to the height of happinesse,
Where you shall liue eternis'd from the reach
Of any humane malice.

Orest. Hadst thou seene
Her, in whose breast my heart was paradis'd,
Kist, courted, and imbrac'd.

Ceth. By *Pyrhus*.

Orest. Him :
What passionate and insidiating lookes
Hee cast on her, as if in scorne of me :
Shall hee inioy my birth-right, or inherite
Where I am heire apparant ? shall he vsurpe,
Or pleade my interest, where I am possesst ?
Rule where I raigne ? where I am staled, sit ?
Braue me in my peculiar Soueraignty ?

Ceth. Hee must not, shall not.

Orest. Show mee to depose
The proud Vsurper then.

Ceth. Prince, make't my charge.

In the meantime, from your distracted front,
 Exile all discontent, let not least rage
 Raigne in your eye, or harshnesse in your tongue,
 Smooth waters are still deep'st : waite on the King,
 And be no stranger to your mothers eye,
 Or forraigne to your Kindred : the feast spent,
 And night with it : the morrow shall beget
 Projec't of more import (scarce thought on now.)

Orest. I build vpon thy Counsell. *Exit Orestes.*

Ceth. Which hath proou'd,
 Fixt as a rocke, still constant, and vnmoou'd.

Enter Egistus.

Egist. What *Cethus* here ? why no such matter
 now
 No cause of feare, or least suspicion.

Ceth. Your reasoun ?

Egist. Tush, presume it, we are safe.

Ceth. Obserue it, they are still securest, whom
 The Diuell drijues to ruine.

Egist. Harke, their healths
 Carrowing to the Generals Victories,
 In all their heate of ioy, and fire of wine,
 No sparke of iealously, all th' Argument
 Of their discourse, what they haue done at *Troy*.
 Still health on health, and the great Generall
 So farre from seeming to haue least distaste,
 That in all affable tearmes hee courts his Queene,
 Nay more, cuts off all banquet Ceremonies,
 To hasten his bed-pleasures, as if times distance
 Betwixt his boord and pallade, seemed more tedious
 Then all his Ten yeares siege.

Ceth. Goe, lost man,
 Sinke on firm ground, be shipwrackt in a Calme.
 These healthes are to your ruines, his reuenge :
 Hath not *Egistus* read of a diseafe
 Where men dye laughing : others that haue drunke
 Poyson in steed of Cordials, perish so ?

To dye tis nothing, since tis all mens due :
But wretchedly to suffer, fall vnpittied,
Vnpittied ? nay derided, mockt, and curst :
To dye as a base Traytor, and a Thief,
The adulterator of his Soueraignes bed,
The poyson of the *Atrides* family,
And scandall of his issue, so to dye ?

Egi. *Egistus* will preuent, he by this hand
Must fal, 'fore whom all *Asa* could not stand.

Ceth. The banquet is broke vp, sleep cals to rest,
And mid-nights hour for murther, still shoues best.

Exit.

Loud musicke. Enter *Egistus* with his sword drawne,
hideth himselfe in the chamber behind the Bed-curtaines : all the Kings come next in, condueling the
Generall and his Queene to their Lodging, and
after some complement leaue them, every one with
torches ushered to their feuerall chambers, &c.

Aga. Methinkes this night, we *Clitemnestra* meete,
At a new bridall ; all Attendants leaue vs,
Wee now are onely for bed-priuacies.

Cli. Great fir, I that so long haue bin your wid-
dow,
Will be this night your hand-mayde.

Aga. You told me, Queene,
Orestes was a cunning horse-man growne :
It please me much to heare it.

Cli. *Greece* reports
No Centare can ride better.

Aga. And young *Electra*,
In all th' indowments that may best become
A Princesse of her breeding, most compleate.

Cli. It was in your long absence, all my care
(Being my charge) that you at your returne
Might finde them to your wishes.

Aga. Thankes for that.

Cli. How cunningly he seemes to carry it !

But we must finde preuention.

Aga. Who's without there ?

Cli. Why started you ?

Aga. Not all the *Asian* Legions, no not *Hector*
Arm'd with his bals of wild-fire, had the power
To shake me like this tremor : Is our Pallace
Lesle safe in *Greece*, amidst our subiects here,
Then were our Tents in *Asia* ?

Cli. Where, if not here in *Clitemnestraes* armes,
Can safety dwell ?

Aga. And faire Queene, it should be so.

Cli. But why sir cast you such suspiciois eyes
About your Chamber ? are wee not alone ?
Or will you to the priuate sweetes of night,
Call tell tale witnesse ?

Aga. Now tis gone agayne. Shall we to rest ?

Cli. So please you royll Sir.

Aga. How hard this Doune feeles, like a monu-
ment
Cut out of marble. Beds ressemble Graues,
And these me-thinkes appeare like winding sheetes,
Prepar'd for corfes.

Cli. Oh how ominously
Doe you presage : you much affright me sir
In this our long-wisht meeting.

Aga. All's shooke off,
I now am arm'd for pleasure : you commended
Late one *Egistus* to me, prithee Queene
Of what condition is he ?

Egist. Tyrant this.

Cli. And I am thus his feond.

*They both wound him, at which there is a greate
thunder crack.*

Aga. Treafon, murder, Treafon :
This showes, we Princes are no more then men.
Thankes *Ioue*, tis fit when Monarchs fall by
Treasoun,
Thunder to all the world, would shew some reason.
he dies.

Egi. The deede is done, lets flye to some strong
Cittadell,
For our more safety.

Cli. Hee thus made diuine :
Now my *Egistus*, I am foly thine. *Exeunt.*

A noyse of vproare within. Enter all the Kings with
other Seruants halfe vnready, as newly started
from their Beds. Orestes, Hermione, Pillades,
Electra, &c.

Mene. What strange tumultuous noyse is this so
late,
To rouse vs from our beds ?

Pyr. Prodigious fure,
Since 'tis confirm'd by Thunder.

Orest. In mine eares
Did neuer found seeme halfe so terrible.

Hel. Nor to your eyes, as this sad obiect is,
See great *Atrides* groueling.

Ceth. What damn'd Villaine
Was auther of this proiect ?

Omnes. Horrid fight.

Ore. Rest you amazed all, as thunder strooke,
And without fence or motion Apoplext,
And onely heare me speake : *Orestes*, he
Who as if marbled by *Medusaes* head,
Hath not one teare to fall, or figh to spend,
Till I finde out the murderer, and on him
Inflict remarkable vengeance : for I vowe
Were it my father, brother, or his Queene,
Hadst thou my weeping sister hand in it.
If hee ? whom equall, (if not rankt aboue)
I euer did, and shall loue *Pylades* ?

Wert she whose wombe did beare me, where I lay
Full nine moneths bedded ere I saw the Sunne,
Or the most abiect Traytor vnder Heauen,
Their doomes were all alike, and this I vowe.
Now you whom this silent and speechlesse King

Hath oft commanded, this now fencelesse braine
 As oft directed, this now strengthlesse hand
 More oft protected in a warre, that shall
 Be to all times example : Lend your shoulders
 To beare him, who hath kept you all in life,
 This is a blacke and mourning funerall right,
 Deedes of this nature must be throughly searcht,
 Nay be reueng'd : the gods haue sayd tis good,
 The morning Sunne shall rise and blush in blood.

*They beare him off with a sad and funerall
 march, &c.*

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus Quintus : Scæna prima.

Enter Pyrhus, Hermione, Thersites, and Synon.

Pyr. Sweete Lady, can you loue ?

Her. Forbeare my Lord,

Can such a thing as loue be once nam'd here,
 Where euery Marble that supports this roofe,
 In emulation doth vye teares with vs ?
 Nay where the wounds of such a mighty King
 Haue yet scarfe bled their last.

Pyr. Tush faire *Hermione*,

These fights that feeme to Ladies terrible,
 Are common to vs souldiers ; when from field returning
 All smear'd in blood, where Dukes and Kings lie
 flaine,
 Yet in our Tents at mid-night it frights not vs
 From courting a sweete Mistresse.

Syn. Hee sayth right,
And note of this how I can poetise :
This his great father of his Loue desir'd,
When from the slaughter of his foes retyr'd
Hee doft his Cufhes and vnarm'd his head,
To tumble with her on a soft day bed :
It did reioyce *Brifeas* to imbrace
His bruised armes, and kiffe his blood-stain'd face.
These hands which he so often did imbrew
In blood of warlike *Troians* whom hee slew,
Were then imploy'd to tickle, touch and seele,
And shake a Lance that had no print of steele.

Ther. Continue in that veine, I'le feed thy Muse
With Crafish, Praunes and Lobsters.

Her. You brought these of purpose to abuse mee.
Pyr. Peace *Therfites*,
And *Synon* you no more.

Syn. Wee see by *Agamemnon* all are mortall,
And I but shew his niece *Hermione*
The way of all flesh.

Ther. Tis an easie path,
(The Mother and the Aunt haue troad it both)
If shee haue wit to follow.

Enter Vlysses, Menelaus, Diomed with others.

Mene. If it be so, *Egistus* is a traytor,
And shee no more our sister.

Vlyf. Tis not possible
A Queene of her high birth and parentage
Should haue such base hand in her husbands death,
Her husband and her soueraigne.

Dio. Double treason,
Could it be proou'd against her.

Men. It appeares
So farre against humanity and nature
We dare not once suspect it, but till proofe
Explaine it further, hold it in suspence.

Vlyf. Oh but their suddaine flight and fortifying.

Mene. These are indeed presumptions, but leauue
that

To a most strict inquiry euen for reuerence
Of Maiesty and Honour to all Queenes,
For loue of vs because shee was our sister,
Both for *Orestes* and *Electra's* sake
Whose births are branded in so foule a deede,
Till wee examine further circumstancies
Spare your feuerer censures.

Vlif. Tis a businesse

That least concernes vs, but for Honours sake
And that hee was our Generall.

Mene. What, princely *Pyrhus* courting our faire
daughter?

Her. Yes sir, but in a time vnseasonable
Euen as the suite it selfe is.

Mene. All delayes
Shall be cut off and she be swayd by vs.
These Royall Princes ere they leauue *Mycene*,
Shall see these nuptiall rights solemnized,
Weele keepe our faith with *Pyrhus*.

Pyr. Wee our vowed
As constant to the bright *Hermione*.
First see the royall Generall here interr'd
And buried like a souldier, 'tis his due :
To question of his death concernes not vs,
Wee leauue it to Heauens iustice and reuenge.
The rights perform'd with faire *Hermione*,
Then to our feuerall Countries each man post,
Captaines disperse still when the General's lost.

Exeunt.

Enter Cethus, Orestes, and Pylades, disguis'd.

Ore. Egistus? and our Mother?

Ceth. Am I *Cethus*,

Are you *Orestes*, and this *Pyllades*,
So fure they were his murderers : this disguise
Will suite an act of death, full to the life

Hee stands vpon a strict and secure guard,
I haue plotted your admittance, it will take
Doubt not, it cannot fayle, I haue cast it so.

Ore. As sent from *Menelaus*?

Ceth. Whose name else
Can breake through such strong guards, where feare
and guilt
Keepe hourely watch?

Ore. It is enough, I haue't,
And thou the faithful'st of all friends deare *Pillades*,
Doe but assist mee in my vowed reuenge
And inioy faire *Electra*.

Pyl. Next your friendship
It is the prise I ayme at, I am yours.

Ceth. What slip you time and opportunity,
Or looke you after dreames?

Ore. I am a wake.
And to send them to their eternall sleepe.
In expedition there is still succeſſe,
In all delayes defect: the traytor dyes
Were hee in league with all the destinies.

Exe. Pilad. Orest.

Ceth. And tis a fruitfull yeare for villany,
And I a thriuing Farmer. In this interim
I haue more plots on foote: King *Menelaus*
I haue incenc'd against proud *Diomed*,
Pyrhus against *Orestes*, hee 'gainst him,
Vlyſſes without parralell for wit
Against them all: so that the first combustion
Shall burne them vp to ashes. Oh *Palamides*,
So deare was both thy loue and memory,
Not *Hellen* by her whoredome caus'd more blood
Streaming from Princes breſts, then *Cethus* shall
(Brother) for thine vntimely funerall.

Exit.

Enter Egistus, Clitemnestra with a strong guard.

Egſt. Let none presume to dare into our prefence
Or pasle our guard, but ſuch well knowne to vs

And to our Queene.

Guard. The charge hath past vs round.

Egist. When finnes of such hye nature 'gainst vs
rise,

Tis fit wee should be kept with heedfull eyes.

Cli. Presume it my *Egistus*, we are safe,
The Fort wherein we liue impregnable :

Or say we were surpris'd by stratagem,
Or should expose our liues vnto the censure
Of Law and Iustice, euen in these extreames
There were not the least feare of difficulty.

Egist. Your reason Madam.

Cli. Whom doth this concerne
But our owne blood ? should *Pyrhus* grow inrag'd,
I haue at hand my neece *Hermione*
To calme his fury : what doth this belong to
Vlysses, or *Aetolian Diomed* ?
Are they not strangers ? If it come in question
By *Menelaus*, is hee not our brother ?
Our sister *Hellen* in his bosome sleepes,
And can with him doe all things, feare not then,
Wee are every way secure.

Egist. Oh but *Orestes*
His ey's to mee like lightning, and his arme
Vp heau'd thus, shewes like *Ioues* thunder-bolt
Aym'd against lust and murder.

Cli. Hee's our sonne,
The filiall duty that's hereditary
Vnto a mother's name preuent these feares :
Electra's young, and childish *Pilades*
Swai'd by his friend : It rests, could we but worke
Hellen and *Menelaus* to our faction,
Egistus should be staled in *Mycene*,
Wee liue his Queene and Bride.

Egist. Feare's still suspicioius.

Enter one of the guard.

Guard. A Letter fir.

Egi. From whence?

Guard. Tis superscrib'd from the great *Sparta's* King,

And the Queene *Hellen.*

Egi. Who the messenger?

Guard. Two Gentlemen who much importune you

For speedy answer.

Egi. Bidde them waite without,

Now fates proue but propitious, then my kingdome

I shall presume establish't.

Cli. There's no feare,

Orestes once remoou'd, and that's my charge

Either by sword or poyson.

Egi. See faire Queene,

Reade what your brother writes, by this we are

Eternis'd in our happinesse, and our liues

Rooted in sweete security.

The Queene readeas.

Cli. Wee not suspect you in our brothers death,
A deede too base for any Noble brest.

Therefore in this necessity of state,

And knowing in this forced vacancy

So great a kingdome cannot want a guide :

The soueraignty we thought good to conferre

On *Clitemnestra*, or what substitute

Shee in her best discretion shall thinke fit,

The vnited Kings of *Greece* haue thus decreed.

Your brother Menelaus.

Egist. We are happied euer.

Cli. A ioy ratified,

And subiect to no change.

Egist. Call in the messengers,

Orestes and *Electra* once remoou'd,

Wee haue no riuall, no competitor,
Therefore no iealousie at all.

Cli. None, none.

The gods haue with these Kings of *Greece* agreed
In his supplanting and instating thee,
Thee my most deare *Egistus*.

Orestes and Pyllades disguised are conducted in.

Egist. You the men ?

Ore. Thoſe, whom the *Spartan* King made ſpeciall
choice of

To truſt this great affaire with.

Egist. And y'are welcome,

But are you men of action . ſuch I meane,
As haue beene Souldiers bred, whose eyes inur'd
To ſlaughter and combuſtions : at the like
Would not change face, or tremble ?

Pil. They that to fee

Legges, armes, and heads ſtrowed on *Scamander*
Plaine,

Kings by the common ſouldiers ſtew'd in goare,
And three parts hid with their imboweld Steedes,
Shadowing their mangled bodies from the Sunne,
As if aboue the earth to bury them :

They that to fee an *Aſian* Potentate

Kil'd at the holy Altar, his owne blood

Mixt with his fonnes and daughters, Towers de-
molift

Crushing whole thousands, of each ſexe and age
Beneath their ruines : and these horrid fightes
Lighted by ſcathe-fires, they that haue beheld
These and more dreadfull obiects ; can their eyes
Moue at a private slaughter ?

Cli. Y'are for vs,
Will you for hire, for fauor, or aduancement,
(Now warres are done) to be made great in Court,
And vndertake that one man eaſily spar'd

Amongst so many millions (now suruiuing)
That such a creature, no way necessary
But a meere burden to the world wee liue in,
Hee might no longer liue?

Ore. But name the man,
And as I loue *Egistus*, honour you
And al that glory in such noble deeds,
Be what hee will ; hee's lost.

Egist. *Orestes*, then ?

Ore. Is there none then the world so well may
spare
As young *Orestes* ? Hee to doe't ?

Hee kils Egistus, first discouering himselfe.

Egist. Vaine world farewell,
Myth hopes withall, no building long hath stood
Whose sleight foundation hath bin layd in blood.

Cli. I'le dye vpon his bosome.

Ore. Secure the Fort my deare friend *Pillades*,
And to your vtmost pacifie the guard :
Tell them we are *Orestes* and their Prince,
And what wee did was to reuenge the death
Of their dead Lord and Soueraigne.

Pil. Sir i'le doe't.

Exit.

Cli. Oh mee, that thinking to haue catcht at
Heauen,

Am plung'd into an hell of misery.

Egistus dead ? what comfort can I haue,
One foote Inthron'd, the tother in the graue.

Ore. Can you find teares for such an abiect
Groome,
That had not for an husband one to shed ?
Oh monstrous, monstrous woman ! is this carrion,
Is this dead Dog, (Dog said I ?) nay what's worse,
Worthy the sigh or mourning of a Queene,
When a King lies vnpittied ?

Cli. Thou a sonne ?

Ore. The name I am ashame'd of : oh *Agamemnon*,

How sacred is thy name and memory !
 Whose acts shall fill all forraigne Chronicles
 With admiration, and most happy hee
 That can with greatest Art but booke thy deeds :
 Yet whilst this rottennesse, this gangreen'd flesh
 Whose carkas is as odious as his name
 Shall stinking lie, able to breed a Pest,
 Hee with a Princesse teares to be imbalm'd,
 And a King lie neglected ?

Cli. Bastard.

Ore. If I be,

Damn'd be the whore my Mother, I, I am sure
 Nor my dead father had no hand in it.

Cli. Oh that I could but lengthen out my
 yeares
 Onely to spend in curfes.

Ore. Vpon whom ?

Cli. On whom but thee for my *Egijus* death ?

Ore. And I could wish my selfe a *Neflors* age
 To curse both him and thee for my dead father.

Cli. Doeſt thou accufe mee for thy fathers
 death ?

Ore. Indeede 'twould ill become me being a
 sonne,

But were I ſure it were ſo, then I durſt ;
 Nay, more then that, reuenge it.

Cli. Vpon mee ?

Ore. Were all the mothers of the earth in one,
 All Empresses and Queenes cast in one mould,
 And I vnto that one a onely ſonne,
 My ſword ſhould rauish that incestuous breast
 Of nature, and of ſtate.

Cli. I am as innocent of that blacke deede,
 As was this guiltleſſe Gentleman here dead.

Oref. Oh all you powers of Heauen I inuocate,
 And if you will not heare me, let Hell do't :
 Giue me ſome ſigne from eyther feinds or angell,
 I call you both as teſtates.

Enter the Ghost of Agamemnon, poynting vnto his wounds : and then to Egistus and the Queene, who were his murderer, which done, hee vanisheth.

Godlike shape,
Haue you (my father) left the Elizium fieldes,
Where all the ancient Heroes liue in blisse,
To bring your selfe that sacred testimony,
To crowne my approbation : Lady see.

Cli. See what ? thy former murder makes thee mad.

Orest. Rest Ghost in peace, I now am satisfied,
And neede no further witnesse : saw you nothing ?

Cli. What should I see saue this sad spectacle,
Which blood-shootes both mine eyes.

Orest. And nothing else ?

Cli. Nothing.

Orest. Mine eyes are clearer fighted then, and see
Into thy bosome. Murdresse.

Cli. How ?

Orest. Incestuous strumpet, whose adulteries,
When Treason could not hide, thou thoughtst to couer,
With most inhumane murder.

Cli. Meaning vs ?

Orest. Then, monster, thou didst first instruct
mine hand,
How to write blood, when being a Wife and Queene,
Thou kildst a King and husband, and hast taught
Mee being a sonne, how to destroy a mother.

He wounds her.

Cli. Oh most vnnaturall.

Orest. That I learnt of thee.

Cli. Vnheard of cruelty, but heauens are iust,
And all remarkeable sinnes punish with marke,
One mischiefe still another doth beget,
Adultery murder : I am lost, vndone. *Shee dyes.*

Orest. Being no wife, *Orestes* is no sonne.

Enter Cethus and Pillades with the guard.

Pil. The guard all stand for you, acknowledging
Orestes Prince and King.

Orest. I now am neither.

Ceth. What obiect's this ? Queene *Clitemnestra*
slaine ?

Pil. I hope no sonnes hand in't.

Orest. *Orestes* did it,
The other title's lost.

Ceth. All my plots take
Beyond my apprehension.

Pil. This is an age
Of nothing but portents and prodigies.

Orest. The fathers hand as deepe was in her
death

As was the sonnes, hee pointed, and I strooke :
Was hee not then as vnkind to a Wife,
As I was to a Mother ?

Pil. Oh my friend,
What haue you done ?

Orest. There is a *Plasma*, or deepe pit
Iust in the Center fixt for Parricides,
I'l keepe my Court there, and *Erinnis*, shee
In stead of *Hebe*, shall attend my Cup,
Charon the Ferri-man of Hell shall bee
My *Ganimed*.

Pil. The Prince is sure distracted.

Ceth. New proiect still for me.

Orest. I'l haue a guard of Furies which shall
light mee

Vnto my nuptiall bed with funerall Teades,
The fatall sisters shall my hand-maides bee,
And waite vpon the faire *Hermione*,

Ceth. *Hermione* ? shee is betroth'd to *Pyrhus*,
And (mourning for your absence) all the way
Vnto the Temple shee will strowe with teares.

Orest. Ha ! Pyrhus rape my deare *Hermione* ?
Hee that shall dare to interpose my purpose,
Or crosse mee in mine Hymineall rights,
I'le make him lie as flat on the cold earth
As doth this hound *Egistus*.

Ceth. And I would so.

Orest. Would ? nay I will, his father woare a
fimocke,
And in that shape rap't *Deiadamia*.
Hee shall not vse my Loue so, oh my Mother ;
Friend take that object hence.

Ceth. But you *Hermione*.

Orest. My hand's yet deepe in blood, but to the
wrist,
It shall be to the elbowe : gods, nor men,
Angels, nor Furies shall my rage withstand,
Not the graue Honour of th' assembled Kings,
Not Reuerence of the Altar, nor the Priest :
No superstition shall my fury slay,
Till Pyrhus from the earth be swept away. *Exit.*

Ceth. *Pillades* attend your friend.

Pil. Hee's all my charge,
My life and his are twinnes.

Ceth. Their mines are countermin'd, *Cethus*, thy
fall
Is either plotted, or to blowe vp all. *Exit.*

Enter Synon and Thersites.

Syn. My head akes brother.

Ther. What a batchiler,
And troubled with the *Spartan* Kings disease ?

Syn. No, there's a wedding breeding in my
braine,
Pyrhus the Bride-groome : thou strange creature wo-
man,

To what may I compare thee ?

Ther. Canst thou deuise ought bad inough ?

Syn. Tis sayd they looke like Angels, and of light ;
 But for the most part, such light Angels prooue,
 Ten hundred thousand of their honesties
 Will scarce weigh eleauen Dragmaes.

Ther. *Clitemnestra,*
 And *Hellen* for example.

Syn. Young *Hermione*
 Hath face from both.

Ther. The sharpe shrewes nose, they ha'te hereditary.

Syn. *Thersites*, I commend that fellowes wit
 Proffred a wife young, beautifull and rich,
 Onely one fault she had, she wanted braine :
 Who answere in a creature of that fexe,
 I nere desire more wisedome, then to know
 Her husbands bed from anothers.

Ther. I commend him,
 But tis not in th' *Atrides* family,
 To finde out such a woman.

An Altar set foorth. Enter Pyrhus leading Hermione as a bride, Menelaus, Vlisses, Diomed. *A great trayne, Pyrhus and Hermione kneele at the altar.*

Syn. See now the sacred nuptiall rights proceede,
 The Priests prepare the Alter.

Pyr. *Hymen* to whom my vowes I consecrate
 As all my loue. To thee *Hermione*,
 Whom in the prefence of these Argiue Kings,
 I heare contract, be thou auspititious to vs :
 This flaming substituite to *Saturnes* sonne,
 Within whose facred Temple wee are rooft,
 And before all these high Celestiall gods
 And goddeses, in whose eyes now we kneele :
 Especially you *Iuno* Queene of marriage,

And faire *Lucina*, who haue child-births charge,
Your fauours I inuoake : Let your chaste fires
Drye vp this Virgins teares : make her so fruitefull
That in her issue great *Achilles* name
And fame withall, may liue eternally.
Proceede Priest to your other Ceremonies.

*Enter Orestes, Cethes, and Pilades, with the guard,
all their weapons drawne, Orestes runnes at
Pyrhus.*

Orest. *Priam* before the holy Alter fell,
Before the Alter bid thy life farewell :
Rescue Hermione.

Pyr. *Achilles* some
Cannot reuengeleffe dye, then witnesse all,
Blood must flow high where such great Princes fal.

Pil. *Orestes* is in danger.

Mene. Sauē Prince *Pyrhus*.

Cethus whispers with *Diomed*.

Ceth. This plot was layd
Both for your life and Kingdome.

Dio. *Menelaus* : shall neuer beare it so.

Vlyf. Fy *Thersites*,
Thy sword against me.

Ther. Curse vpon all whoores.

A confused scuffle, in which Orestes kills Pyrhus : Pyrhus, Orestes : Cethus wounds Pillades, Diomed, Menelaus, Vlisses, Thersites, &c. All fall dead save Vlisses, who beareth thence Hermione : Which done, Cethus riseth vp from the dead bodies and speakes.

Ceth. What all asleepe ? and are these gossiping
tongues,
That boasted nought save Warre and Victory,
Now mute and silent ? Oh thou vgly rogue,
Where's now thy rayling ? and thou parricide,

Thy madnesse is now tam'd, thou need'ſt no
chaines
To bring thee to thy wits, darknesse hath don't.
This *Diomed*? who dar'd to encounter *Mars*,
And sayd to wound faire *Venus* in the hand :
Where's your valour now? *Ægiale*,
Vnleſſe (as ſome ſay) ſhe be better stor'd,
Is like to lyē without a bed-fellow :
Rife *Pillades*, and helpe to wake thy friend,
What doth your friendship ſleepe now? *Menelaus*
Hellen's with a new ſweete-heart ith' next roome,
Wilt thou ſtill be a Cuckold? winke at errors
As pandors do and wittoles? *Cethus* now
Be crown'd in Hyſtory for a reuenge,
Which in the former World wants preſident :
Methinks, as when the Giants warr'd 'gainſt heauen,
And dar'd for primacy with *Ioue* himſelfe :
Hee darting 'gainſt their mountaines thunder-bolts,
Which ſhattered them to peeces : the warre done,
I like the great Olimpicke *Iupiter*,
Walke ore my ruines, tread vpon my ſpoyles
With maiesty, I pace vpon this floore
Pau'd with the trunkes of Kings and Potentates,
For what leſſe could haue fated my reuenge?
This arch-rogue falne amongst them? he whose
eies
Had the preposterous vertue to fire *Troy*,
Now is thy blacke ſoule for thy periuries
Swimming in red damnation.

Synon who had before counterfeited death, riſeth vp, and anſwereth.

Syn. Sir, not yet,
All policies liue not in *Cethus* brayne,
Synon hath ſhare, and know if thou haſt craft,
I haue refuru'd ſome cunning : fee my body
Free and vntoucht from wounds.

Ceth. Speake, ſhall we then

Diuide these dead betwixt vs, and both liue ?

Syn. If two Sunnes cannot shine within one
spheare,
Then why should two arch-villaines ? thou hast dis-
couered

Projects almost beyond me, and for which
I haue ingrost a mortall enuy here,
I will be fole, or none.

Ceth. Cease then to be,
That I may liue without Competitor.
Cause *Synons* name be rac'd out of the World,
And onely mine remembred.

Syn. Thine's but frailty,
My fame shall be immortall : made more glorious
In treading vpon thee, as thou on these ;
Stoope thou my Vnderling.

Ceth. I still shall stand
Rooted.

They fight and kill one another.

Syn. And yet cut downe by *Synons* hand.

Ceth. I am now dust like these.

Syn. One single fight
Ends him, who millions ruin'd in one night.

Enter Hellen, Electra, and Hermione.

Her. Can you behold this slaughter ?

Hel. Yes, and dye

At fight of it : for why should *Hellen* liue ?
Hellen the cause of all these Princes deaths ;
Cease to lament, reach me my Glasse *Hermione*,
Sweet Orphant do ; thy fathers dead already,
Nor will the fates lend thee a mother long.

Enter Hermione with a looking glasse, then exit.

Thankes, and so leauue me. Was this wrinkled fore-
head
When 'twas at best, worth halfe so many liues ?

Where is that beauty ? liues it in this face
 Which hath set two parts of the World at warre,
 Beene ruine of the *Asian Monarchy*,
 And almost this of *Europe*? this the beauty,
 That launch'd a thoufand ships from *Aulis gulfe* ?
 In fuch a poore repurchase, now decayde ?
 See fayre ones, what a little Time can doe ;
 Who that confiders when a feede is fowne,
 How long it is ere it appeare from th' earth,
 Then ere it stalke, and after ere it blade,
 Next ere it spread in leaues, then bud, then flower :
 What care in watring, and in weeding tooke,
 Yet crop it to our vfe : the beauties done,
 And fmele : they scarce last betwixt Sunne and
 Sunne.

Then why should these my blastings still furuiue,
 Such royall ruines : or I longer liue,
 Then to be termed *Hellen* the beautifull.

I am growne old, and Death is ages due,
 When Courtiers footh, our glasseſ will tell true.
 My beauty made me pittied, and still lou'd,
 But that decay'd, the worlds assured hate
 Is all my dowre, then *Hellen* yeeld to fate,
 Here's that, my foule and body must diuide,
 The guerdon of Adultery, Lust, and Pride.

She strangles herſelfe.

Enter Vlyffes.

Vlyf. In thee they are puniſht : of all theſe
 Princes,
 And infinite numbers that oppoſed *Troy*,
 And came in *Hellens* quarrell (faue my felfe)
 Not one furuiues, (thankes to the immortall powers)
 And I am purpoſde now to acquire by Sea,
 My Kingdome and my deare *Penelope*,
 And ſince I am the man foly referu'd,
 Accept me for the Authors Epilogue.
 If hee haue beene too bloody ? tis the Story,

Truth claimes excuse, and feekes no further glory,
Or if you thinke he hath done your patience wrong
(In teadious Sceanes) by keeping you so long,
Much matter in few words, hee bad me say
Are hard to expresse, that lengthned out his Play.

Explicit Actus quintus.

*Here ends the whole History of the
destruction of Troy.*

F I N I S.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Golden and Silver Ages were printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1851, with an Introduction and Notes by Mr. Payne Collier. A promise was held out that the *Brazen* and *Iron Ages* should follow; but this has never been fulfilled. The design which the Author entertained, but was never able to carry out, of collecting the five plays into one volume, is therefore now accomplished for the first time.

PAGE I.

The Golden Age; or the liues of Jupiter and Saturne, with the deifying of the Heathen Gods.

Some copies of the original quarto have “defining ;” and this ridiculous blunder has been perpetuated by Mr. Collier, who seems only to have consulted a single copy. It is a fact well-known to students of the Elizabethan drama that different copies of the same edition of a play often contain important variations in the text. The present reprint has been made from one copy, and corrected by two others.

The absurdity of the error in question, and the obviousness of the correct reading sufficiently appear in the two opening lines of Homer’s first speech, with which the play begins :

“ The Gods of *Greece*, whose deities I rais’d
Out of the earth, gave them diuinity,” &c.

PAGE 12.

*to make your Craers and Barkes
To passe huge stremes in safety*

A cray, crayer, or crare, is a small ship or craft of burden. The word occurs in *Cymbeline*, on which see Mr. Collier's note in his Shakespeare, vol. viii. 220.

PAGE 14.

*Or else all generative power and appetite
Deprive me:*

i.e., take away from me. "Deprive" is used in this sense by many other authors of the time. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill* (act iv. sc. 3) is a line of a similar construction to that in our text—

"But hung at the ear, deprives our own sight."

In the first act of Hamlet, and by Heywood himself in the fifth act of this play, the word is used in its ordinary modern acceptation.

PAGE 16.

Enter Sibilla lying in child-bed.

Saturn and all his followers go out, and then the scene, in the simplicity of our early stage, is supposed to represent Sibylla's chamber, a bed, no doubt, with the mother in it, having been thrust upon the stage for the purpose. So in *A Woman kilde with Kindnesse* (vol. II. p. 154) we have "Enter Mrs. Frankford, *in her bed*." Near the end of Act IV. of the play before us occurs a curious and apposite stage-direction, where the four Bel-dams draw Danae, in her bed, upon the stage, and afterwards leave her, as if she were in her chamber. The bed is afterwards withdrawn, with Jupiter and Danae in it.

PAGE 19.

*Wee'l send the King, and with such forged griefe,
And counterfet sorrow shadow it.*

Mr. Collier points out that the metre of the second line is evidently defective, and suggests "counterfeited" as probably the

correct reading ; though he has not ventured to introduce this emendation into the text.

PAGE 20.

Lend me your hands to guide me on your way.

Mr. Collier reads "the way" and suggests "my way" as an alternative reading. We are by no means sure that he is right in either.

PAGE 23.

we by the helpe

Of these his people, haue confin'd him hence.

i.e., driven him from these confines.

PAGE 29.

Enter Iupiter like a Nymph, or a Virago.

A virago, in the time of Heywood and earlier, was a term used to denote a masculine-looking woman : it now generally means a woman who brings her masculine qualities into action. [See the following Note.]

PAGE 30.

*And for my stature, I am not yet of that Giant size, but I may
passe for a bona Roba, a Rounceual, a Virago, or a good manly
Lasse.*

A *bona roba* was a very common term for a woman of the town. (See notes to Chapman, vol. I. p. 344.) A rounceval must have meant a sort of female warrior ; perhaps from Roncevalles, where Orlando was defeated and killed. Coles makes *rounceval* equivalent to *virago*.

PAGE 31.

You neuer shall with hated man attone,

i.e., agree, or be at one with him.

PAGE 37.

Whilst I the foes of Tytan paſh and kill.

The verb *to paſh* means to strike down and break to pieces, and in this ſenſe it occurs in many authors of Heywood's time. Thus Marlowe in his *Tamburlane* has theſe lines :—

“ Zabina, mother of three braver boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did *paſh* the jaws of serpents venomous.”

It occurs again in *The Silver Age*, in feveral places.

PAGE 41.

This Gigomantichia be eternis'd

Qy, *Gigantomachia*? unleſs we are to ſuppoſe that Enceladus in ſpite of his ſuperhuman strength, was no “ſchollard,” and miſpronounced the word !

PAGE 43.

On thee the basis of my hopes I erect.

Mr. Collier ſuggeſts “reſt” as the word probably written by the poet; and as ſuiting the measure better, and the ſenſe at leaſt as well.

Ib.

Hyperion and Ægeon with the reſt.

Here we ſee Heywood, though well read, accenting *Hypērion* as repeatedly by Shakespeare, and by better ſcholars than either.

PAGE 46.

I haue done my meſſage ſo cleanly, that they cannot Jay, the meſſenger is be-reau'd of any thing, &c.

Mr. Collier ſuggeſts that perhaps we ought to read *berayed*, in the old ſenſe of the word, inſtead of “bereaved.”

PAGE 48.

d'on your armes

So etymologically printed in the old copy ; but generally *do on* is reduced to one word, *d'on*, without any apostrophe. In the same way, *doff* is *d'off*, or *do off*.

PAGE 52.

Let all raryeties

*Showre downe from heauen a lardges, that these bridals
May exceede mortall pompe.*

Mr. Payne Collier reads "let all *the deities*," &c., and he calls the reading of the old copy nonsense. I am not at all sure that he is right in this emendation, for see page 56, where Jupiter says :—

"all our Court *rarieties*
Lye open to your royal'ſt entertainment.

Ib.

corsiue

Worse then the throwes of child-birth.

i.e. *corrosive*, as in *The Thracian Wonder* (act I, sc. 2) :—

"Think what a *corsiue* it would prove to me."

PAGE 59.

*Thy durance here
Is without limit endleſſe.*

The old copies read "with ;" but the emendation is so obviously required both by sense and metre that I have ventured to introduce it into the text.

PAGE 60.

As I can beare a packe, so I can beare a braine.

"To bear a brain" was a proverbial expression. It appears by Henlowe's Diary, p. 155, that Dekker wrote a play in 1599, with the title of "Bear a Brain."

PAGE 62.

looking upon three severall jewels.

Mr. Collier reads “their.” “Three,” he says, “must be a misprint, as Jupiter has, at all events, given them *four* several jewels —one to each.”

PAGE 71.

Farewell good Minevers.

Possibly the Beldams wore *minever*, a species of fur, on their dresses; or perhaps the Clown calls them after the name of a well-known character.—COLLIER.

PAGE 72.

Faire Læda daughter to King Tyndarus.

She was the *wife* of Tyndarus, and daughter of Thespis. Heywood is elsewhere not always quite correct in his mythology.

PAGE 75.

Our eyes halfe buried in our quechy plots.

Quechy, or queachy, which may have some relation to *queasy*, is an old word for wet, marshy, swampy.

Ib.

*And Saturne shall to after ages be
That starre, that shall infuse dull melancholy.*

As he had previously prophesied, *suprà p. 16* :—
“Saturns disturbance to the world shall be
That planet that infuseth melancholy.”

PAGE 87.

*If I can proue by witnesse that rude practise
Mr. Collier (very unnecessarily, we think) alters “I” to you.*

PAGE 89.

Or is he of that flauish suffrance.

Other copies read “*sluggish* suffrance.”

PAGE 89.

*to see thee die
My settled loue will not endure: but worse
Then death can bee, we doome thy insolence;*

Here Mr. Collier's note only serves to darken and confuse what is perfectly intelligible. "The meaning," he says, "is not very clear; but taking 'doom' as it stands in the old copy, to be the true reading,' [who that reads the context and the previous speech can doubt it?] it seems to be, 'We doom thy insolence to what can be worse than death. Possibly," he adds, "we ought to substitute *deem* for 'doom!'"

PAGE 92.

Hath cast him both of stile and kingdome too.

For "stile" Mr. Collier has substituted "state;" but is silent respecting the reason or authority for the alteration. Respecting the word "cast" he says: "So the old copy, which there seems no sufficient reason to alter; but the true reading, nevertheless may be *eased* [east]."

PAGE 93.

To expose their fury, and their pride restraine.

Mr. Collier reads "oppose."

PAGE 98.

By vertue of thy rayes.

Mr. Collier reads "her rays."

PAGE 99.

*By Josua Duke vnto the Hebrew Nation.
(Who are indeede the Antipodes to vs)*

A singular anachronism and misrepresentation of geographical position, apparently for the sake of connecting sacred and profane history in the minds of the auditory.

PAGE 101.

Must give to King Creon.

In this hemistich the preposition is surplusage ; but, being inserted in the old copy, we do not omit it : Heywood probably wrote, " Must give King Creon," the line being completed by the first words of Alcmena's speech, " All my orisons."

PAGE 110.

Glad to vnfold.

Mr. Collier reads "*enfold.*"

PAGE 121.

*But let him seat him on the loftiest spire
Heauen hath : or place me in the lowest of hell.*

Mr. Collier omits "of," which, he says, "is clearly too much, both for the sense and metre, and must have been accidentally inserted." This is not to us by any means so "clear" as it seems to be to Mr. Collier.

PAGE 122.

The Thunderer thunders.

The old copy reads, "The Thunderer, Thunderers." We have adopted Mr. Collier's emendation.

PAGE 123.

Of yon adulteresse and her mechall brats.

"Mechal" is wicked : it occurs again in our author's *Challenge for Beauty* (Vol. v. p. 75) :—

" her owne tongue
Hath publish't her a *mechall* prostitute."

PAGE 125.

Yong Ipectetes, whom Amphitrio owes.

So spelt in the old copy, where a name of four syllables is required for the measure ; but the real name seems to have been Iphiclus, or Iphicles.

PAGE 141.

*take your place
Next you Alcides.*

" So the old copy ; and as it may possibly be right, we make no change, though it seems more proper to read ' Next to Alcides.' " So Mr. Collier ; but has he not created a difficulty where none exists.

PAGE 143.

*This Centaure-match, it shall in ages,
And times to come, renoune great Hercules.*

Of the first line the sense is complete, though not the metre. It would be easy to rectify the latter by reading " after ages," as in the passage at page 75 of this volume, noted *antea p. 438* ; but we prefer a strict adherence to the ancient text, though possibly defective, to mere conjectural emendations.

PAGE 157.

These phangs shall gnaw upon your cruded bones.

The precise meaning Heywood attached to the word " cruded " seems doubtful. Baret, in his " Alvearie " (1580) tells us, that to " crud " is to coagulate ; but that sense will hardly suit the passage, and it is only another form of *curd*. " *Cruded bones* " may be, Mr. Collier thinks, a misprint for *crushed* bones.

PAGE 158.

*till our club
Stickle amongst you.*

To " stickle " generally means to separate combatants, and *sticklers* were sometimes taken for arbitrators, or judges. In *Troilus and Cressida* (act v. sc. 9) Achilles says : —

" The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
An' stickler-like, the armies separate."

In the instance before us, Hercules was about to use his club as a stickler between Theseus and Cerberus, to part them.

PAGE 159.

Danae spare your tubs.

Mr. Collier reads " Danaids." " All the daughters of Danais,

excepting Hypermnestra, were condemned to the punishment in hell of filling vessels, out of which the water ran as fast as it was poured in."

PAGE 159.

My vassaile Furies with their wiery strings.

Mr. Collier thinks that "strings" might fuit the fense better; but he has not altered the text.

Ib.

Ille ding thee to the lowest Barathrum.

To ding down was formerly not an uncommon phrase; it is from the Anglo-Saxon, in which language "to ding" means to beat or strike down.

PAGE 166.

certaine Translations of Ouid , they were things which out of my iuniority and want of iudgment, I committed to the view of some priuate friends, but with no purpose of publishing, or further communicating them.

Some passages from these translations were afterwards inserted by Heywood in his *TTNAIKEION: or Nine Bookes of Various History Concerning Women*, Lond. fol. 1624.

PAGE 201.

And yet farewell

After extracting some scenes from *The Brazen Age*, Charles Lamb says:—"I cannot take leave of this drama without noticing a touch of the truest pathos, which the writer has put into the mouth of Meleager, as he is wasting away by the operation of the fatal brand, administered to him by his wretched mother. What is the boasted 'Forgive me, but forgive me' of the dying wife of Shore, in Rowe, compared with these three little words?"

PAGE 209.

Phrixus

*And his faire sister Helles, being betraid
By their cursl step-dame Ino, fled from Greece,
Their Innocence pittied by Mercury,
He gave to them a golden-sleeced Ramme,*

*Which bore them safe to the Sygean sea,
Which swimming, beauteous Helles there was drown'd,
And gave that sea the name of Helle-spont, &c.*

In Heywood's pageant, *Londini Status Pacatus* (1639), Medea is made to tell the same story in other words :—

“the Rain

Vpon whose back Phrixus and Helle swam
The Helle-spont : she to her lafting fame
(By being drown'd there, gave the Sea that name :)
But Phrixus safely did to Colchos steere
And on Joves Alter sacrificed there
The golden Beast.”

All this was brought in to celebrate the greatness of the “Worshipfull Society of Drapers,” at whose charges this pageant was produced.

PAGE 212.

Shall the Bulls tosse him whom Medea loues

The story of Jason and Medea is thus briefly alluded to by Heywood in his pageant entitled *Londini Status Pacatus*, or *Londons Peaceable Estate* (1639) :—“*Jason signifieth sanans, or healing ; Medea, consilium, or Counsell : he was the son of Æta, his Father was no sooner dead but he left the Kingdome to his brother Pelias, who set him upon an adventure to fetch the golden Fleece from Colchos : to which purpose he caused the Argoe to be built, in which sixty of the prime Princes of Greece accompanied him ; whom Medea the Daughter of (the) King of Colchos courteously entertained with all the rest of the Argonauts : and being greatly inamoured of him, and affraide least he should perish in the attempt ; knowing the danger he was to undergoe, upon promise of Marriage, she taught him how he should tame the Brazen-footed Bulls, & to cast the Dragon that watched the Fleece into a dead sleepe : which hee did, and by slaying him bore away the prize.*”

PAGE 253.

*I that Busiris slue, Antheus strangled,
And conquer'd still at thy vnkinde behest
The three-shapt Gerion, and the dogge of hell,
The Bull of Candy, and the golden Hart, &c.*

In his *Apology for Actors* (Lond. 1612), Heywood says :—“A

description is only a shadow, received by the eare, but not perceived by the eye ; so lively portraiture is merely a forme seene by the eye, but can neither shew action, passion, motion, or any other gesture to moove the spirits of the beholder to admiration. But to see as I have seene, Hercules, in his owne shape, hunting the boare, knocking downe the bull, taming the hart, fighting with Hydra, murdering Geryon; slaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs, pashing the lion, squeezing the dragon, dragging Cerberus in chaynes, and lastly, on his high pyramids wrting , Oh, these were sights to make an Alexander !”

PAGE 384.

Heu fuge, nate Dea, teque his pater eripe flammis, &c.

These five lines are from Virgil's *Aeneid*, ii. 289—295 :—
“ Alas, flee, goddefs-born, and escape, father, from these flames. The enemy holds the walls ; Troy from its very summit is sinking into ruins Troy entrusts to you her rites and her household gods ; these take to share your destinies, for these search out the mighty city, which you shall set up at last, when you have wandered over all the sea.” They were probably noted by Heywood in the margin against the speech in which they are paraphrased, and got inserted into the body of the text through the blundering ignorance of the printer.

PAGE 406.

HER.

Hath beene so mighty to reuenge the wrongs, &c.

The opening words of Hermione's speech (consisting of half a line, or perhaps a line and a half), have slipt out in the old copies, and it is now impossible to supply them except by conjecture.

It may be mentioned that the stories of Juno, of Venus, of Ceres, Proserpine, Atalanta, Hellen, Medea, Hesione, and Agistus and Clitemnestra, are told in prose at more or less length in Heywood's *Nine Bookes of Various History Concerning Women*, Lond. fol. 1624, pp. 5, 8, 16—18, 227, 259, 404, 423, 430, 435.



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